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Catching Condors Barehanded

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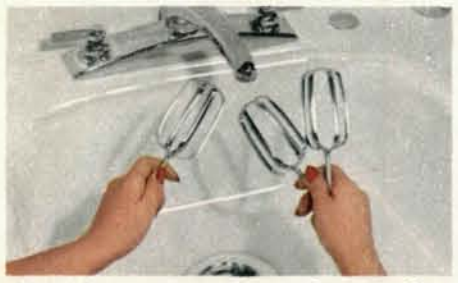

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November 8, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

As people say, a policeman's lot is not a happy one. According to artist Birney Lettick, that's probably because he's sometimes faced with a political-domestic emergency like the one on our cover. Along with the suffering officer, the lusty infant and Johnny-in-the-slicker, we hope Mommy will flip the levers thoughtfully, but with reasonable speed so things will quiet down a little. For a cartoon close-up of other people at the polls, see page 53.

Week's Mail

Collier's New Make-up

EDITOR: Please hear a voice from this side of the Atlantic joining in the flood of compliments on your new make-up.

You have accomplished what was long thought to be impossible, that is, smooth, easy continuity of reading of editorial and advertising with equity for both, to say nothing of the happiness of readers, which is no small desideration.

You have indeed, by the application of courage, determination and technical intelligence, gained a great victory over a reactionary influence in publishing, and you deserve all possible credit for it.

If there were an "Oscar" for the best publishing performance, Collier's would surely be the winner.

S. P. O'CONNOR, London, Eng.

The writer is managing director of the London advertising agency, S. P. O'Connor & Co., Ltd.

Angry Young Men

EDITOR: The very excellent article, Why the Draft Makes Our Young Men Angry, by Howard Whitman (Sept. 13th), is a valuable protest against the unfairness of delaying for years service that could more conveniently be rendered immediately after graduation from high school.

The veteran reservists of World War II have an even more terrible grievance. Because the nation has failed to provide a nonveteran reserve through Universal Military Training, approximately 640,000 men who fought in World War II were recalled as reservists to fight the Korean war. At the same time hundreds of thousands of nonveterans were untouched by either service or training.

The results: about 3,500 World War II veterans have been killed in Korea. About 14,000 World War II veterans have been wounded there. About 275 are at this moment in Communist prison camps, and about 1,600 are missing in action.

These latest figures—shocking as they are—take no account of the thousands of disrupted marriages, jobs and businesses, plus loss of income that an anti-UMT policy has caused. If we remember that the age of these veteran reservists has ranged from twenty-four to thirty-five, we see even more clearly the enormity of the situation. We have called our relatively old men to do duty twice while thousands of younger ones have escaped entirely.

Moreover, until we have Universal Military Training, the only kind of reserve this nation can have will be one

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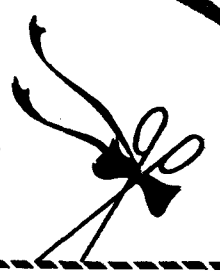

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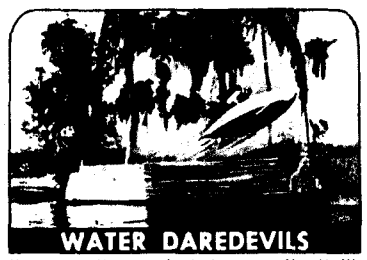

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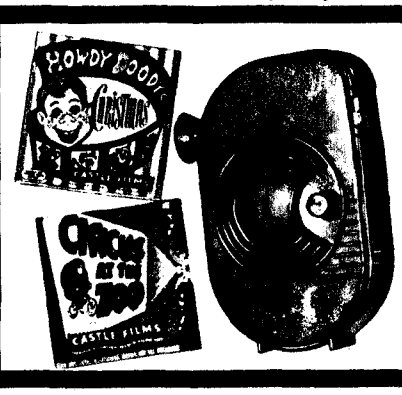

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Week's Mail CONTINUED

composed of veterans of either World War II, Korea, or both.

EDGAR G. SHELTON, JR., Executive Director, National Security Training Commission, Washington, D.C.

. . . Most of the difficulty of getting Congress to enact legislation which would take young men in when they are eighteen comes from the opposition of mothers. They mean well by crying, "Don't draft my baby." But the result is that not only will their baby eventually be drafted, but in many cases it will happen when he has babies of his own.

Under the present system it works undue hardship on wives and children, and it should be changed.

HERMANN A. WENIGE, Jeffersonville, Ind.

. . . Your article on the dissatisfied draftees hits the nail on the head. Possibly it might do the same to a few congressmen in Washington.

JACK RASMUSSEN, Berkeley, Cal.

. . . I have personal experience that eighteen is the best age for a young man to begin the service he owes his country; I was that age when I began the 21 months' service I completed this spring. I am certain that this year I will be a much better student—certainly a better traveled one, by several thousand miles—and will have a much clearer idea of what I want from my education than I had when I was a seventeen-year-old freshman.

I didn't meet a man who wasn't improved by his service, with the possible exception of a lot of men who had been called back for their second combat hitch while a lot of apple-cheeked kids were going from party to party enjoying their college deferments.

DON BINKLEY, Kingsport, Tenn.

. . . Your article on the draft certainly put college students in a bad light. There are plenty of college men who *are* serious about their work and not just trying to stay out of the draft. Many college students are not well off financially, and, with from four to ten years of college work to do, marriage and a settled life must be sacrificed for quite a time. "Greetings" from Uncle Sam would mess these men's lives up just as much as the lives of those men you cited in your article.

DONALD GERALD DEITCH, Bronx, N.Y.

. . . My husband (thirty-three years of age) served for five years during the last war, three of which were overseas. Being patriotic, he enlisted in the National Guard. His Guard unit was called back into federal service last year. Once again our lives are interrupted.

Believe me, it is rough for men his age to start over. Drafting young men right out of high school certainly seems to be the answer.

CLARAMAE WERTMAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . I was rejected twice during World War II because of physical reasons. I received my examinations at a time when the armed forces were sorely in need of men.

After I was rejected, I planned my career thinking that I would never be physically fit for the service. I obtained an engineering degree, and was on my way to a career. In September, 1950, just as I was establishing my career, I received my draft notice.

I have served my two years' active duty and am now being released to the Ready Reserves. Still my future is very unstable. I have an involuntary obligation for five years in the Ready Reserves, and am subject to two weeks' training every year at the convenience of the government.

ALBERT SALLOOM, Worcester, Mass.

. . . There is only one way to prevent interrupting careers and breaking up families: that is by preventing wars and "police actions." Advocating UMT as a cure for all the hardships, heartaches and injustices of mobilization is vicious Pentagon-inspired propaganda.

Suppose we again needed 14,000,000 men? Assuming that we had UMT, would we get them from the eighteen-year-olds then in training? Isn't it a fact that we would be calling on men who had completed their training? Men who would now be going to college, pursuing careers and raising families?

EDGAR STEVANUS, Sugarcreek, Ohio

The French and Free Speech

Author Steinbeck (right) and some French "grass-root" news sources

EDITOR: John Steinbeck's article, "The Soul and Guts of France" (Aug. 30th), is among the most informative and down-to-earth treatments of the European political situation that I have read.

It is comforting to know that it is not all politics in that favored and, at the same time, distraught land. The little people, as Mr. Steinbeck points out, still have the moral fiber to speak in no uncertain terms their opinions on their present political dilemma. I am thankful, too, as a citizen of the United States, that we still have simple people out among the grass roots that can speak their minds without quaver or deference to the powers that be.

C. F. EMERSON, Pembina, N.D.

Mr. Spanel's Philanthropies

EDITOR: Your article of Sept. 13th concerning Mr. A. N. Spanel was very interesting, but the title, He Likes to Give Money Away, should have been A Man with a Heart of Gold. I am an employee at Playtex Park. Bringing his company here was a great asset to our community.

He witnessed his father's suffering and death, and in his heart he then determined to try within his power to help suffering humanity by medical research.

We all feel close to him here. His office is open to anyone at all times, and if we have a problem to discuss, we are welcome.

MARY SPENCE, Dover, Del.

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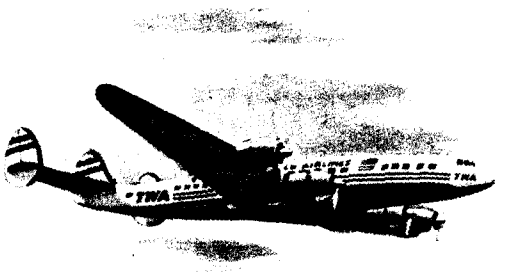

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Well, the campaign is about over, and we can now begin to concentrate on giving official thanks on the 27th of this month. That will be Thanksgiving Day when, with one accord, we can be grateful that the disasters predicted by the defeated didn't come to pass. But we'll still be wondering why the unsuccessful office-seeking Jeremiahs cease crying havoc soon as the verdict is in. Or were they just having fun with us?

★ ★ ★

Just back from French Equatorial Africa is Mr. Jack Crawstone, eager to be home in Kansas City, Missouri. Mr. Crawstone advised us to watch out for a bitter fight in the UN sometime soon. Native chiefs in FEA are cutting down

on the number of wives they're keeping and the fired ladies are very, very disturbed. Reason: through the generosity of the American taxpayer, FEA farms are being mechanized, thus reducing the need for women to work the fields. The chiefs say that a small tractor is better than ten wives.

★ ★ ★

Naturally the collision, witnessed by Mr. Carl Stimson in Houston, Texas, left both drivers somewhat shaken. Neither greatly physically impaired, though. One driver offered a flask to the other, saying he looked a bit pale and probably needed a drink. The fellow took a hearty pull, handed the flask to its owner, who put it back in his pocket. Wasn't he, too, going to have one? "No," said the flask man. "No, not until after the cops have looked us over."

★ ★ ★

Always happy to add to the overwhelming evidence that crime does not pay. A burglar jimmied his way into the Crescent Beach, South Carolina, post office, bent on robbing his government. Mr. Claude Dunnagan, from whom there are no secrets in Crescent Beach, informs us that the fellow left empty-handed. In fact, it was worse than that. He dropped twenty-five cents as he escaped through a window.

★ ★ ★

There's a gentleman in Oklahoma who has been so busy he never took out time to master reading and writing. They struck oil on his farm, and presently he was swamped with royalties. At the bank they arranged to honor two Xs as his signature—XX. But came the day when he presented a check signed XXX. The banker wanted to know how come. This gentleman said that as long as he seemed to be getting up in the world, he thought maybe he ought to have a middle name.

★ ★ ★

We predict that the new Congress will shatter all records for investigating. No safer way for a congressman to spend his time. One of the first probes will be into the piratical prices for haircuts and shaves in the Capitol barbershops—fifty and twenty-five cents.

★ ★ ★

Among the intelligences fetched by our fellow citizens overseas is a nice little inside piece from the Far East contributed free to old 48 by Mr. Burl Gingerwood, of Denver, Colorado. He reports there are definite signs that the Chinese are beginning to regret the Russians ever invented them.

★ ★ ★

Citizen in Vernon, Texas, complained to city hall that both the moon and a street light shone brilliantly through the window of his bedroom, wrecking his slumbers. From the City Light Department came a courteous reply, saying that they'd attend to the street light, but he'd have to take up the moon with Washington.

★ ★ ★

We learn from the Menard (Illinois) Time that a Communist is a guy who borrows your pot to cook your goose in. Not only that but a Western sheriff confiscated a bunch of slot machines on the authority of a law banning steel traps for catching dumb animals. The Menard Time is published by the inmates of the Illinois State Penitentiary, Menard Branch. Its editor, Mr. Joe Walsh, wants it understood the entire contents are honestly come by.

★ ★ ★

Cruising from hamlet to hamlet in quest of nice fresh American states of mind, we learned something which may be useful to you: It's much easier to

IRWIN CAPLAN

talk to a garage mechanic about your car's brakes than it is to a traffic cop.

★ ★ ★

We hear there's a drive-in movie in Bowie County, Texas, which appeals to women by advertising that it's an ideal place for housewives to shell peas while seeing a picture. ▲▲▲

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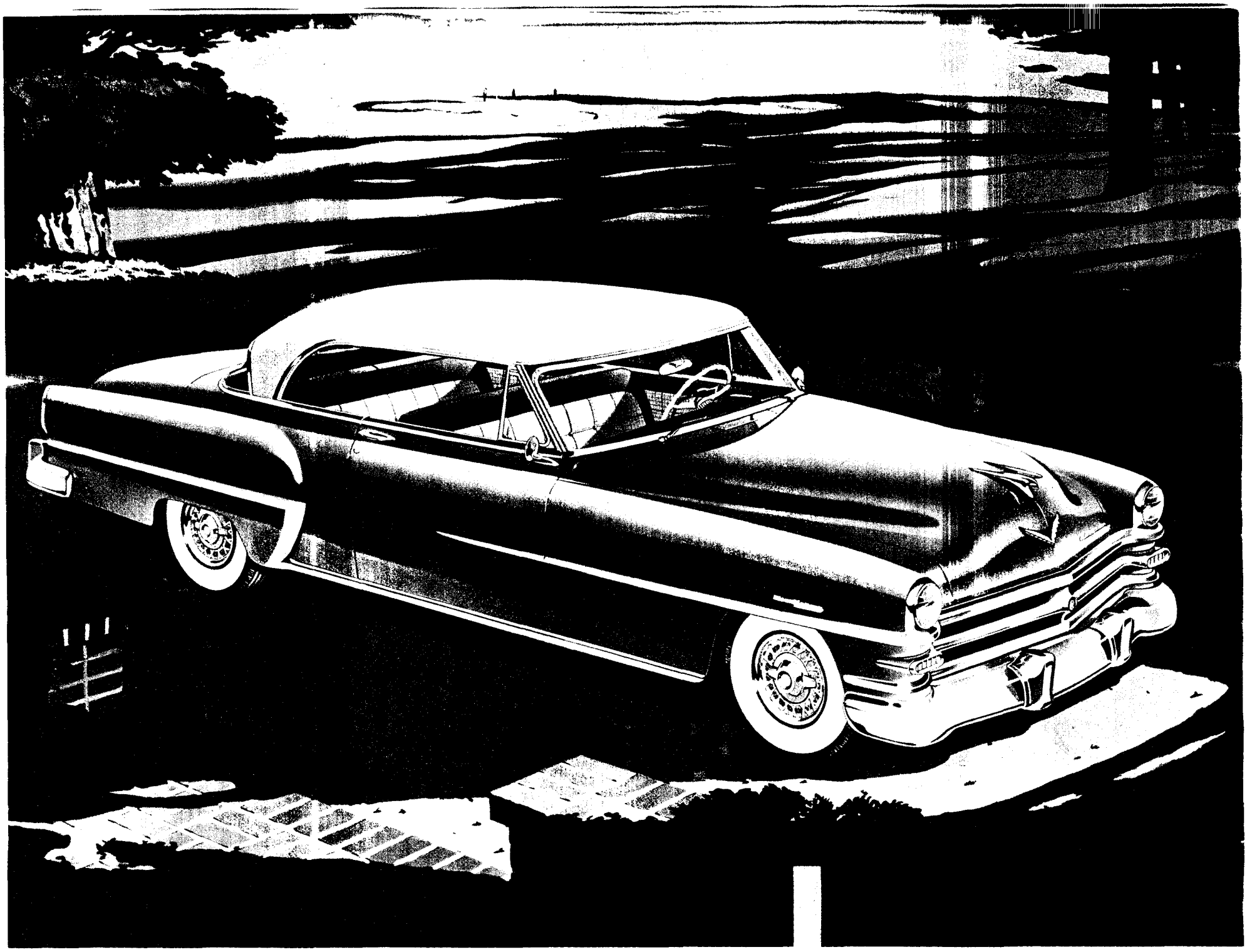

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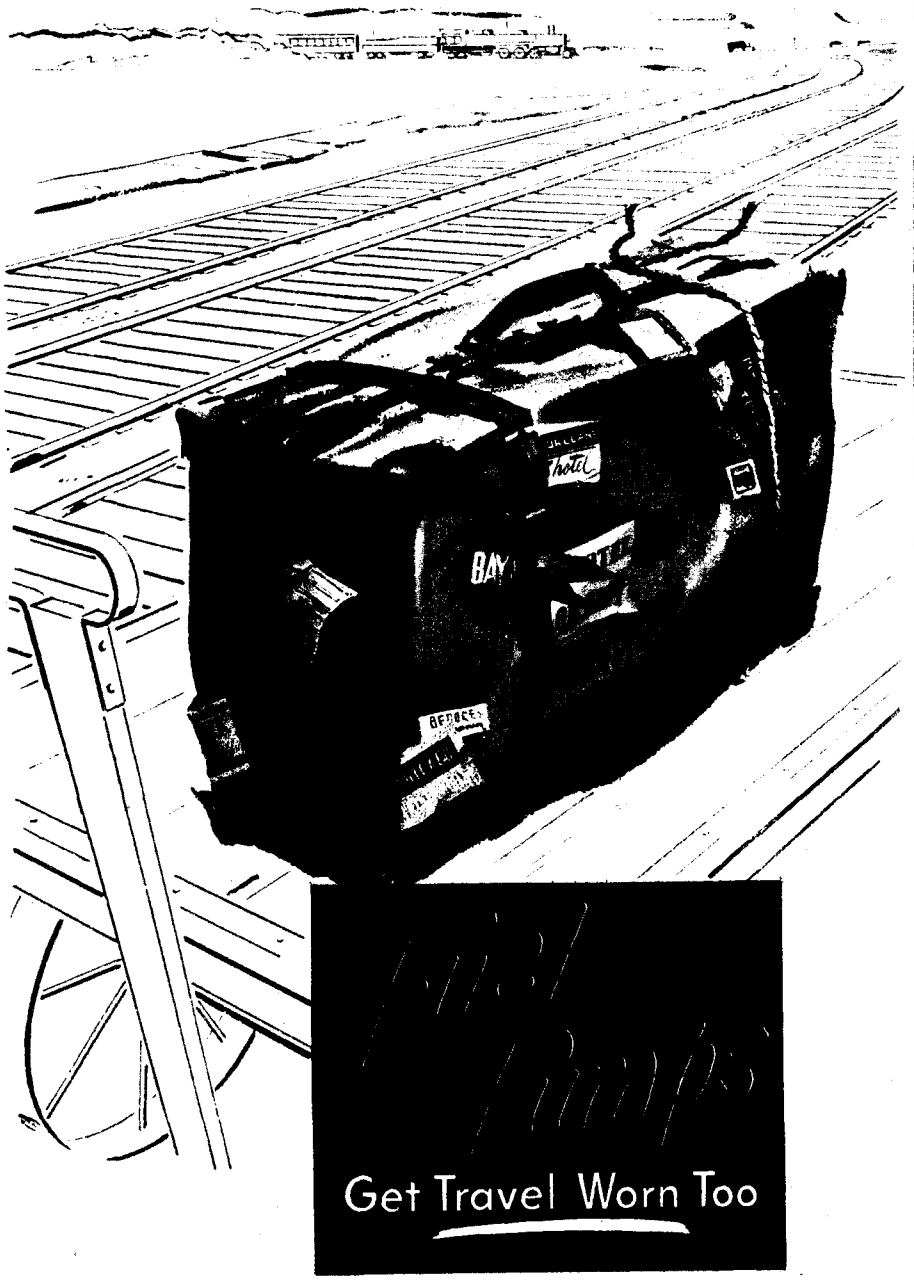

That "about to burst at the seams" look marks the piece of luggage that has seen many baggage cars and trucks, many trips on many trains.

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Whenever and wherever pump failure occurs—late at night on a lonely road, or in the midst of rush hour traffic—embarrassing, costly delays are the inevitable result.

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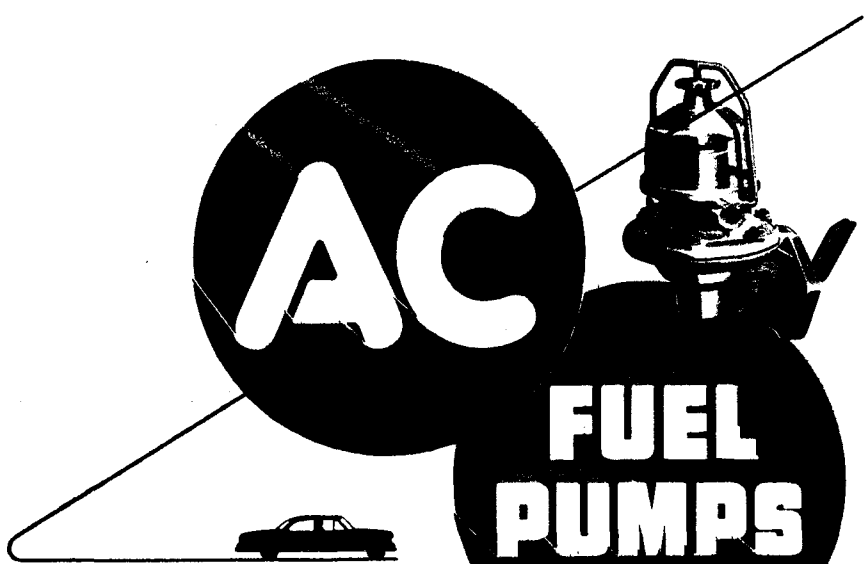

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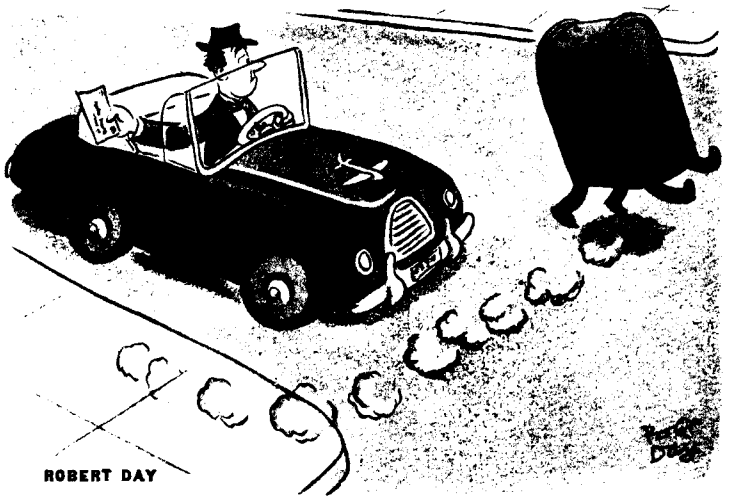

Mailboxes always move to the other side of the street

Paging The Pony Express

By STAN MARGULIES

MAILBOXES hate me. Water fountains hate me, too—they are always squirting water in my face. Once in a while I defeat a water fountain but I have never conquered a mailbox.

Whenever I'm driving along looking for a place to post a letter, the mailboxes are always on the other side of the street. The next time I have something to mail, I remember where they were placed and make several extra twists and turns to come out exactly right—and what do I find? The mailboxes have moved themselves and are still on the other side of the street.

No matter which side of the street I'm on, the mailboxes are always on the other side.

You know those helpful time schedules, attached to each mailbox, which inform you when the mail is to be picked up? Well, I don't know how my enemy works this little trick, but no matter when I mail a letter —Sunday morning, Tuesday night, Thursday afternoon—the schedule indicates that the last collection for the day was made 15 minutes before I arrived.

Not missing a bet in the struggle to humiliate and embarrass me, mailboxes so place themselves that when I reach for the lid from my car, they are exactly 6½ inches farther than I can stretch.

Mailboxes make themselves deliberately small. First, so that they will be difficult to locate; second, so that I will never be able to deposit anything larger than a thank-you note. I can drive for miles without ever seeing a mailbox—even on the wrong side of the street—that will take a package, a photo mailer or a jumbo post card. Every time I spot the large economy-sized mailbox it bears the irritating legend: Not For Public Use. These mailboxes are reserved solely for postmen who want to send packages to one another.

To be able, at any time, to use the nearest mailbox, I would have to write all my letters on the head of a pin—and then I wouldn't have room for the stamp.

Aside from mailboxes, letters themselves hate me. An invitation to a wedding from my neighbor across the street took five days to reach me. A mimeographed circular from my college alumni association, requesting a large contribution, made the 2,000-mile trip in three days without benefit of air mail. On my birthday every year my favorite aunt sends me a check. She puts it in an envelope on which she has printed, in large block letters, my complete name and address. It is always returned to her marked: Not Known At This Address.

On the other hand, a penny post card advising me of a clearance sale of mink coats will follow me through three changes of address and reach me in time to take advantage of the sale. I have not yet, however, taken this advantage.

Letters are always transferring themselves from my hand to an inside coat pocket. When I do get them near a mailbox, they fold and kick and stick in the opening, refusing to fall into the bottom of the green container. Then, when I insert my hand in the opening to force them down, the lid . . . well, in baseball, this is known as a double play. If the mailboxes don't relent, I shall be driven to sealing my letters in old whisky bottles and dropping them into the headwaters of the Mississippi.

I admit that mailboxes and letters can lick me but I have one small consolation: I can still lick a postage stamp. ▲▲▲

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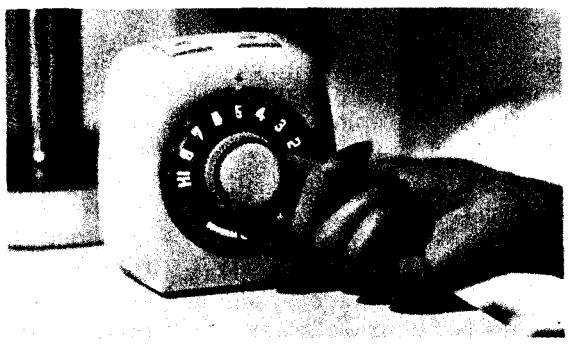

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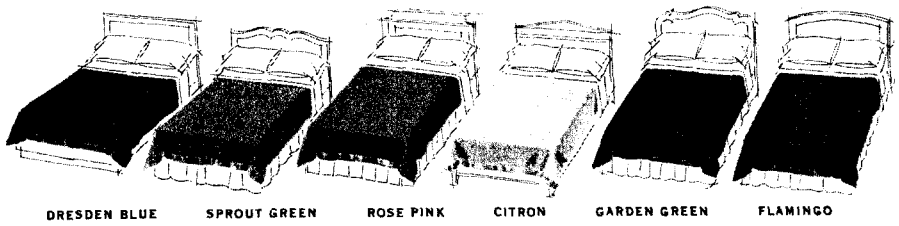

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Only a General Electric Blanket can bring your sleep-time this *special* kind of comfort—one of modern living's greatest pleasures!

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Exquisite new colors are keyed to the smartest decorating trends. Now it's easy to combine colors and comfort in your bedroom!

Economical, too. You need only one G-E Blanket for each bed instead of 2 or 3 ordinary blankets. And they're washable.

Sizes for single or double beds, from $54.95* to $67.95.* Just try one yourself—and you'll know, at last, the sleeping comfort you've always dreamed of finding!

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**Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.*

Choose your own degree of warmth on the G-E Bedside Control. *Sleep-Guard*, the superb new G-E system designed to provide protection against overheating, will see to it that your blanket stays at the degree of warmth you've selected. Only General Electric Blankets have *Sleep-Guard*.

- **The National Home Safety Award was presented to the General Electric Co. for its *Sleep-Guard* Blanket, selected from hundreds of products as the outstanding contribution to the promotion of safety in the home during the year 1951.**

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Tops in professional prestige among racing drivers is membership in the Champion 100-Mile-An-Hour Club.

Since 1935 just 62 have qualified by completing, *without relief*, the full 500 miles in the famed Indianapolis Memorial Day Classic at an average speed of 100 miles per hour or better.

Champion Spark Plugs were the confident choice of 56 of the 62 club members. This almost unanimous preference by the racing elite points an emphatic fact for every performance-minded motorist: for championship performance in *your* car, you need Champion Spark Plugs.

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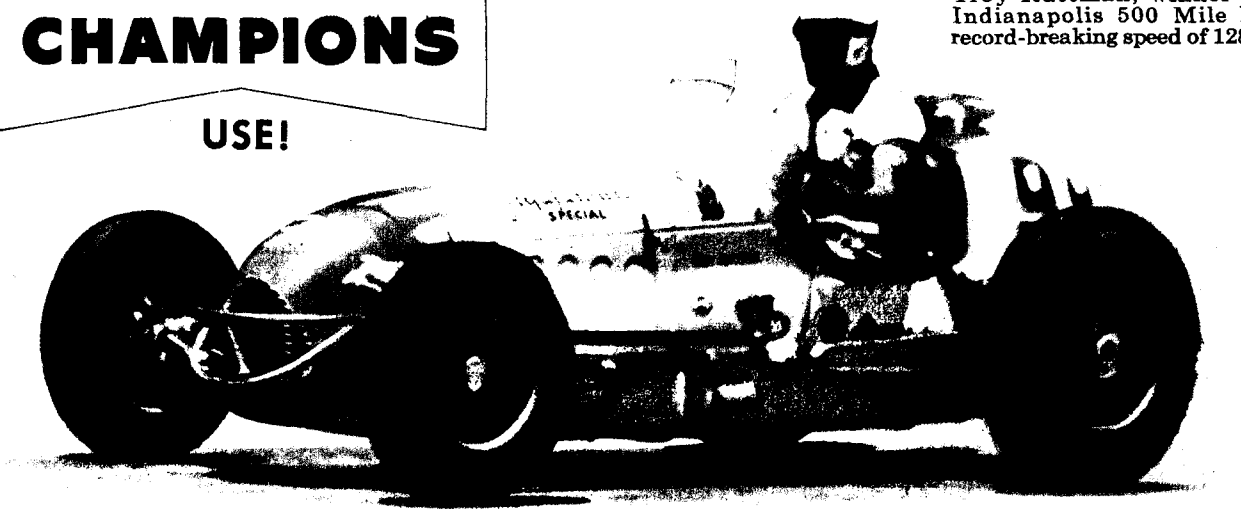

Troy Ruttman, winner of the 1952 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race at the record-breaking speed of 128.922 M.P.H.

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Collier's, November 8, 1952

Of Important Mice and Men

By J. D. RATCLIFF

In the tiered cages of a unique research institute may lie the answer to the mystery of diseases which kill two of every three Americans

"WITHIN the next 24 hours, 4,000 people will die in the United States. Two out of three of them will die of constitutional diseases —cancer, heart and circulatory trouble, kidney disease, diabetes and others. These diseases aren't passed man to man. They are, in effect, 'built-in' weaknesses. For the most part they don't come from outside stresses or from known infectious agents, but represent a breakdown of the individual's body machinery. They are the greatest challenge facing the research man today. We must find *why* these failures occur, and what can be done to prevent them."

Dr. Clarence Cook Little

The speaker is Dr. Clarence Cook Little, head of one of the world's most remarkable research institutions—the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory, of Bar Harbor, Maine. Most of the Jackson lab's studies are conducted on mice. It has the largest collection of bizarre mice in the world. There are 60-odd strains: fat mice and dwarf mice; mice with corkscrew pigtails and mice with bobbed tails; some with curly hair and some with no hair.

One strain has cleft palates, and another clubfeet. There are shaking mice and waltzing mice, who waltz because of an inherited inner-ear defect (the inner ear controls body balance). One strain occasionally bears babies with no teeth—freaks that perish when they are weaned because they can't eat solid food. Others have extra-long teeth which constantly irritate lips and may give rise to cancer. Many of these mice are predisposed by inheritance to disease: cancers of all types, anemia, leukemia, glandular disturbances and other disorders.

Dr. Little says: "It is almost impossible to study the 'built-in' diseases in human beings. Man lives too long—a patient may outlive the research man. We have, therefore, turned to short-lived animals —mainly mice.

"In humans, for example, we rarely see cancer until it is well developed and possibly on the way to killing the victim. In mice, we can follow the de-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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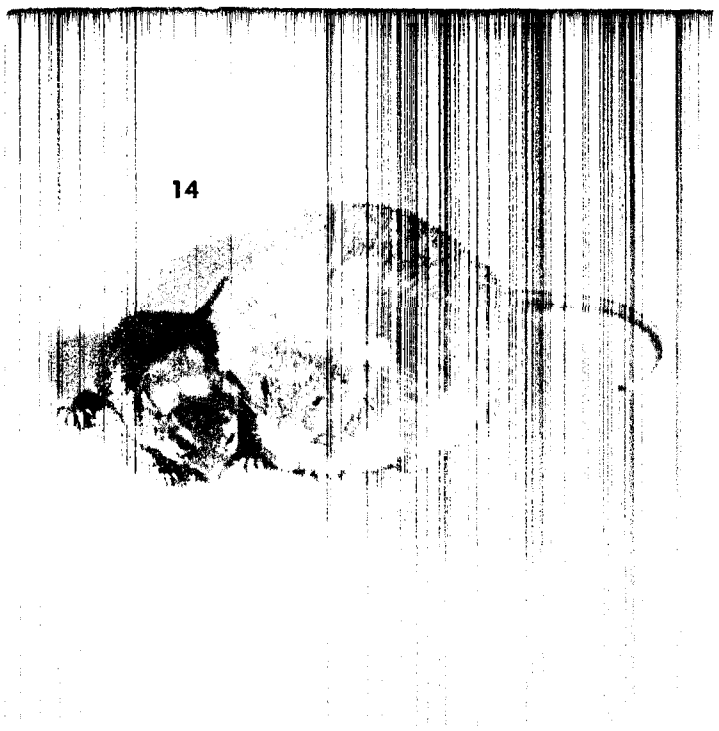


Fat mice, three times normal weight, are useful in studying the relationship of obesity to diabetes

velopment of cancer even before birth, for we know that certain strains will develop the disease with deadly regularity. We have special breeds of mice that are 95 per cent sure to have it.

"The development of these constitutional strains of mice, each subject to a particular disease, is as important as Pasteur's work indicating the infectious nature of disease. They are the absolutely essential tools of research in virtually every laboratory in the world."

Mice are bred and raised in tiered wooden boxes in the animal room of the lab—a three-story brick-glass-aluminum building set on a grass knoll a mile and a half out of Bar Harbor, Maine's plush summer resort. By air, rail or truck, they are shipped to 300-odd research institutions scattered over the world, sliced raw potatoes furnishing food and drink en route. Regular shipments go to Europe, Africa, South America. Some even got as far as Korea's Seoul National University before the fighting started. The specially bred mice are used for research in infantile paralysis, yellow fever, tuberculosis and virtually every other disease.

How a Busy Doctor Apportions Time

Dr. Little, for whom the lab was founded, is a big, tweedy, pipe-smoking man. Sixty-four years old, he was born in suburban Boston. He is a great-great-grandson of Paul Revere. To old friends and associates, he is "Pete"; to younger men around the laboratory, he is "Prexy." Little spends about half his time on his own research projects; the other half taking care of lab business and helping to raise funds to meet the $700,000 annual budget.

Little started his research career while a sophomore at Harvard, in 1907. Mendel's laws of inheritance—based on the Austrian's experimental crossings of tall and dwarf peas in a monastery garden—had recently been published in the U.S. Little wanted to find if the same laws prevailed in the animal world. He started breeding mice—brother-to-sister and parent-to-child matings. The purpose of the inbreeding: he wanted his animals to be as identical in inheritance as living creatures could be. By now, these original mice have been carried through 235 generations. In human terms, this is the equivalent of a man being able to trace ancestry back to the Stone Age—circa 4000 B.C., when the first stirrings of civilization were being felt in Egypt.

After faculty jobs at Harvard and World War I service, Little took his mice colony along with him when he went to the University of Maine, in 1922, to become, at thirty-four, the nation's youngest college president. He took them to Ann Arbor with him three years later when he became president of the University of Michigan.

In 1929, a group of friends—Roscoe B. Jackson, president of the Hudson Motor Car Company; Edsel Ford; Richard H. Webber, head of the J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit department store; and others—chipped in funds to build a laboratory at

Research with mice may tell us whether killers such as

Bar Harbor where Little could devote all his time to research. During construction, Jackson died of a heart attack while on a European tour. Family and friends decided the laboratory should become a memorial to him.

By 1947, the Jackson lab had won a world-wide reputation for a series of fundamental discoveries. Then disaster struck. For three days in late October, a forest fire had been out of control on Mount Desert Island, where Bar Harbor is situated. Driven by a brisk southerly wind, the fire was moving toward the sea on a half-mile front. It stretched back five miles through the woods. Workers in the Jackson lab felt no fears until 3:45 the afternoon of October 23d. Then the wind shifted almost 90 degrees and blew up to gale force—60 miles an hour. The five-mile side of the fire became the main front. The ground fire became a crown fire, and started racing along tops of fir, birch, maple and pine trees—a great, blowtorch tongue of flame preceding the conflagration.

Within half an hour of the wind shift, the entire laboratory was a smoldering pile of cinders. Nothing had been saved. The heat had been great enough to powder newly poured concrete, and to melt radiators. Ninety thousand mice, the world's most valuable collection of genetic material, died.

The world responded to the disaster with heartening alacrity. The American Cancer Society, the federal government, the Ladies Auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund and others gave money to rebuild the laboratories. Various research organizations sent back recently shipped mice to start new breeding stocks. Meanwhile, work was shifted to Hamilton Station, another research lab owned by Jackson Memorial. Located at Salisbury Cove, on the other side of Bar Harbor, it escaped the fire.

Now operating at full swing, the Jackson laboratory has a 130-man research team. Of the million mice produced annually, it uses 700,000 for its own researches, and sells the rest to other laboratories—at prices ranging from 29 cents to $3 per mouse.

Each mouse strain has its particular attractions to the researchers. Take the fat mice, which weigh three times normal. They have many characteristics of value to the researcher. They are highly prone to diabetes. Fat mice are unable to reproduce, not because of inherent sterility, but because of gross obesity. A few of them appear in litters of normal mice, and others are produced by means of ova transplants—taking eggs from fat females, fertilizing them and implanting them in bodies of normal mice.

The obese mice are useful in the study of overweight in humans, which is currently regarded as one of the nation's big health problems. Researchers have noted that when the fat mice are permitted to eat whatever they want, they consume only slightly more food than normal mice. They do, however, prefer high-calorie foods—the same as your plump friends.

Although research at Bar Harbor is so diverse that it may appear to the casual eye as helter-skelter, it has one main course. Primarily, it is directed at finding what part heredity plays in disease, especially constitutional diseases, and what part environment plays. The two aren't always easy to separate.

Working to Prevent Breast Cancer

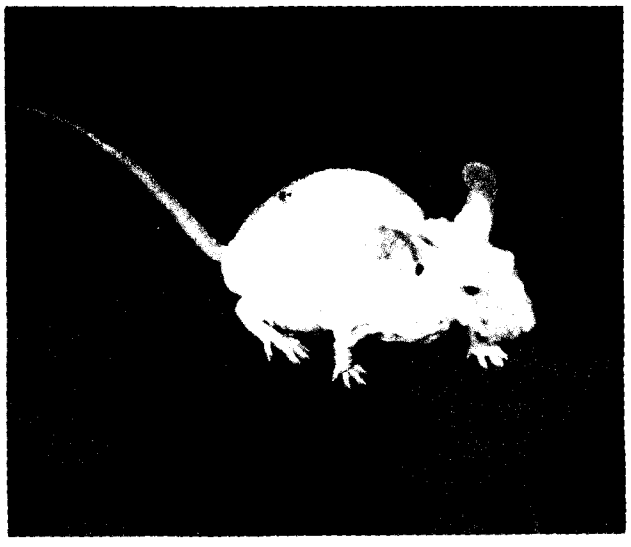
Take, for example, the strain of mice susceptible to breast cancer. Work in this field is particularly important, for breast cancer kills more women than any other type. By careful inbreeding, the laboratory produced a strain of mice whose females have breast cancers more than four times out of five. On the surface, this looked like a clear-cut case of inheritance. Then Drs. Little and William S. Murray noted that mouse mothers played a far greater role in transmitting cancer than fathers. Why? Wasn't it possible that it was passed in milk? Checking this hunch, Dr. John J. Bittner took newborn young from mouse mothers and put them to feed on mothers not susceptible to breast cancer. Instead of 85 per cent of them developing cancers later in life, only five per cent contracted the disease. Then the experiment was reversed—letting nonsusceptible mice nurse on cancer-susceptible mothers. In a significant number of cases, these mice developed cancer in later life.

There was but one conclusion. Some mysterious stuff in the mother's milk, probably a virus or virus-like agent, was the cancer exciter. How or why it could lie dormant for the equivalent of 40 or 50 years in terms of human life, then trigger the formation of a cancer, is still a riddle. As yet, no one knows whether the same set of facts holds true with humans; whether a cancer-susceptible woman passes seeds of the disease along to her nursing daughter.

A dozen laboratories throughout the country are working on such problems. From mouse milk—invention of a mouse-milking machine was a formidable stumbling block—they have isolated a virus or viruslike agent. From all appearances, the virus or viruslike agent is responsible for one type of breast cancer, at least in mice. More information may lead to a method of immunization against the disease.

There is mounting evidence that a similar mechanism may account for transmission of leukemia, the dread blood disease for which there is

Tail mutations like this are genetic defects, help researchers understand laws of heredity



Mouse born of cancer-susceptible parents is in advanced stage of spontaneous skin cancer

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no cure. Apparently, mother's milk is not responsible, but some maternal influence is. To check on this, the laboratory is performing some striking experiments—producing artificial Siamese-twin mice! Under anesthesia, the sides of two mice of different heredity are opened and the linings of their abdominal cavities stitched together. The wound heals, and the joined mice live a more or less normal existence, exchanging blood and gland secretions. Under these conditions, a leukemic mouse sometimes passes its disease to its nonsusceptible "partner." One strain of mice, unfortunately lost in the fire, had the ability to pass a type of liver cancer to a nonsusceptible mouse.

Some of the most promising work at Bar Harbor is being done in the field of tumor transplants. Under certain conditions, it is possible to transplant a tumor from one mouse to another. The researcher simply sucks a little cancer tissue into a hypodermic syringe and implants it under the skin of a second mouse. With some strains of mice, such transplants take with almost 100 per cent regularity. The transplanted tumor flourishes and the mouse dies.

But—and here is the important point—under some conditions, the mouse *doesn't* get cancer and die. Drs. George D. Snell and Nathan Kaliss have found that if mice are first injected with a dilute soup made of ground-up tumor tissue, the transplanted tumors will not grow. The discovery may have great significance. It offers a host of alluring possibilities. It *may*—the italics are important—be the first halting step toward some method of immunization against cancer, just as vaccines prevent smallpox, diphtheria and yellow fever. The finding of an immunization agent which would eliminate cancer in human beings would be history's greatest medical discovery.

An Estimate of Chances of Success

Dr. Kaliss, forty-five, a solidly built man with a shock of graying hair, is properly cautious. "Our chances of success," he notes, "are no better than one in 1,000. But it is our job to accept such odds."

Still another means of studying the effects of heredity vs. environment is to transplant eggs from one mouse to another. Mature eggs are extracted from ovaries, fertilized and implanted in the womb of a "host" mother. Since the fertilized egg contains all inheritance factors, the young mice borne by the host mother are in no way related to her. Hence, this is an excellent method of determining what influence environment plays, particularly the environmental forces working in the womb. It is in the womb, apparently, that the tendency to leukemia is passed from a mouse mother to her young. How, no one knows. The environment of the host mother's womb also appears to influence the body build of the young she bears.

The laboratory has produced a strain of rabbits which have a disease much like human hardening of the arteries, the condition which causes the bulk of deaths from heart disease. The lab has also produced a strain of vicious rabbits which snap, bite and claw. Studies of these rabbits may help explain human behavior.

A mouse mutant is offering a new means of studying various human convulsive states, mainly epilepsy. Mice of this strain go into convulsions and die when subjected to a loud noise. The mice are confined in a small cage in the middle of an ordinary galvanized washtub. When a clanging bell rings, they have seizures and die—nearly nine times out of ten. But, and here is a striking point, if they are permitted to run free in the tub, only 25 per cent die! Why? No one knows. But apparently the frustration of being penned up is a contributing factor to death.

The Bar Harbor workers are seeking means of preventing the seizures to which their mice are susceptible—hoping, of course, that their findings will have application in preventing epilepticlike seizures in humans. They have a number of promising leads. They have found, for example, that if mice are dunked in water before the bell is rung, the death rate dives. They have also found that several drugs markedly reduce the seizures.

Genetics, the study of heredity, has pretty well found out the means by which physical characteristics are passed from generation to generation—like red hair, blue eyes, color blindness. Less is known about inheritance of mental traits. The Jackson laboratory has begun long-range studies with dogs to try to answer questions about mental inheritance.

It may seem like a far cry from dog-behavior studies to the heart problem, but it isn't. Human behavior (stress and worry) often leads to high blood pressure; and high blood pressure often progresses to heart failure. Human emotions, too, influence glandular behavior, and glandular behavior often plays a role in heart disease.

The Jackson lab's dog studies are conducted at Hamilton Station, once a de luxe horse-breeding farm. At present, 200 dogs are under scientific scrutiny: basenjis, the keen hunting dogs from central Africa; wire-haired terriers; sheep dogs; cocker spaniels and others. They are tested and observed for learning ability, combativeness, co-operation, loyalty and social adjustment. Then they are crossed—say a friendly cocker with an aloof basenji—to see how traits are passed along.

Incidentally, the lab has come up with many valuable pointers for dog owners. It has shown, for example, that at the age of three to six weeks, a dog starts setting behavior patterns which will persist throughout life. At this critical period, he is most amenable to training, developing into a friendly animal, loyal to his master, or into a snappish problem dog. Handling by humans is especially important at this period, and so is feeding—so the dog will come to associate reward and pleasure with human beings. Since young puppies frighten easily, punishment for misdeeds is dangerous at this period.

Uses of Mice in Cancer Experiments

Research at Bar Harbor has yielded a steady stream of results which have had eventual application in human medicine. It was mouse work that largely pointed the way to use of sex hormones in controlling certain terminal cancers—cancers that have progressed too far for surgery. Male hormones appear to have a highly beneficial effect in women with breast cancer; and female hormones are helpful in men with cancer of the prostate gland. The laboratory's studies on inheritance have helped found the new science of medical genetics, which is concerned with the manner in which inherited diseases are passed from generation to generation. It is making significant contributions to studies of multiple sclerosis, arthritis and other chronic sicknesses.

Its work is followed by every medical research organization in the world. Its scientists publish a steady stream of scientific papers, and research men from other labs go to Bar Harbor to work in the summer. Every few months, there is a conference on some highly specialized research problem which draws scientists from all over the country.

The Jackson lab has no endowment. Relatively speaking, it has operated on a shoestring, deriving support from the U.S. Public Health Service and the American Cancer Society, as well as from several foundations, individuals and groups through the efforts of its own fund-raising branch, the Jackson Laboratory Association. During the depression of the 1930s, money was so short that researchers went on half time. They worked mornings, spent afternoons fishing, gardening and hunting to cut food budgets and stretch funds.

The Jackson lab is mainly honored for its "fundamental" research—laying a solid platform of fact under various disease problems. It is highly unlikely that it will ever find a pill which will solve the heart-disease problem, a vaccine which will eradicate cancer, or a drug to cure epilepsy. But when such things are found, they will almost surely trace back to pioneer work at Bar Harbor. ▲▲▲

"Waltzer" walks only in circles. It has an inherited defect of the inner ear, which controls balance

Mating of light and dark parents illustrates genetic laws, produces a 3-to-1 light litter

Albino mouse of a strain which carries cancer of lung transmits disease to all her children

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Facing up to a frightening situation, our military is

Why Half Our

A squad in Korea steals forward Indian file. When they come face to face with the enemy, one man in two will pull the trigger. It's a better average than ever

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coming to grips with—and solving—the all-important problem of

Combat Soldiers Fail to Shoot

By BILL DAVIDSON

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

IMAGINE you're a combat infantryman in Korea, well trained and well dug in on a ridge line, awaiting an enemy attack. The artillery and mortar barrage begins. You see a number of the enemy making their way up the steep hill toward your unit. They mean to kill you. Ducking from rock to rock, moving steadily forward, they finally run across an open area and come plainly into view. They're perfect targets. You sight down your rifle barrel. Your finger tightens. But then—as the perspiration pours from you—nothing happens! *You just can't squeeze the trigger!*

Impossible? Unusual? Once the Army thought so, too. But now, after a long, hard look at itself, the Army is facing up to these sobering facts:

In any given action of World War II, only 12 to 25 per cent of all the combat soldiers who were armed and in a position to fire their weapons at the enemy were able to pull the trigger!

In Korea, the average has been raised by dint of intensive effort, but only to a maximum of about 50 per cent!

In other words, today, one out of every two American soldiers who come face to face with the enemy cannot be counted on to fight.

It's difficult for Americans to accept this disclosure, since it seems to be a reflection on the patriotism and bravery of their own sons and brothers. Actually, the courage of those of our infantrymen who *do* fight is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Their bravery —plus the fact that our tanks and artillery give us unparalleled massed firepower—has more than made up, so far, for the failures of the riflemen in the lines who do not fight.

Official studies of why combat men freeze up reveal clearly that courage, as such, often is not involved. There was a much-decorated World War I company commander, for example, who always advanced under fire well ahead of his men, urging them on. Yet, he confessed to a fellow officer that throughout the entire war, he never was able to bring himself to pull the trigger of his weapon. He's now, incidentally, a general in the Marine Corps.

In pursuing the question of why soldiers don't shoot, I spoke with dozens of scientists, Army historians, combat commanders and noncommissioned officers who had just returned from the Korean front. Nearly all told the same story. At Fort Dix, in particular, I had a revealing series of bull sessions with a group of noncom heroes assembled in an empty classroom. The participants were the cream of the U.S. Infantry.

"It was rough," said Master Sergeant Nicholas Smith, of Washington, D.C., a recent Distinguished Service Cross winner in Korea. "Sometimes you sent a squad to cover your flank and, instead of nine rifles firing, you only heard two or three."

"That's right," said Sergeant Thomas McGrath, of Haddon Heights, New Jersey (Silver Star, Bronze Star, Purple Heart). "Of the nine men in my squad in Korea, I never could count on more than four or five to fire, even when it meant saving their own lives."

"Time and time again," said Master Sergeant John S. Williams, of Flushing, New York (two Silver Stars, three Bronze Stars, five Purple Hearts), "I had to expose myself and crawl from foxhole to foxhole to get half of the platoon to fire. Sometimes I'd practically have to sight the rifle and pull the trigger for the guy."

And so it went, with one noncom after another recalling—occasionally with some bitterness—this strange behavior on the part of his men. But the theme also is repeated with distressing regularity in the reports of the combat historians who interview combat troops a day or two after battle.

One of the most clear-cut cases in Korea involved a platoon of the 38th Infantry Regiment; it had collapsed, allowing a serious enemy break-through. The platoon came back with virtually all of its ammunition unfired. When the fact was discovered, one of the sergeants tried to explain. He said:

"The Chinese mortar started firing on us, but we were unable to reply with flat trajectory weapons . . . The Chinese closed to within 30 or 40 feet of us, but we couldn't make effective reply to them because they had set up a machine gun on our right flank . . . We couldn't get our heads up . . . Except when the Chinese got on the sky line we could scarcely see a target . . . Our machine gun did no firing because of the Chinese moving against our right flank. Later, when we pulled back and the gun was set up in a new position, it wouldn't work . . . The BAR (Browning automatic rifle) had gone bad when we were in the initial position. It wasn't jammed, but it just got sluggish and wouldn't work . . . Sergeant ———, who was over near me, kept having trouble with his rifle. The extractor wouldn't work, though it didn't seem to be broke . . . I didn't walk away—I ran away."

One Man Who Used His Weapons

These pathetically flimsy excuses did not explain the one essential fact: an entire platoon had frozen; no one had fired. Yet, in the same action, under the same conditions, twenty-year-old Private Edsel Turner, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, assigned to another platoon of the same company, had managed to use *his* rifle and grenades so effectively that he personally accounted for 29 dead Reds. He held the battlefield, singlehanded, after the company and six tanks had withdrawn. For his astonishing bravery, he was recommended for Distinguished Service Cross, the second highest U.S. decoration.

The man who questioned the sergeant was Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall, who has been described by high Army sources as "undoubtedly knowing more about this subject than any other living man." He recently spent five months in the front lines in Korea analyzing Chinese tactics for the United Nations forces.

General Marshall is credited with being the first to discover the mass phenomenon of the nonfirer. His interest grew out of his experiences in World War II, when the Army sent him to the Pacific to develop an accurate system of combat reporting.

Soon after reaching Makin Island, the 3d Battalion of the 165th Infantry Regiment was caught in a nighttime Japanese ambush. The unit escaped disaster only because a soldier named Private Morris Schwartz, of New York City, took over a machine gun from its fallen crew and mowed down attacking Japanese throughout the night.

Getting at the True Story

The next day Marshall tried to find out just what had happened. He bumped headlong into conflicting stories. A lieutenant claimed that he had ordered Schwartz to take over the gun; Schwartz insisted the lieutenant was nowhere in the vicinity and that he had done it on his own. Finally, to get at the truth, Marshall lined up the entire battalion and asked each man to report everything he had seen and done during the night. Not only was Schwartz's story upheld, but Marshall almost immediately realized he had stumbled onto the secret of accurate combat reporting. Every man remembered *something*—a piece to be fitted into the jigsaw puzzle. Not only that, Marshall had the key to what has become the Army's officially adopted Group Method of reporting and analyzing battles: the average man cannot lie in the presence of comrades who would contradict him if he were telling an untruth; and haunted by the memory of the recent dead, he *will* not lie.

Marshall also learned—and ignored the fact at the time—that *of the more than 1,000 men in the reinforced battalion, only 37 had fired their weapons.* He just thought the outfit was green. But a few weeks later, on Chance Island in the Marshalls, he did a similar group investigation of a gallant action by the crack Reconnaissance Troop of the 7th Infantry Division. Of the 100 men in the fight, only 14 had done all the firing that routed the enemy. He began then to suspect he was on the trail of something big.

Marshall became absolutely certain later during a European tour of duty. In Normandy he found that no more than 25 per cent of our best airborne troops were firing their weapons. By the end of the war, he had 350 men working under him in the European Theater of Operations. They group-interrogated hundreds of outfits fresh out of battle and fixed the percentage of men who actually fired their rifles against the enemy at 12 to 25 per cent.

After World War II, Marshall wrote Men Against Fire, in which he devoted a great deal of space to the problem of the nonfirer. The book became a text for a half-dozen foreign armies, and our own Army incorporated some of his recommendations into its training program. The problem continued to be discussed and analyzed. And when the Korean war broke out, Marshall was dispatched to the front to study combat operations firsthand. Again he found the number of nonfirers to be disconcerting. He listed incident after incident in his official reports. One of the most dramatic described the fight at Karhyon Pass, a 6,700-yard gantlet of death in which the Chinese trapped and destroyed half of the remnants of the 2d Infan-

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try Division in its retreat from the high-water mark of its advance into North Korea.

Marshall wrote: "In the pass, the dead lay in the ditches and sprawled across the roadway. Most of the living—even those still unwounded—were in such a state of shock that they responded to nothing . . . Chinese fire beat like hail . . . where they stood or reclined. But they neither cried out nor sought better cover. . . .

"The division commander, Major General Laurence B. Keiser, walked among them, moving from group to group, barking questions, trying to startle them back to consciousness. One thing made his heart leap up. A sergeant from the 9th Infantry Regiment had taken an 81-mm. mortar from a ¾-ton truck, set it up in the middle of the bullet-spattered roadway, and was now, single-handed, firing the piece on line of sight against the Chinese positions atop the south exit to the pass. *It was the only fire that Keiser saw being delivered by an American.*"

General Marshall—sometimes conducting his group interrogations under enemy fire—discovered this strange, side-by-side combination of heroes and nonfirers existed both in Army and Marine Corps units, and in green and seasoned outfits alike. But in his official report for the Operations Research Office (a hush-hush group of high-level scientists who analyze battle procedures for the Army), he had some encouraging findings. He wrote: "In the average infantry company in Korea, between 12 and 20 per cent of the men not only participate actively in the firing but exercise varying degrees of initiative . . . In addition . . . between 25 and 35 per cent of the men . . . take some part in the fire action with varying degrees of consistency . . . It is believed that this showing is a substantial improvement over the participation averages among World War II troops."

That still leaves an average of about 50 per cent of our combat men who do *not* fire or participate at all in a fire-fight. Why? A lot of good guesses can be made. But right now no one can say we know for sure. We are trying to find out. The Operations Research Office has teams of its best scientists in Korea to follow up Marshall's work on a more exact mathematical basis. But, meanwhile, the important consideration is to improve the situation, and the Army already has made some progress. Common-sense suggestions offered by General Marshall and other soldiers (including enlisted men) have helped.

Failures Traced Back to Childhood

Psychiatrists point out that a man's failure to fire his weapon in battle may be traceable to inhibitions placed upon him in infancy. Every child is born with aggressive tendencies. But his impulses to commit violence are soon suppressed in the family. His parents disapprove, often with threats of punishment, if—for example—he should crown brother Billy with a baseball bat. As the child grows older, the inhibitions are further strengthened by cultural taboos (a gentleman keeps his temper), religious sanctions (Thou Shalt Not Kill), plus fears of legal reprisal.

All his life, the boy's mind works unconsciously to suppress any desire to kill. Then, abruptly, he is put into a soldier suit and told to shoot fellow human beings. One man in two loses the resulting struggle to break down the lifelong inhibition.

I went to the University of Michigan to talk to two outstanding military psychiatrists: Dr. Raymond W. Waggoner is head of the university's department of psychiatry and an adviser on psychiatric problems of the draft to Director of Selective Service Major General Lewis B. Hershey; Dr. M. M. Frohlich is a psychiatrist who, as a lieutenant colonel during World War II, handled thousands of combat-fatigue casualties at the 298th General Hospital. They cited case after case of soldiers developing actual paralysis on the battlefield the first time they were required to fire.

Dr. Frohlich suggests there are at least three ways (preferably to be used in combination) of removing these inhibitions temporarily so that soldiers will shoot. The most efficient method is to prompt them to lose their individual identities by promoting a mob psychology. People in a mob override their inhibitions and act as they would never dare act as individuals. A second approach is to make the man feel that because he's in a uniform and because he's an integral part of a group of men he likes and respects, somehow it is all right to join them in setting aside one's life-long inhibitions against killing. The third tack is to provide the man with a fatherlike leader who, he can believe, is supremely strong, wise and just; so that he will accept his leader's orders to set aside temporarily the taboos against killing.

Brig. General S. L. A. Marshall, a 52-year-old Texan, is reputed to know more about why GIs don't shoot in combat than anyone else—and he has done a great deal to solve the problem. A veteran of both the World Wars, he was, at 18, the youngest company commander in the A.E.F. After 1918, Marshall joined the staff of the El Paso Herald and became city editor. Since 1927, except for extended duty in World War II, he has been editorial writer and military critic of The Detroit News. The Army often recalls him for special duty

From practical experience, Marshall and other Army experts made these assumptions years ago. Marshall began a long, emphatic campaign for the Army to look for its "natural leaders," as opposed to leaders selected according to the accepted standards of the civilian world. He insisted that "cause and national pride are not important; pride in company is the major factor in getting a man to participate in battle." He also discovered that a man gets terribly lonely in his foxhole.

The isolated man, says Marshall, will develop a sense of having been deserted by his fellows, and he will reason to himself that if he does not shoot and expose his position, the enemy will not fire back. Marshall recommended the revolutionary principle that noncoms and junior officers do not fire their own weapons, but instead crawl from foxhole to foxhole to keep the mob or group psychology going. Colonel John G. Hill, assistant chief of the Army's Organization and Training Division, told me that orders have gone out that, where possible, at least two men should occupy a single foxhole on outpost duty, instead of one, to militate against the so-called "loneliness of the battlefield." Also, the Army now is experimenting with two BAR men in every squad, instead of one, to double the number of rallying points for the men, since rifle fire builds up around automatic-weapons fire.

The most dramatic innovation has been talking-it-up—the yelling in combat which has accompanied many of our most heroic actions in Korea. This new idea is direct application of the mob-psychology technique. Marshall had noted in World War II that our troops did not sing or shout among themselves, as they had done in World War I. They were so ingrained with the thought of maintaining complete silence that they continually worried about such things as their dog tags jangling together. "Let 'em holler," Marshall advocated. "In most cases, the enemy knows where they are anyway, so the noise doesn't matter. The yelling is vitally important to keep reminding the man that he is part of a group, not just a poor lone individual, and it can stir up chain reactions that will convert lambs into lions on the battlefield."

This theory, too, has been put into practice in Korea. Today we have a talking, jabbering Army. The relationship between the shouting and the number of men firing their weapons became apparent early. There have been many reports of men making heroic charges against the enemy while shouting incongruities like college cheers—or obscenities in Chinese.

There is still another field in which General Marshall is "functioning as a scout in a scientific area where there isn't even a trail"—as Dr. Ellis Johnson, director of the Operations Research Office, put it. Marshall has discovered that fear can cause such fatigue that a soldier literally becomes too tired to fight or fire his rifle. Not only that, but he found that the fear-caused fatigue is measurable in terms of the load a man can carry.

Soldiers Carried Too Much Weight

On the Han River in Korea, for instance, the crack L Company of the famed 27th "Wolfhound" Regiment went into an attack under a new company commander, who ordered them to wear their parkas as protection against the cold. The order brought their total load to 45 pounds, or eight pounds more than they usually carried into battle.

It was midday. The company was fresh, battle-tested and in top physical condition. But they advanced only 1,600 yards up a ridge before they dropped from exhaustion. As the official report records it, they "were falling asleep even as the enemy fire came in on them."

Today, the Operations Research Office is measuring fear-caused fatigue in terms of the metabolic effects in the blood, urine and so on. But meantime Marshall has estimated that because of the fear-fatigue factor, a soldier cannot go into combat and reasonably be expected to fire unless his total load is no more than 40 pounds (the soldier's load used to be 60 pounds and upward). An Army survey unit under Colonel Henry Kelly confirms this figure and has redesigned the uniform, the canteen, the ammunition and the first-aid kit, in order to bring the total combat weight below Marshall's 40-pound limit. Marshall has set a total load of 48 pounds for a soldier in training, which means that he estimates the fear-fatigue factor to be the equivalent of eight extra pounds.

All in all we are making progress in solving the problem of why soldiers don't shoot. But several questions still remain. Is it significant that in our era we must submerge the dignity of the individual? Must we employ techniques that run counter to everything in our society, our religion, our 4,000-year-old system of morality? General Marshall had this to say:

"In Russia, where life is cheap and violent death frequent, the Red soldiers have been reared with far fewer inhibitions against killing. This is confirmed by British Lieutenant Sir General Giffard Martel, the only high-ranking Allied officer permitted to observe the Red Army closely in World War II. He wrote: 'Their one secret weapon is the willingness of their troops to die in active participation on the battlefield. It exceeds anything we have seen with other troops in modern times.'

"Now, I don't believe this means they get 100 per cent of their men to fire. I don't believe such perfection is possible in *any* army. In fact, I feel that if we get our own number of firers up to 75 per cent, that's the best we possibly can expect. But, since all battle is a combination of small fights, we cannot—for our own survival—allow the enemy to start out with *any* advantage in the number of small arms being fired. We have gone as far as we can go in the perfecting of weapons. Our only chance to move forward is to remold the *human* material."

Aware that the nature of this "remolding"—emphasis on mob-psychology techniques—carries disturbing implications, I wondered if there might be some justification on spiritual grounds. I spoke with several clergymen. They were all agreed. One said: "In a life-and-death struggle, it sometimes is necessary to lift the curtain of morality and civilization from men's souls to expose the brute beneath. But when the crisis is over, if the curtain is old and solidly designed and substantially built, it will easily drop back into place again—to mask the brute forever." ▲▲▲

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HOME on the TYPEWRITER

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

There is a unique way to lick the secretary shortage. Housewives are clamoring to type letters once the dishes are done and Junior's asleep

SO ACUTE is the current secretary shortage that the lures businessmen hold out have begun to sound more like party invitations than job offers. One Chicago firm advertised: "Beginners! Big company. Young executives. Nine free employee benefits. You'll like our friendly atmosphere and central location close to shops and theaters. Why not come in and look us over?"

This desperation appears up and down the land, including Indianapolis, yet in that city Robert E. Trattner's ad for a typist netted him more than 600 calls from expert secretaries.

Trattner's secret is one special working condition: his employees never leave home. He's tapping the vast pool of experienced secretaries who retired to rear families but are delighted to earn some money if they don't have to leave Junior with a baby sitter.

Trattner's thriving enterprise—which anyone anywhere can easily duplicate—works this way: He installs a portable tape recorder in a businessman's office. The businessman dictates into the machine at any convenient time. Late in the day, a Trattner messenger stops by, takes the tape off the machine and delivers it to a housewife-secretary in Trattner's employ. She has a tape reproducer and a supply of the businessman's letterheads. After Junior is asleep, she plays back the recorded dictation and types the letters.

Next morning a messenger picks the letters up and delivers them to the office before nine. This system often gives a businessman faster service on mail than he could get from a girl who leaves his office at five.

One Trattner client, a salesman who is out most of the day, says: "When I was depending on a typist who worked from nine to five, I had to rush back to the office at four to dictate before she left. She couldn't finish my reports until noon, so I was always 24 hours behind with them. Now I can dictate until six thirty, if I want to, but the reports are still on my desk ready to be signed by nine the next morning."

The housewife-secretaries are equally pleased. I got a firsthand report from Mrs. Charles Kingsley. She had just tucked Kathy, twenty-nine months, and Karen, fifteen months, into bed, and was about to convert the baby's play table into a typewriter table. Her husband, an insurance salesman, makes some of his calls after dinner, so it suits her perfectly to work at night. She handles two Trattner accounts—both doctors—and averages $25 a week by working about three hours a night, five nights a week.

"I had a job as a secretary for five years before I was married, so I was used to having my own money," she said. "I quit when Kathy was born, and I felt stupid every time I asked Chuck for money to buy him a Christmas or birthday present. But it wasn't practical to take a job. Even if I wanted to leave the children, which I don't, a baby sitter would cost at least $25 a week. By the time I paid her and bought lunch and the kind of clothes you have to wear in an office, there would be nothing left—and I still would have to pay income tax on the $55 or $60 I'd make. This way, what I earn is clear, and I'm right at home where the children need me."

Trattner started his secretarial service in 1950. He had $2,000 and a car—not much to start a business on, but enough. Most of his capital was invested in 12 tape recorders, which retail for $169.50 each. By buying in quantity he had been able to arrange a dealer's rate with the manufacturer. The tapes, which can be used over and over, cost $3.50. Foot controls, which make the work of the typist easier, cost $17.50. Another $70 a month went into advertising. He used his own home as an office.

HARRY DEVLIN

Mother-secretaries earn money, have no baby-sitter bills

"All you need for this business is a couple of machines—one for your first client and one for the typist—and a car, bicycle or good strong feet," he explains.

To attract new accounts, his policy is to give free demonstrations of his service. If the businessman likes the service after a week, he buys the recorder outright, or on time. Trattner supplies tapes free and also supplies the typists with free reproducers, though they supply their own typewriters, which many ex-secretaries already have.

Clients pay $10 to $50 a week, depending on the number and length of their letters. For $20 a week, the businessman gets 170 letters, a page long or less, each month.

The service is sold by the month rather than by the week, so that a man with heavy month-end mail can average a heavy week against lighter ones. If the client exceeds his limit, he is charged 40 cents a page for the extra letters.

Each housewife-secretary is guaranteed a percentage. She draws regular pay each week, whether the client dictates his full quota or no letters at all, and she shares in the profits when the client exceeds his limit. Percentages to the women range from 35 to 50 per cent, depending on how heavy the work is and how costly the transportation expense.

Except in emergencies, a client's mail is regularly handled by the same typist, and each secretary has been briefed not to discuss any aspects of the dictation entrusted to her.

Within a year after Trattner's start he had a partner and 30 clients, some using his service exclusively, some only when work grew too heavy for their own full-time secretaries. A fur company keeps three Trattner girls busy for a brief period each year when it puts on a heavy direct-mail campaign. A radiology lab employs four of its own secretaries, but uses one of Trattner's expert medical typists to give extra rapid service on X-ray readings. An attorney uses his machine to record conversations with his clients. He now prepares a good part of his briefs at home, taking his recorder with him.

This attorney also uses a telephone-answering service in place of a secretary to say, "Sorry, he's not in. Can I take a message?" Both services cost him less than a full-time secretary.

Trattner no longer has to advertise for secretarial help. The women he now employs regularly all have friends who are waiting impatiently for Trattner's business to expand so that they can go to work for him.

That the trend in home secretaries will continue to grow seems certain. And the idea itself is expanding. Trattner and his partner recently split up to operate separate agencies on the same principle.

Because of the drastic drop in the birth rate during the depression, there are today 1,500,000 fewer potential workers aged fifteen to nineteen than there were in 1940. And since the national birth rate did not begin to rise again until 1942, there will be a short supply, until 1960, of the girls who normally would work in offices after high school and before marriage.

Nothing will ever take the place of the efficient miss who can be dispatched for coffee, aspirin or a bit of lingerie for a wife's birthday. But when there aren't enough of these jewels to go around, a secretary he never sees is a good deal better than none at all for the businessman now gloomily learning to hunt and peck his own letters. ▲▲▲

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SPECIAL DEPUTY

By WILLIAM FULLER

It sickened Mal to have to explain away his own failures and ask for support with empty promises. But it wasn't in him to quit on the job and let the crooked sheriff get rich

MAL EVANS brought his battered coupé to a stop by old man Jefferson Teebow's sagging front-yard gate. He twisted his weary body from beneath the steering wheel, opened the gate and scuffed through the yard dirt toward Jefferson's house. The old man's only son, Loy, was sitting in a rocker on the porch. He narrowed his eyes as Mal approached the house. His body seemed to tense as Mal got closer. The fingers of his right hand twitched over the shining, pearl-handled butt of his holstered .38 Special.

Mal had known Loy since the boy had been knee-high to a jay bird. He knew that Loy was playing some kind of a game. "Howdy, Loy," he said, grinning.

Loy relaxed. He shoved his curl-brimmed cowboy hat back from his forehead. He slid his feet from the railing. The sharp heels of his two-toned Western boots pitted the worn pine plankings of the porch as they struck it.

"Why, come on up on the porch, podner," he said.

Mal climbed the steps and sat in a rocker next to Loy's.

"You politicking?"

"Politicking is right." Mal was running for re-election as county solicitor of Carter County. He had been canvassing the sparse population of the Turkey Branch section of the county since just after sunup. Now it was evening. Jefferson Teebow's farm was the end of the line.

"How you making out?"

"Why, fine. Just fine."

Mal knew that his tone lacked conviction. He reckoned that even Loy Teebow—and Loy wasn't exactly a ball of fire when it came to figuring things out—could tell that he was whistling in the dark. Mal's politicking was going badly, and he knew it. The truth was, he reckoned sadly, he'd been pretty much of a flop at his job. As county solicitor, he was no more nor less than attorney for the sheriff's office. His principal duty was to prosecute in court those citizens arrested by the sheriff or one of his deputies. His powers and privileges ceased there.

With mock seriousness and great dramatic effect, Loy Teebow, a silent, avenging figure, was made a special deputy of Carter County. The sheriff didn't give the matter a thought

He was entirely dependent upon the sheriff's office to make the arrests. And therein lay the sad but ridiculous aspects of the situation in which Mal, an honest man, found himself: the sheriff himself, Joe Gates, headed up the important criminal element in the rural county.

The pickings were good. Joe Gates—and to a lesser degree his deputies—had waxed fat, prosperous and powerful. They cashed in on a big business: bootleg booze in a dry county; all gambling, including the highly lucrative *bolita*, the numbers racket. The key men in the sheriff's tidy setup were, of course, never arrested. It was as simple as that. Mal knew these things to be the gospel truth, but his hands were tied. He had failed, all right. But it wasn't in him to quit.

"Where's your pa?" he asked Loy now.

"Why, slopping the hogs," Loy said.

MAL wondered why Loy was not lending a hand with the chores. Loy was a little slow-thinking for a twenty-one-year-old boy, all right; and he was a dreamer, with a great capacity for seeing things as he'd like to see them, rather than as they really were. But there had never been, as long as Mal had known him, a lazy bone in his body.

Still, Mal had heard some new stories about Loy recently. He had heard that Loy, away down here in a rural Florida county, had gone completely cowboy crazy. He had always loved Western movies. His passion for the medium had been brought to a head recently when his father had traded Rance Odell out of twenty-four head of part-Brahman steers. These steers, Mal had heard, had been Loy's final undoing. He no longer considered himself a dirt farmer. The old man could not get him to do any work on the farm. Several times lately Mal had seen him hanging around the courthouse at the small county seat. His dress had been completely Western, and he had been rolling and smoking one wheat-straw cigarette after another and calling the men who stopped to talk with him—mostly the deputies and the courthouse loafers—"stranger" or "podner."

He had become pretty much of a joke around the courthouse.

Loy's theatrical greeting when Mal had arrived that evening seemed to verify the stories Mal had heard: Loy was thundering off and away at a full gallop on another dream. *(Continued on page 50)*

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What to Look For on Election

Two experts offer a simple guide for interpreting the tabulations that will pour from your radio and TV sets. Don't let early returns fool you. There's a way to spot trends yourself

By ROBERT TROUT and PAUL W. WHITE

IF YOU live on the Atlantic seaboard, the first satisfaction you may look for on election night is a good dinner and an early movie. But if your interest in the election is intense, sharpen a handful of pencils, sit down by your radio or television set, spread open this issue of Collier's, and settle down for some practice in the more or less fine art of keeping score.

True, the radio and television networks usually open their barrage of returns about seven o'clock, Eastern standard time. But the first two hours are usually empty of specific information.

To be sure, the broadcasters have *something* to talk about. Every Southern state except Louisiana, all New England and a few Midwestern states will have begun to report their votes. Along with the early figures, and predictions by the commentators of the thrills to come, you are likely to be offered interviews with the nation's oldest voter, the youngest voter, the oldest first voter, and voters in the community which managed to complete its balloting earlier than any other—usually well before dawn. But you will get only fragmentary returns from six of the nine blockbusters with real power in the Electoral College—Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Texas. And hardly a peep from the other three: New York, California and Michigan.

When you do come home from the movies and settle down to listen, one important thing to remember as the results come in is that the first substantial returns from a state are not necessarily conclusive. In 1948, for example, the lead between Governor Dewey and President Truman fluctuated in 17 states. In another state, Mr. Truman and James Strom Thurmond, the States' Rights candidate, took turns setting the pace. The early leader in 18 states was in second place at the finish line in 15 of them: Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Iowa, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nevada, New Mexico, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island, Utah, Wisconsin and Wyoming. So if you keep a chart throughout the evening, it's wise to have an eraser handy. And keep one figure in your mind: it takes 266 electoral votes to elect a President. Based on past performances, seven states deserve keeping an alert eye and ear on.

Always on Winning Side

Two have a perfect record of picking national winners. Ever since Arizona and New Mexico were admitted to statehood, in 1912, each has provided a plurality for the man who was elected President. But since their polls do not close until 10:00 P.M., Eastern time, they are not much help in early evening trend-spotting. In 1948, it wasn't until midnight, Eastern standard time that Truman overcame an early lead of Governor Dewey's in New Mexico, and not until an hour later that Truman went ahead in Arizona.

There are three other states which haven't been wrong in the past 10 Presidential elections: Nevada, Montana and California. Idaho has been right in 12. But here again there is a long wait for the results. Only about 15 per cent of Idaho's returns are tabulated by midnight, and 16 per cent of Montana's by 2:00 A.M. Four years ago, Truman didn't forge to the front against Dewey in Nevada until close to 5:00 A.M., EST, by which time Eastern living-room analysts were on their sixth pot of coffee and seventh pencil stub.

Of course, California, with its 32 electoral votes, a gain of seven over 1948, is an important, perhaps a decisive, state. But in addition to the Pacific time zone problem, there's no general ruling in the state that Presidential ballots must be counted first. The decision is usually up to the registrar of voters in each county; even he has no power to order the individual election districts to begin with the count of Presidential electors. And California usually has the longest ballot of any state—Senate and Assembly, other minor offices and a host of state and local propositions.

This year, for example, Californians will be asked to vote on 24 state-wide proposals, ranging from bond issues to the fate of the state's famous cross-filing system that now permits Democrats to capture Republican primary nominations and the other way around.

Practically, then, the best state to watch on the basis of its record is Missouri. Not only is it in the Central time zone, but it hasn't been wrong since 1900, when it voted in favor of William Jennings Bryan.

In the close election of 1948, Truman had a lead in Missouri with only 4 per cent of the votes in, and never once was threatened. So the Show-Me State has really been the Show-Us State, and the Missouri mule is a nag to keep your glasses on in the Presidential sweepstakes.

It is also worth while to focus on smaller targets. Counties like Coos and Strafford, in New Hampshire and Vanderburgh, Indiana (Collier's, November 1st), have been on the winning side in nearly every Presidential election since before the turn of the century. Strafford County distinguished itself even in the primaries of last March. It chose Eisenhower over Senator Taft on the Republican side, and Truman over Kefauver on the Democratic. Since the President later withdrew as a candidate and backed Stevenson, the Strafford County portion of the Granite State kept its record unblemished. You can bet that the networks will have the "right-voting" counties well covered on the night of November 4th in the expectation that the counties' old talent for picking winners will still be operating.

Close battle or landslide, most prominent politicians have their own private divining rods with which to determine the chances of the candidates on election evening. James Farley, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, used to drop in at our broadcasting studio every election night. He would wait until the New York State returns were conclusive from Syracuse and surrounding Onondaga County. At that point he would go on the air and give a remarkably accurate forecast of the national vote.

Farley, you'll remember, was the man who predicted correctly in 1936 that Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas would carry only two states —Maine and Vermont.

Why One Pollster Was Late

Even the professional experts, whose job requires them to keep their fingers on the nation's political pulse, sometimes find it difficult to diagnose, themselves. One of the foremost pollsters in the country once was late in getting to a studio where he was to help with the broadcasting on election night. Privately, he confessed that he had been walking the streets until just before the polls closed trying to make up his mind which Presidential candidate should have his vote.

Another quadrennial visitor to the studios used to be Socialist Norman Thomas. He, like Farley, seemed to have the ability to call the turn early in the evening. And he was unique as a prophet because his forecast invariably was accompanied by his own concession of defeat in the same election. Thomas' analysis always appeared to be based on the vote in Connecticut, which is one of the first states to complete its count. Indeed, the Nutmeg State usually has half its votes reported before the polls close in the Far West.

In many states, the larger cities

State-by-State . . . Hour-by-Hour

THE accompanying chart is designed for the millions who will be getting their election returns over radio and television. The breakdown of states into Probable Democratic, Probable Republican and In Doubt was compiled from six different studies—including reports from the two major parties and from independent political sources. (The predictions, naturally, carry no guarantee.)

The electoral vote of each state is listed in the column adjoining its name. A candidate needs 266 electoral votes to win the Presidency.

The next columns show you what percentage of the total vote from each state came in and was reported over the air as the hours wore on during election night, 1948. The hours (EST) are colored either Democratic, Republican or States' Rights to show the point, on election night in '48, when the candidate who finally carried the state went into the lead and never lost it. The "Squeak-through" column is for the nine states in which the victorious candidate wound up with less than a 2 per cent edge over his closest rival in the final vote.

The authors of the article are experienced reporters of election-night events. Robert Trout will broadcast the 1952 returns over CBS coast to coast. Paul White is former director of CBS news.

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Night

have voting machines and the rural areas do not. The first returns usually come in from the urban sections which traditionally are Democratic, partly because of the labor vote. So, it is part of the radio analyst's job to point out that early leads in several states do not always signify a trend, and that the rural vote—often heavily Republican—may well overcome an advantage a candidate has built up in the cities.

Thus, last time, many commentators couldn't be persuaded that President Truman's first surprising success could possibly continue through the night. Hour after hour, H. V. Kaltenborn, for example, was pointing out that the Dewey strength among the farmers had yet to show itself. What "H. V." didn't know, as the President later reminded him in a classic bit of mimicry, was that the farm vote in 1948 was strongly Democratic. The unpredicted coalition of farm and factory provided the biggest Presidential upset in history.

The returns you hear through your loud-speaker are mostly collected by the press associations—the Associated Press, United Press and International News Service—with the co-operation of local and county officials. If the authorities should decide to seal up the ballots after the polls close and count them at their leisure, there's usually nothing in a state law to prevent it.

Nevertheless, the news agencies are able to turn in a remarkably fast and complete performance. A strange aspect of their labors is that no matter how swiftly the press associations amass the election figures, the radio and television networks regularly "scoop" them on their own returns.

The first reason is that the networks, which subscribe to all of the major wire services, are obviously able to keep comparing the results being sent in and use the information from the association which happens to be ahead of its competitors at any given moment.

But that's not the real secret.

Despite their myriad local, state, regional and national wires, it is a physical impossibility for any news agency to carry the latest aggregate election totals *at one time* from every state. This fact was seized upon in 1940 by our network, which concocted a speed-up scheme. Ever since, the other networks, too, have worked

1952 OUTLOOK		1948 RESULTS								
STATE	Elect. Votes	9 PM	10 PM	11 PM	12 MID.	1 AM	2 AM	3 AM	4 AM	
PROBABLE DEMOCRATIC		HOUR-BY-HOUR RETURNS BY PERCENTAGES								Squeak Throughs
ALABAMA	11	10	14	22	41	41	44	44	46	
ARIZONA	4	—	1	1	5		22	34	55	
ARKANSAS	8		4	12	27	29	33	36	38	
GEORGIA	12		21	29	37	38	38	38	38	
KENTUCKY	10		22	35	48	62	67	69	70	
LOUISIANA	10	—	1	7	13	18	24	25	28	
MASSACHUSETTS	16	1		12	25	31	41	47	47	
MISSISSIPPI	8	7	25	33	41	46	47	47	47	
MISSOURI	13	—		22	30	45	59	66	66	
MONTANA	4	—		2	4	4	16	29	41	
NEVADA	3	—	—	1	35	43	69	82		
NEW MEXICO	4	5	5		9	11	17	20	30	
NORTH CAROLINA	14		25	40	57	57	65	81	81	
OKLAHOMA	8		32	48	72	75	87	92	92	
RHODE ISLAND	4	1	14	34		90	100	100	100	
SOUTH CAROLINA	8	62	72	72	75	75	75	75	75	
TENNESSEE	11		58	64	82	82	88	92	92	
PROBABLE REPUBLICAN										
COLORADO	6	—	1	1	4	8	11		35	
DELAWARE	3	3	17	21	33	38	43	63	71	
INDIANA	13	5	11	18	33	38	46	46	46	
IOWA	10	—	1		12	31	46	46	64	
KANSAS	8	12	12	12	12	18	22	29	50	
MAINE	5	16	34	79	89	89	89	89	89	
NEBRASKA	6	—	1	6	10	22	22	47	68	
NEW HAMPSHIRE	4	3	17	22	32	52	67	77	86	
NORTH DAKOTA	4	—	—	3	3	7	7	25	33	
OHIO	25	11	25	38	39	41	51	68	72	
OREGON	6	—	—	—	11	11	26	37	43	
SOUTH DAKOTA	4	2	4	7	7	24	24	44	52	
VERMONT	3	11	51	62	90	90	100	100	100	
IN DOUBT										
CALIFORNIA	32	—	1	5	18	19	25	49	58	
CONNECTICUT	8	31	51	63	80	91	99	100	100	
FLORIDA	10		15	30	41	50	59	63	63	
IDAHO	4	—		15	15	32	62	70	79	
ILLINOIS	27	4	10	31	31	48	54	57	72	
MARYLAND	9	25	29	48	64	74	82	93	95	
MICHIGAN	20	—	3	4	6	17	22	27	36	
MINNESOTA	11	—	—		3	11	19	19	28	
NEW JERSEY	16	2	13	56	56	70	84	87	92	
NEW YORK	45	—	1	25	71	90	99	99	99	
PENNSYLVANIA	32	5	24	38	56	71	87	94	97	
TEXAS	24		11	35	55	61	82	88	88	
UTAH	4	—	—	—	1		21	32	65	
VIRGINIA	12		60	67	77	77	91	92	94	
WASHINGTON	9	—	—	—		2	8	11	20	
WEST VIRGINIA	8	—	—		22	36	51	51	62	
WISCONSIN	12	2	3		33	50	62	75	85	
WYOMING	3	—	—	1	8		41	66	76	

KEY TO COLOR PANELS

DEMOCRAT

REPUBLICAN

STATES' RIGHTS

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Remember the number 266. That's how many electoral votes our next President needs

out similar plans to keep ahead of the press associations with their own news.

Each network is understandably jealous of its own method and reluctant to reveal the details of its election-night operation. But, basically, this is the system: a network may appoint eight of its affiliated stations in cities throughout the country to send in news-agency voting totals *on the Presidency only* within a given two minutes just ahead of the hour or the half hour. Each city reports on all the states in its section of the country. The returns are transmitted from the eight stations to the network's news headquarters on special teletype circuits installed for election night only. The moment these totals arrive, they are counted on electric comptometers. The result is that, let's say at 11:30, a network will be able to announce a total popular vote which is perhaps two or three millions of votes ahead of any one press association.

A Setback for the News Agencies

The first time the returns thus collected were broadcast, for the Roosevelt-Willkie election, press agencies were so suspicious that they sent officials to learn whether the network was achieving the higher totals by merely arbitrarily adding a certain percentage to the wire services' top figures for both candidates. They found that the radio figures were authentic, however regrettable it might seem that the news agencies which gather the figures in the states should be beaten in the final distribution of the totals.

In 1948, another network perfected a refinement which allowed it to broadcast aggregate totals at very close intervals. But their accomplishment brought no joy to the newsroom. In the midst of the tension and uproar of election night, the newsroom chief received a telephone call from one of the network's major executives. "We are ahead of our competitors in giving the popular vote totals," the executive said. "How come?"

The newsroom chief hastily explained his system. The executive was unimpressed. "Well," he said, "it looks and sounds as though we're pro-Truman. Let's not give any new totals until the other networks catch up."

So, for what seemed like years to a staff trained in the age of electronic journalism, the newsmen sat helplessly on their hands and waited with jumping nerves for another telephone call giving them the "go-ahead." It finally came through, releasing them from their strange captivity probably just in time to avoid mass hysteria and rapidly multiplying ulcers.

Another network once sought to outdistance the press associations and outdo its rivals by creating a special election-night force of reporters assigned to chosen points around the map. The leg men were instructed to lose no time in telephoning returns directly to the network newsroom. There, a squad of eager volunteer workers was rounded up to answer a long line of hastily installed phones equipped with a private number for greater speed. Never did workers—volunteer or drafted—stumble into an easier election-night task.

The battle of the ballots raged and waned. One political party soared to victory while another bowed in failure. Politicians acknowledged congratulatory messages and politicians made announcements conceding defeat, but the special telephones remained mute. Not the slightest tinkle broke their long night's silence. Later it turned out that the special reporters had somehow been given the wrong number to ring. It is one of the legends of that network that a gentleman living in an apartment not far from the radio headquarters was for one long evening one of the best-informed persons in the United States. It was his telephone that rang cheerily through the hours.

Radiomen, like politicians, have many election-night hazards. The year Franklin D. Roosevelt won his fourth Presidential election, his opponent, Governor Dewey, was not sufficiently convinced of his defeat to concede until after three o'clock in the morning. At midnight, as the networks paused for their station identifications, they were all in full stride, on top of the story and prepared to stay on the air until the end.

But the news director of one network was in for a horrid shock. He had overlooked the zeal of an executive who was responsible for boosting the already large audience which faithfully tuned in every day an early-morning breakfast program. At the midnight station break, what the competition-conscious director heard coming out of his news-desk loud-speaker, in addition to the time signal, was the persuasive voice of an announcer, saying: "If you are staying up late tonight to hear the election returns, it's going to be awfully hard to get up in the morning. Why stay up any longer? Why not go to bed now? Then be sure to tune in tomorrow morning to our breakfast program. You will learn all about what happened."

Although television reared its sightly head in 1948, this will be the first year in which the rapidly expanding medium promises to produce its own programs on election night, instead of merely photographing radio in action. This opens another Pandora's box of problems. In the first place, on most radio networks, at regular intervals the commentators "read the board." They go through the 48 states from Alabama to Wyoming, reading the vote in round numbers.

Long ago, we discovered that giving exact totals not only takes too much time but also is a strain on the listener. "Truman: 48,000; Dewey: 39,000" will register easily in the listener's ears, whereas "Truman: 48,327; Dewey: 39,789" is apt to be a jumble of confusing figures. Exceptions are made, of course, when the candidates are within a few hundred votes of each other.

In radio, for convenience in reading, "the board" is generally divided into three alphabetical sections. There are exactly 16 states from A through L, 16 more that start with M and N and a final 16 from O through W. (It's the "News" and the "Norths" that help make up the surprising total of M and N states.)

Television is likely to find that the human eye is simply incapable of digesting the information on a great blackboard in a reasonable length of time. So it's probable that your television screen will carry a good deal of what the trade calls "superimposition." You will see a general view of the newsroom and, imposed on top of this scene, the state voting totals flashing on and off, one by one. Months before Election Day, TV people were making tests to determine how long each state total would have to remain on the screen to permit the viewers to fill in their tally sheets at home.

Television will doubtless make more use of such settings as party headquarters and street scenes like Times Square than radio ever has done. In so far as elections are basically stories told in numbers, they will remain primarily radio stories. Television's emphasis in covering elections, as in everything else, will be on pictures instead of words and figures. This demands a large share of imagination and enterprise. Television met and conquered the challenge at the political conventions; it still faces its first election night on its own, coast to coast.

Television this year will probably face the ordeal without the ministrations of Dr. Salo Finkelstein. Through the election night of 1944 he was a radio fixture of vast and pleasant usefulness.

Dr. Finkelstein's Amazing Talent

Dr. Finkelstein was a lightning calculator of the highest voltage. It was his gift to be able, after a glance at a blackboard crammed with figures, to write a summary such as: "Roosevelt: 3,656,789, now leading in 19 states having 277 electoral votes; Dewey: 2,991,654, leading in seven states with 95 electoral votes."

Exactly where the doctor came from or where he has gone is not known to either of your writers. It was said of him that, as a grown man, he had suddenly discovered his talent while watching a mechanical calculator at a fair in rural Poland.

Every election year Salo Finkelstein would appear in our newsroom and spend the evening juggling the biggest figures America's electorate could produce. When the last word had been spoken and the microphones turned off, he would collect his fee in cash and promptly vanish.

One year, with the figures flowing fast, there came a desperate moment, a crisis when Dr. Finkelstein's totals and the tabulations supplied by a battery of add-machines didn't jibe. In a flash, the doctor recalculated. It took the workers at the mechanical computers a couple of flashes longer to repeat their work. Editors, writers, telephone operators crowded round. For a few seconds, people forgot to breathe. Then: the announcement. It was simple, really; the adding machine had been wrong.

But don't worry about the danger of figures being incorrect on this election night. At least one network is heading into the tabulating arena with an ultramodern "mechanical brain" which can solve in minutes problems that would take a skilled mathematician using an ordinary calculator months to figure out. Its sponsors say it's geared to tell you which candidate has the probable final advantage at any given time in any region of the country, based on comparable voting figures of four and eight years ago. Nothing better spotlights the scientific advances of our age than the simple fact that a machine very likely will be the first to know the identity of the thirty-third man to be President of the United States. ▲▲▲

DRAWINGS BY LOWELL HESS

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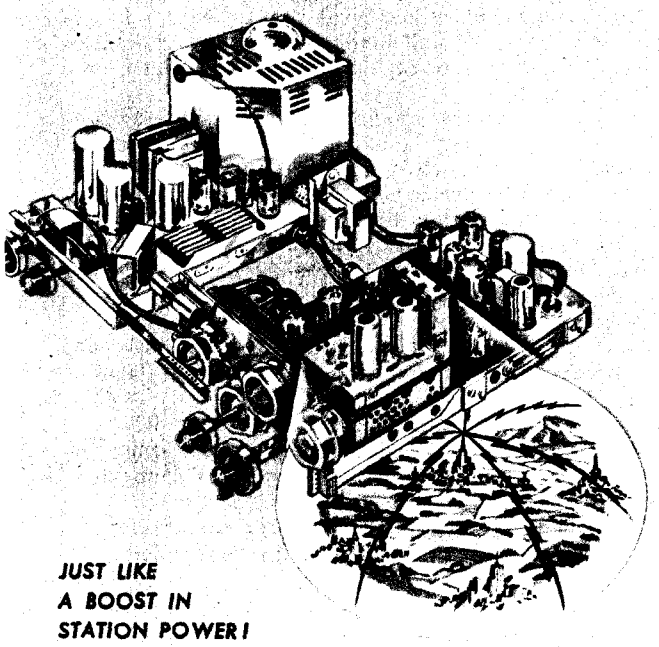
PHILCO *Golden Grid Tuner*

Revolutionizes Television Reception

America's First High Fidelity Picture Reproduction



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Philco for 1953 with the amazing *Golden Grid Tuner* . . . a television set so advanced that it could not have been built a year ago! Exclusive developments from the world's largest laboratories devoted exclusively to television receivers for the home bring you America's first *High Fidelity* picture reproduction..

Reports from every television area confirm that it revolutionizes all former standards of performance, so advanced that it brings clear, sharp television pictures to vast new areas for the first time.

Your Philco dealer is ready to show you the new 1953 Philco television receivers, to tell you from experience the story of their unmatched performance. Prices as much as $80 less than 1952 models, from $199.95 to $845, including Federal tax and warranty. Slightly higher South and West.

Most Advanced Television Combination Ever Built

Here's a masterpiece of engineering design and cabinet styling. Philco 2286—with Golden Grid Tuner, 21-inch "no glare" screen, built-in UHF-VHF aerial. AM-FM radio, and 3-speed phonograph with exclusive True-Harmonic reproducer. Also available with Philco *full* Remote Control. Luxurious Mahogany veneer cabinet with 24-carat gold tooling.

Designed for Built-In All Channel UHF

Every 1953 Philco is designed for the built-in Philco All Channel UHF Tuner to receive not one but all UHF stations that will reach your locality. New *directional* Electronic Built-In Aerial for *both* VHF and UHF, *only Philco has it!*

PHILCO *Famous for Quality the World Over*

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THE MAD MONARCH

By ROBERT YODER

If you've ever worked in an office, you're sure to recognize our Mr. Lathrop. We're sorry if he's your boss, and even sorrier if he's you

Henry hauled his big shoes off the desk. A pretty girl in the doorway was saying, "Are you Mr. Lewis?"

TWO o'clock seemed a likely time to catch Mr. Lathrop in. On the wall of Mr. Lathrop's office, and variously identified as Mr. Lathrop's grandfather, an old sweetheart or Mr. Lathrop at nineteen, hung a stuffed trout. After lunch, Mr. Lathrop closeted himself with the trout and composed memos whose happy pointlessness the trout itself couldn't have topped.

In a nearby office, Henry Lewis rose from his cluttered desk—the sign of a cluttered mind, Mr. Lathrop would say—and headed for the Mad Monarch's throne room. He was going in to resign, and do it politely.

For the four most baffling years of his twenty-nine, Henry had put out the company magazine, with Mr. Lathrop on his shoulders and in his hair. Mr. Lathrop had general supervision, as he did of two or three other company functions; they were duties he had taken over on temporary appointments, which no one ever got around to rescinding. It was a big company, but probably no man in it was so splendidly ignorant of the purpose or production of publications as Mr. Lathrop. Henry had every reason to wave good-by with a baseball bat, or say his farewells in a simple ceremony beside an open elevator shaft.

And it wasn't an angelic disposition or masterful self-control which dictated Henry's mannerly plans. He intended to say merely that he had been offered another job. This left a great deal unsaid, in sentences beginning: "And another thing, you incredible hayhead—" Like many another before him, Henry had given that up with a grin of defeat. Mr. Lathrop would simply regard such an outburst as an inarticulate way of saying, "Mahatma, it has been a great privilege."

Henry Lewis was a good-natured and relaxed young man, as well as a pretty competent one, and he knew all this would be funny in retrospect.

Filled with these peaceable and wholly admirable intentions, Henry got no farther than the drinking fountain—no place for conversation, Mr. Lathrop always said—when somebody pointed. Mr. Lathrop was just entering Henry's office. Henry went back to see—as Lathrop fans always put it—what the hell now.

Mr. Lathrop leaned back in the visitors' chair and looked benevolent. "I may have an item for you, Henry." He paused.

Henry grinned. "Am I supposed to bark for it?"

"This little see-ries you are running, about former employees, and where they are today. 'Whatever Became of—' is the title."

The old boy was in form. Mr. Lathrop would refer to a channel swim as "your little dip" and always supplied infor-

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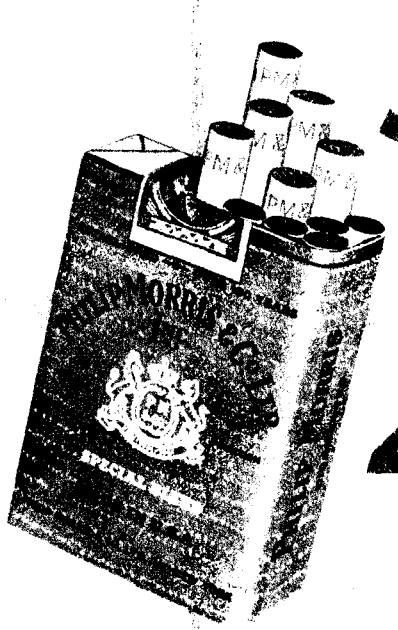

2 YOU'LL FEEL BETTER BECAUSE, once again, you'll really *taste* your cigarette—the good, clean taste of fine, mild tobacco. Your *food* will taste better, too! And you'll *know* you've made a *wise* change...for your *own good.*

3 YOU'LL FEEL BETTER BECAUSE you'll be smoking the *one* cigarette with a *difference* in manufacture... *an important difference that avoids the main cause of cigarette irritation.*

4 YOU'LL FEEL BETTER BECAUSE, day after day, you'll be smoking *the* cigarette *recommended by eminent nose and throat specialists* to patients who smoke...the ONE cigarette *proved definitely milder than any other leading brand.**

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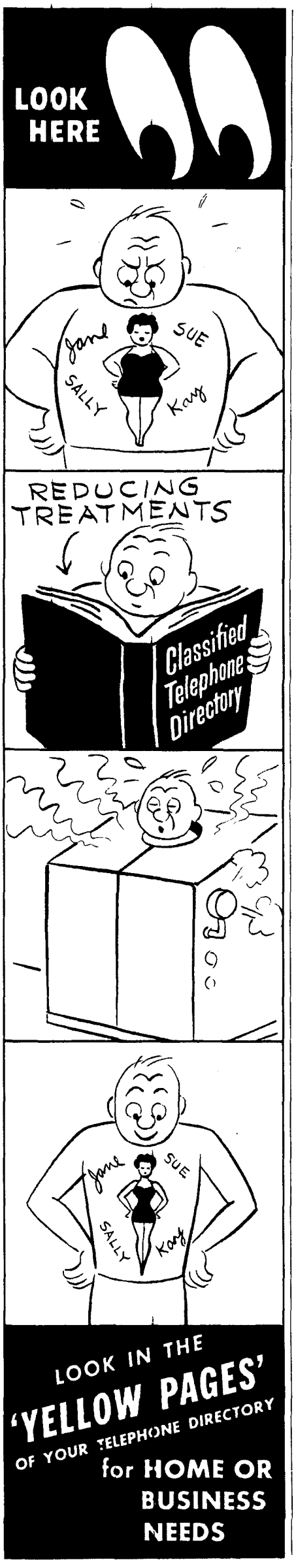

mation that might have eluded you, like the name of your dog.

"I remember it now," Henry said cheerfully. "What's your idea?"

"Why don't you find out what ever became of a countrified young man who came here twenty years ago as a mere bookkeeper?"

"You, Mr. Lathrop?"

"One and the same. I thought it might be—"

"An inspiration to others?" Henry said gravely.

"Simply to show what opportunities exist if a man has the right stuff."

"Up till now," Henry said a little dryly, "that column has been about employees, not executives, and former employees at that. A form of alumni news. About the girl from shipping who is now a waitress, the girl from the dispensary who is an Army nurse, the old watchman who is raising Scotties in California, and so on."

BUT Mr. Lathrop never really heard objections, and Henry remembered he could save his breath.

"Speaking of former employees, I'll be one myself, shortly," Henry said. "I'm leaving, Mr. Lathrop."

After four years of topnotch work, in fact, but Mr. Lathrop took the blow like a man. "Is that so? Leaving, eh? Well. I'll have to get somebody."

"I'm sorry it's such a bombshell."

But Mr. Lathrop had put on the look of a doctor inviting scandalous confidences. "Tell me, do you find these duties very demanding? I was thinking it might be possible to get a new man, a beginner, who would start—at a beginner's salary. Do you know anyone?"

"I've got an idiot cousin," Henry said a little hotly, "but he's something of a snob."

"Don't take offense, Henry. In my view, a magazine like this is a frill. Everybody else has one, so we must. Especially as we hire mostly girls, who are foolish about such things." He paused, and it was a new Lathrop who resumed. "As for hiring someone at a lower salary, I have high hopes of reducing costs all around, shortly. We do a great deal that could be curtailed."

Henry had been letting a cord of the Venetian blind coil around his finger and uncoil. At Mr. Lathrop's disclosure of his economy program, Henry abruptly sat forward. The tug opened the blinds as if they too were staring. Mr. Lathrop sat there, literally and figuratively revealed in a new light. And the Get Lathrop movement dated from that minute.

For a long time after Lathrop had gone, Henry didn't progress beyond soft exclamations beginning, "Why, the old—" The tone was not anger, but recognition of unexpected capacity. Thus you might greet the news that the pious president of the Frugality Thrift and Savings Bank had squandered the depositors' money on imported brandy and domestic brunettes. It was like learning that a kid in a cowboy suit is firing real bullets. Marshall Lathrop had been a first-class nuisance, sure, but the source of a lot of good, clean fun, too. You expected peevishness and timidity; you met a vast and comic self-satisfaction. It was something like meeting a cigar-smoking baby. He was a pillar of confusion, a boss for the book. Everyone who works runs into one or two, and is ruefully proud of them. They star in a million discussions: How, with so little on the ball, can the boss drive everybody so nuts?

But Lathrop had never caused real trouble. Salaries and policies remained as they had been set by better men, his predecessors. Lathrop had always gone in as a stopgap, when somebody died or left, and everyone kept assuming he would be taken down, shortly, like a detour sign. It didn't happen because capable men and women kept on doing good work, making their titular commander look pretty good.

But now, apparently, he had decided to assert himself. And it was entirely possible that men higher up in the company hierarchy—particularly Roger Nelson, the executive vice-president—wouldn't know what Lathrop was up to until the harm was done. Somebody had remarked the other day that Lathrop was camouflaged by the good work of his departments and thus "invisible from above." Walker, that's who it was, Henry remembered; Walker the advertising man, getting profound on the third Martini. "You lads think of Lathrop as a comic figure," he had said. "Well, he is; he's the barnacle that thinks it's running the Queen Mary. But that same wonderful ignorance makes him think all jobs are easy, trivial and overpaid. It's a form of danger—ignorance in command—that good people never take seriously. They never do anything about it, because our side has all the manners and all the scruples. That's why the bad people always drive the good people out of circulation. There comes a time when a man like that causes real grief."

Lathrop could do it, too, without a pang. What had jolted Henry was Mr. Lathrop's tone: total unconcern. Obviously he hadn't given a thought to the consequences to men and women, the men and women Henry had worked with for four years. The man was as indifferent as a broken thermometer. Hard as it was to think of him as a menace, there it was.

Apparently something ought to be done. Worse still, Duty seemed to be calling for a volunteer named Henry Lewis. The others had wives, children, mortgages. . . .

Duty had a remarkably pleasant voice. There it was again. Henry hauled his big shoes off the desk and swung around. A pretty girl in the doorway was saying, "Are you the Mr. Lewis who has copy for the Chilton Press?"

"Not yet, I'm not," Henry said. "I mean, I am, but you're early."

Her name was Emily Chilton; her father and uncle ran the printing company which printed Henry's magazine; she was fresh out of college. Henry aroused an interest she never did explain to him, and perhaps it's just as well that these things go unexplained. The fact was, Henry had that charm that comes from looking as though he might be, though he wasn't, the older brother of a man Emily had liked in college, and had always felt she could like much better if he hadn't been the property of her roommate. This accomplishment on Henry's part scored a considerable success, although he didn't know it.

Miss Chilton said she was subbing for the Chilton messenger. A shy little man afoot, he rode his motorcycle like a dog herding sheep. "A bus wouldn't let him pass," Emily said, "but finally it let Joe have his way. Only there was a construction ahead. So he had to go over the curb into an open-air market. Right into the watermelons, with the motor still running."

SHE went out then, leaving a vague impression of nice legs and pleasant manners, and Henry went back to brooding about the Lathrop problem. Something the girl had said seemed vaguely relevant, but Henry couldn't make the connection.

Staring absently out across the company grounds, he watched a young man in coveralls making his way toward Plant Ten, and Henry couldn't blame him. Men were rare everywhere around this company, except in the administrative offices. But Plant Ten brought the company employment policy to full flower: men were unknown there. Plant Ten was solidly female: two or three hundred assorted girls and women, and frankly lonesome. Lonesome? The only suitable word was "ravenous." That poor wight in coveralls will get whistled at from the minute he goes in until he finishes, Henry thought.

Ed Stamm came into Henry's office

"I'm having dinner at Bobby's, Mom, so I'll prolly be an hour late for dinner here"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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"It's a pity to wake him up just to concede defeat . . ."

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

and looked over his shoulder. "That's a pretty good-looking lad," he said. "They oughtn't to let him go into that lions' den without a chair and a pistol. Fine spring day like this—the height of the mating season. He may never get out at all."

"Listen," said Henry. "Hear them whistling?"

"You should have heard them during the war. The Air Force sent some pilots to tour the plant. The girls tore buttons off their coats for souvenirs and chased one young colonel all the way to Roger Nelson's private dining room. I tell you, that plant there—this whole company, for that matter—is the most explosive thing this side of the A-bomb. It's an awesome thought, Junior. One or two notes of I Love You Truly, if I had my fiddle, could touch off a riot. What's the matter with you?"

Henry was looking haunted, as if he were getting a boil, or hearing radio music through the fillings in his teeth. "I'm getting an idea," he said. "Look, how many times have you saved Lathrop from making a really fancy blunder? And why do we all do it?"

"Because we are little gentlemen, and there's nothing else to do. It's pointless to do something stupid just to show that Uncle Marshall is a meathead. Everybody knows it."

"Except people like Roger Nelson, whose view we obstruct. We never give Mr. Lathrop his way. And *that's* why he never rides his motorcycle into the watermelons."

"You figure we have been stifling genius."

"Selfish pride, Ed," Henry said. "He never gets out on a limb, because we don't let him. We never have given the man enough rope."

Henry's plot, as near as he could tell, came from the unknown repairman who ventured into Plant Ten, from Ed Stamm's comment about pent-up romance and from Emily Chilton's report on the messenger who finally got his own way, with spectacular results. Feeling grateful, Henry telephoned Miss Chilton to say he would send stuff over, pending the messenger's recovery. Emily said she wouldn't hear of it. At this sudden bright interest in customer relations, her father whistled a tune with which he sometimes indicated he didn't believe all he was hearing. It was an old bartender's song, entitled I Never Drink Behind the Bar.

MR. LATHROP co-operated splendidly. He walked into Henry's parlor next morning with a warning. Men who were quitting sometimes tried to get fired, he said, to win severance pay. But they never outwitted that fox, Marshall Lathrop, and so Henry had better not try. Henry was in a particularly weak position. He could annoy only by some hocus-pocus with the magazine, and since Mr. Lathrop saw every line of copy, that clearly was out.

Henry nodded. "Now," he said happily, "those stories about former employees, Mr. Lathrop—how would you think of illustrating them, with photographs?"

"The people aren't worth it." Mr. Lathrop then remembered whose portrait might grace the see-ries and made a masterful U turn. "Go ahead," he said graciously, "if you can save the money elsewhere."

To be a good conspirator, Henry decided, you have to be a fanatic. Anyone else has moments when his plot seems a poor thing, likely to fizzle. However, the safety director encouraged him, without knowing it, by complaining that the girls around the plant were having at his Vacation Tip posters, as always, with crayon and lipstick. His advice on tanning had been amended to read: *You will get a better man by exposing yourself gradually,* and he found himself advising his parishioners to get plenty of sin, instead of sun. It indicated a certain interest in men, essential to Henry's scheme. But to have full confidence in his plot, Henry had to believe that women are aggressive, calculating and designing, and this he had trouble doing.

It was pleasant to get away from such problems and spend an evening with Emily Chilton. He found her waiting when he came back from the conference with the safety director. A word or two of Henry's handwriting

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was puzzling the printers, she said; odd, too, since they had never had trouble before. But Henry didn't notice, being contrite about keeping Emily after five.

It didn't matter, she said; her only plans were to go swimming, in the pool of some absent neighbors. Henry went along. "I hope you're not too good," she said on the way. "I can't stand flashy swimmers." That spoke well for her taste, Henry thought. It didn't speak badly for her observation. The little cups on the bookcase in Henry's office were for a good, nonflashy backstroke.

Henry had a very good, comfortable time: good company, good sandwiches, good beer, good swimming. And all impromptu, was what struck Henry. He would have been vastly surprised to know he was the subject of a memo that Emily's father sent her the next afternoon. *He doesn't belong to anybody*, the memo said, *or he'd have a name on his collar. Daddy will let you keep him. Now quit staring out of windows.*

Mr. Lathrop saw every line of Henry's copy for the June issue, and every photograph, at Henry's insistence. He sighed like a justice of the Supreme Court asked to rule on parking tickets. These dull glimpses of the life of the peasantry. . . . The pictures began looking a little dull to Henry, too.

But Ed Stamm looked at them with pure awe. "In a company hiring girls by the hundreds, in six major cities," he said, "these pictures are a war whoop, a bugle call. Fiendish, is the only word for it."

"I'm not so sure, Ed. Let's be realistic. Girls can't get married just because they want to. Some man's got to go along with the idea."

"Sonny," Stamm said kindly, "once I was going around with a girl on a nice, friendly basis. She went to a big, dreamy wedding. Whambo! Fourteen days later I was being belted with rice and old shoes. You are trifling with forces greater than you understand."

Emily Chilton brought the proofs over just before closing time and stayed to watch Henry make up the dummy. Most girls can't lean over a man's shoulder without turning on the sex, if only to see if it's working. Emily kept her distance. Often as she'd been in the office, however, the drinking fountain trapped her.

"Should have warned you," Henry cried. "Now and then it shoots all over your shirt and necktie. Here." He began dabbing little beads of water from Emily's white sweater, then he flushed, and tried to do this impersonally.

"I keep a hand towel for just this purpose," he said. "For the men, I mean."

"I hope so." It was almost a whisper, and it put them on new terms, involving electricity. It was also faintly possessive—like the click of elfin handcuffs, Ed Stamm would have said.

THE June issue came off the presses looking much like any other. Henry sent a copy to Mr. Lathrop—who wouldn't see much in it. Mr. Lathrop didn't. But the girls found a message there, the girls in payroll, sales, production, accounting, the girls in all departments, in fact, and in six cities. Roger Nelson, the executive vice-president, got back from a Canadian vacation on Monday morning and called a conference for Monday afternoon. He addressed Henry, and in concern. He sounded like a father who had just discovered that a twenty-six-year-old son still needs a briefing on life.

"There's a matter of company policy I had supposed needed no explanation," he began. "This June issue—"

"Tell Mr. Lathrop," Henry said nobly. "If we've done anything good, a lion's share of the credit goes to him. He's *the real* editor."

"I thought you limited yourself to the financial end, Marshall."

"Mr. Lathrop never limits himself," Henry said warmly. "I don't make a move without Mr. Lathrop. I can't. If ever I find myself out on a long, shaky limb, he's the one man I'd want right at my side."

"Is that so?" Nelson took a better look at Henry.

"I'll go further." Henry was beginning to sound like a man making a nominating speech. "I'm leaving, but I want to say this: It won't make a bit of difference who's at the wheel, not as long as Mr. Lathrop is right there in that old back seat."

"Dry your knife," Mr. Nelson said quietly, "while I get a few things straight. Marshall, these items about former employees. I hear they're arousing great interest. Your idea?"

"I thought they had a certain propaganda value," Mr. Lathrop said indulgently. "Personally, of course, *I* can't pretend to care what's happened to little Susie, who used to run an adding machine, but I suppose somebody does."

"Oh, yes, indeed," Mr. Nelson said sweetly. "One hundred and fifty other Susies"—he cracked the sentence like a whip—"who *still* run adding machines, and hate it. One hundred and thirty-two, as of today."

"We are cutting down, Roger?"

"Like a punctured tire cuts down on air. How you slept through this, I can't understand. I'll bring you up to date." Mr. Nelson picked up a copy of the June issue.

"Here, just to pick one at random, is a nice little squib about a girl named Elsie Cronan. Elsie used to work here —in a pretty dull job, five and a half days a week. Elsie is as plain as cold oatmeal. What has become of Elsie?"

"Nothing. It simply says she's living someplace, I think in some junky new development."

"In a little cottage with roses 'round the door, according to the accompanying photograph. So Elsie's old co-workers got to thinking that over, Marshall, and what do you think they said?"

"I don't know."

"I will tell you. They got thinking about how hard they work, and here's this lumpy Elsie sitting around in a new house, doing her nails, with a husband to pay the bills, and I'm told it sounded like feeding time at the zoo. If Elsie can get a husband, who can't? That is the war cry, and the girls are quitting their jobs to put a hammer lock on any ape who can't run fast. Why couldn't you print something harmless, you nitwit, like the Communist Manifesto?

"I have had my secretary for eight years," Mr. Nelson went on icily. "Today she shows up with an engagement ring. Thanks to you, Cupid."

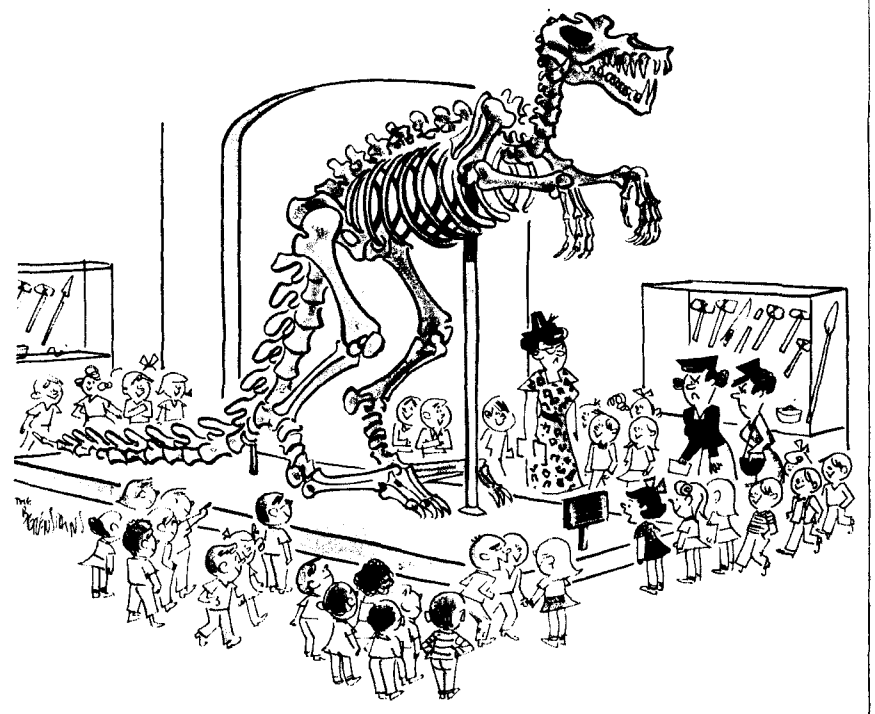
MR. LATHROP leaped to his feet and pointed at Henry. "There's the man who did it! I'll fire him in front of a roomful of people."

"For what?" Nelson shouted. "For printing pictures of happy home life? For endorsing matrimony? Listen to *me*—and these are orders. Officially, this company rejoices in the new-found happiness of every one of those dear girls, drat them. As for the others, who are quitting like flies to follow suit, we wish them every joy, and I hope they choke."

"I can't deserve a rebuke, not for a few harmless photographs."

"Harmless? Look at them! This is the former Elinor Flogel. Worked for us as a machine operator. Fighting the rush hour, grabbing a salad in the cafeteria—"

SISTER



"Wow! This thing is older than Miss Prouty, Miss Jackson and Miss McIntosh put together!"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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COLLIER'S

"It won't hurt to *ask* if they'd substitute filet mignon for baked beans on the 80-cent luncheon"

MARY GIBSON

"We offer many inducements," Mr. Lathrop said blandly. "We have a very nice cafeteria."

Mr. Nelson broke a long yellow pencil and threw the pieces violently to the floor. "So does every other bodies," he yelled incoherently. "Who hasn't there?" In a minute he went on, more quietly, "A truck driver named Wagonseller offered rival inducements, including no cafeteria. Elinor Flogel is now Mrs. Wagonseller. And what is she doing now, Marshall?"

"I saw that picture. She's sunning herself, in a back yard somewhere," Mr. Lathrop said. "She isn't *doing* anything."

Mr. Nelson leaned forward intently. "Then I want you to go tell all the other girls that." He drew another pencil from a bowl. "Tell them Elinor's married and living the life of Riley." He broke the pencil. "Ask what Elinor's got that they haven't got." He threw the pieces to the floor. "And if they still won't quit, use the old Lathrop cunning."

"In what way, Roger?"

"Throw rocks at them!"

"You!" Mr. Nelson said to Henry. Mr. Lathrop had withdrawn, before Mr. Nelson could say something he was sorry for. "It's murder getting girls to work here, because there are so few men. We do everything in our flimsy power to persuade them it's a better deal than getting married. So you throw rice in their hair. It's like selling whisky to the Indians. I can only assume you blew your top working for Lathrop."

"Not permanently," said Henry, and set forth his theory. It was widely known that this company preferred girls *not* likely to get married. Girls hated to sign up; they felt it was like declaring for spinsterhood. The pictures in the June issue, showing that girls from this cloister did sometimes get a man, would help take the curse off the joint.

Mr. Nelson blew up like Old Faithful, asking Heaven if he was running a school for brides-to-be. But if you hire girls, you are doing just that; and in the end he agreed wanly that Henry unfortunately made sense.

"Lathrop was supposed to stick to budgets," he said. "What if I moved him and split his present salary among the people who have really been doing the work? Would you want to stay?"

Henry said he might, at that.

"Lathrop is very good with figures," Nelson said. "It's just people he infuriates. Thought for a minute he was going to get *me* going."

HENRY was afraid Mr. Lathrop would take it hard. Ed Stamm said Mr. Lathrop would interpret anything done to Lathrop as a well-deserved promotion. They were arguing this in Henry's office in the stir and bustle only closing time can inspire. Mr. Lathrop went past. Yes, his look said, he had closed up U.S. Steel for the night; Detroit knew his wishes about auto production. But there was something. He came back.

"I'm afraid I have bad news for you, Henry. I'm assuming some new duties, and I won't be able to give the magazine my personal attention. But remember this: my door is always open, when you hit a snag."

Henry was relieved. "Thanks, Mr. Lathrop. I'll think of you often."

He was instantly afraid it sounded smart-alecky, but Mr. Lathrop waved graciously. "Feel free to do so," he said.

"Let's tie one on," Ed Stamm proposed, "in celebration."

"I'd love to," said Henry, "and maybe we can meet you later. Somebody gave Emily tickets to a revival of New Moon. So I'm tied up."

"Even when they say it," Stamm said softly, "they don't know it." ▲▲▲

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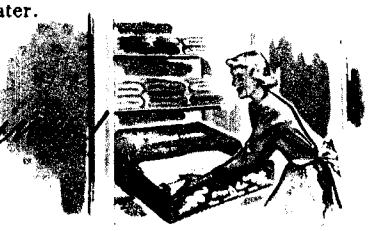

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Timmy was in bed, oiling a toy pistol. "I'm cleaning my rod," he said. "Mama has me doing time again, Daddy" EUCLID SHOOK

Code of the Underworld

By [illegible]

JOE BISHOP was a writer of mystery stories, the creator of Harry Dane, toughest private eye of them all. He spent most of his time thinking about dead millionaires, slow-acting Asiatic poisons and high-bosomed women. Occasionally, however, he had to give some consideration to his family, which consisted of his red-haired wife, Mildred; Timmy, his eight-year-old son; and a large, amiable Irish setter named Harold. It was generally Mildred who forced Joe to pay attention to his loved ones.

"Look, Harry," Mildred would say, "Timmy—"

"The name is Joe," Joe said. "You remember me—your husband. You're my moll."

"There you are," Mildred said. "That's the trouble. Joe, you're living your part too much."

"Sweetheart," Joe said, "I have to. If I go straight, we starve to death."

" 'Go straight,' he says!" Mildred said. "That's the way Timmy talks too. He acts like Harry Dane. You know what he calls Harold? A police dog. He calls a good Irish setter a police dog!"

"I'm surprised he doesn't call him a bull, or a flatty," Joe said.

"Even *I'm* getting so I talk that way," Mildred said. "I hate to go to P.T.A. meetings for fear I'll have to have the chairwoman rubbed out, or ask some lady if she's hot with the feds. Harry, this has got to stop."

"I agree, Mildred, I agree," Joe said. "The name is Joe . . . but I have to keep on working."

"Keep on working," Mildred said, "but lay off bringing your dialogue home. If you don't, I predict something awful is going to happen."

After these sessions, though he was inclined to pooh-pooh Mildred's fears, Joe always tried to conduct himself carefully in Timmy's presence. He would talk to the child about nature, urge stamp collecting on him or offer to take him to a museum. But Timmy wasn't much interested. He loved his father, and admired him as a colorful, dangerous character. Because Joe also loved and admired Timmy, he inevitably reverted to his Harry Dane role to please him.

So Mildred kept on predicting dire things to come. One day she was proved correct. She called Joe at his office. "Okay, Harry," Mildred said. "We've had it. Timmy has pulled his first job."

Joe rushed right home. He found his wife in the living room, pacing up and down. She was pale to her red topknot. "It's like I warned you," she said. "He's a thief!"

"Let's not raise our voices, sweetheart," Joe said. "Simmer down. Who'd Timmy knock over?" But he had grown very pale, too.

"Mrs. Ebertson came to call—she's three houses down on the other side of the street—and we had tea, and then I took her up to see how I'd fixed Timmy's room. There was the stuff."

"The swag, you mean?" Joe asked. "What did he heist?"

"Two pillows and one of Mr. Ebertson's shirts," Mildred told him.

"Burglary, huh? Breaking and entering."

"You can't pin that rap on him," Mildred said. "The pillows were in the Ebertson back yard being sunned. The shirt must have fallen off the clothesline. It had grass stains on it."

"Well, well," Joe said, dazed by wonderment, horror and a grudging admiration. "Any confederates?"

"How do I know?" Mildred demanded. "The suspect clammed up when I gave him the third degree . . . Why am *I* talking this way?"

"You have done a good-enough routine job of investigation," Joe said, "but what we need now is—"

"Harry Dane, or whoever you are," Mildred said loudly, "I blame you for this. You and your damned blondes in their nightgowns, and your Tommy guns, and those Aztec daggers that turn up between some millionaire's shoulder blades. I ought to belt you one. I ought to leave you and take Timmy."

"I will disregard your unkind and uncalled-for remarks," Joe said, "and interrogate the prisoner myself." . . .

Joe waited until after Mildred had put Timmy to bed and heard his prayers. Then he went in and sat on the edge of the bed. "Timmy, a boy's best friend is his father. You can sing to him, see? He can always come up with a mouthpiece. You agree?"

"Yes, sir," Timmy said.

"I hear you pulled a job. That isn't right, sweetheart. It's not done. Who's in your mob? Why did you do it?"

"Nobody, Daddy. I didn't pull any job."

"Then who did? How did those hot pillows get here?"

"I don't know, Daddy," Timmy said. "Anyway, I'm no canary."

A long argument ensued. The suspect denied everything. Joe's voice got louder. From fatherliness, he turned to fixing the boy with the steely eye of Harry Dane.

"Listen to me," Joe said. "Either you come clean or I let you have it. Nobody gives the run-around to Harry—uh—Joe Bishop, see?"

Timmy began to cry, and Harry Dane went all to pieces. He kissed his boy, tucked him under the covers, had him say his prayers again and made him promise it wouldn't happen a second time—even if Timmy didn't do it, like he said.

"Well?" Mildred asked, when Joe came out.

"Well," Joe said. "His story didn't hold up. I got his promise to go straight and put him on parole."

The uneasy peace lasted exactly two days. Then Joe had another frantic telephone call and went tearing home. On the living-room floor lay a green-stained corset and a pillow with a Yale banner sewed across it.

"Harry—" Mildred said brokenly. "Joe—he's gone over the wall again. The Farrell place, I think, four doors down. Farrell went to Yale. Joe, what are we going to do?"

Joe took her in his arms. She was shaking. "Relax, sweetheart," he said. "I'll figure an angle. Harry Dane's been in tougher spots than this. Go for a walk and calm down."

She went off in tears, and Joe sank into a chair and put his face in his hands. He hated the idea of going up to see Timmy, who had been put in solitary.

SUDDENLY he heard a scratching on the front door and realized Harold was asking to get in. He got up and opened the door. In the intelligent dog's mouth was one man's brown wool sock. Harold laid it proudly at Joe's feet and wagged his tail. Joe bent down and kissed him on the nose. "You call yourself a police dog," he said. "You're still a retriever, Harold, and man's best friend."

He gave Harold three biscuits, and went upstairs to see Timmy. His son was in bed, oiling a toy pistol. "I'm cleaning my rod," Timmy said. "Mama has me doing time again, Daddy."

Joe hugged him. "Timmy, I apologize for thinking a big private eye like you could have gone crooked. Why, this is the finest thing I ever heard of—taking the rap for a lousy, small-time racketeer like Harold."

"I told you I didn't swipe anything, Daddy," Timmy said. "I work with the bulls. But I was afraid you'd lick Harold if you found out."

"Yeah," Joe said thoughtfully. "And now we've broken the case, Mama will kill him. Timmy, we've got to keep this caper from her. We tell her you're a two-time loser, who has seen the light because he's afraid he'll get life the next time. Also, we give her a song and dance about being G-men now, and keep the private-eye stuff between ourselves, see? And we keep Harold on a leash. No squealing, get it?"

"Yes, Daddy," Timmy said. "I'll keep my lip buttoned."

"You and me and Harold—we've got the start of a nice little mob here," Joe said. ▲▲▲

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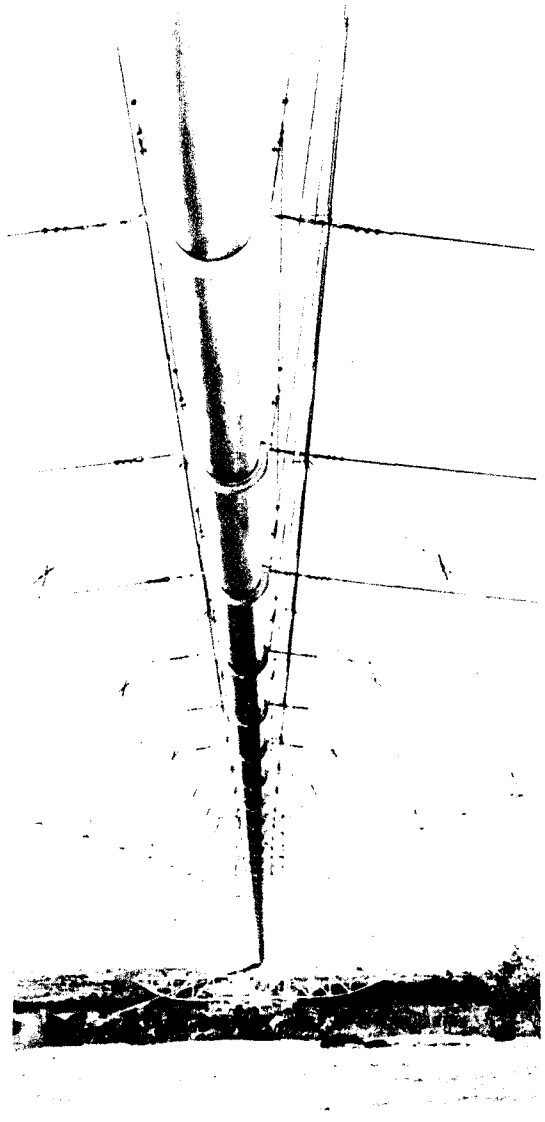
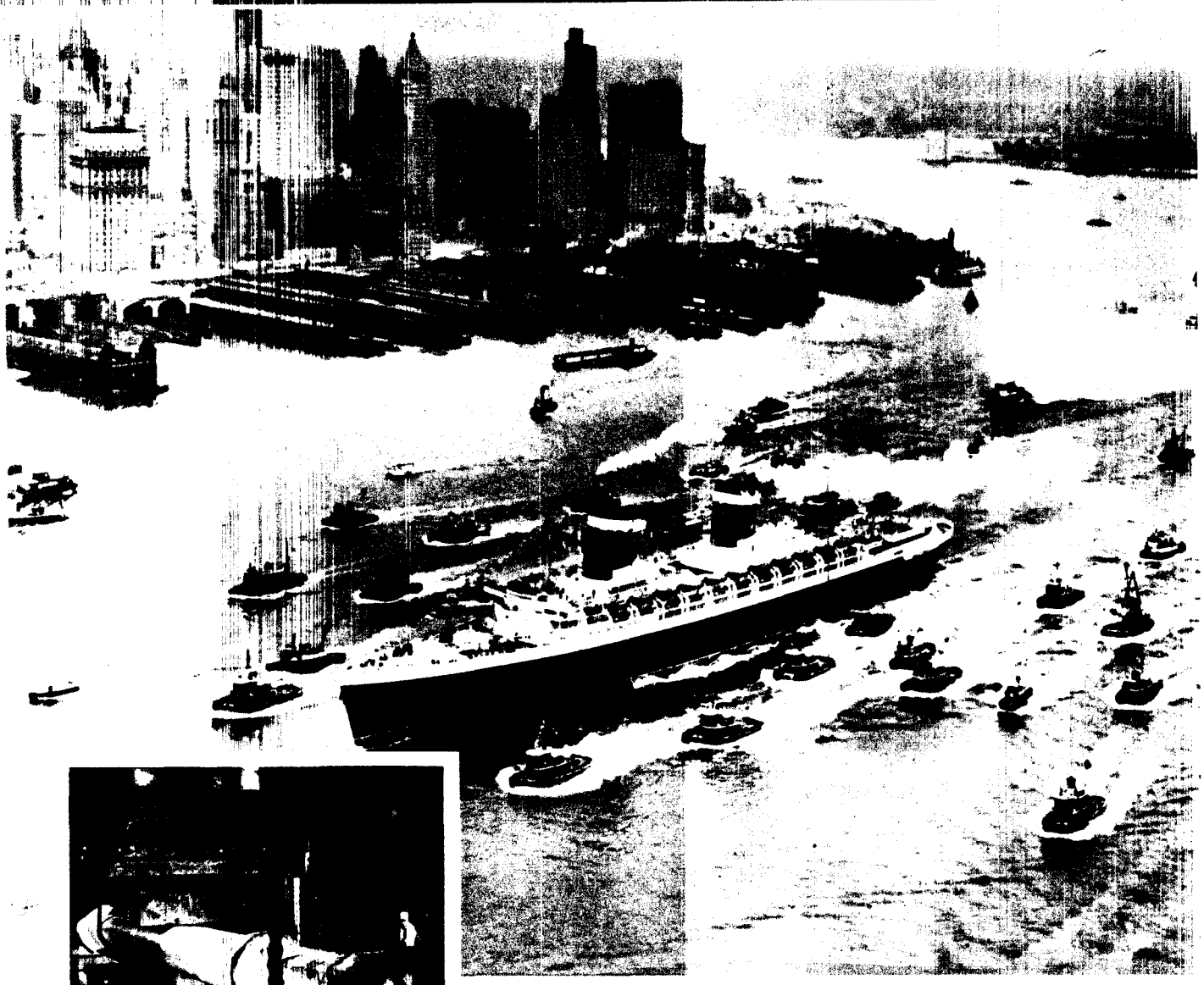
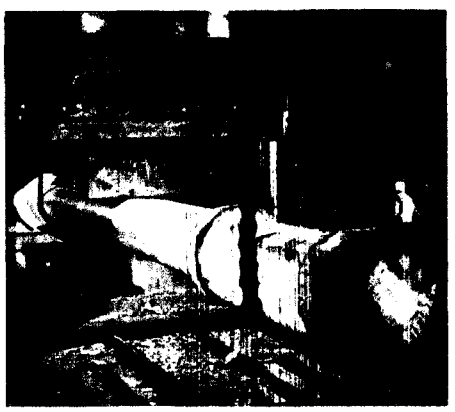
o many jobs so well



FLYING PIPE LINE. This welded steel gas pipe line near Benson, Arizona, spurns the earth and takes to the air for 1020 feet to cross a sandy river bed subject to flash floods. Both the 30-inch diameter pipe and its supporting structure were fabricated and erected by United States Steel.



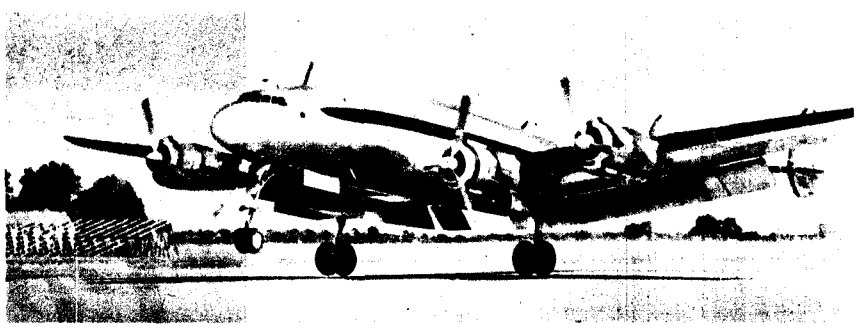


70 MILLION DOLLAR SUPERLINER. On her shake-down cruise, a huge welcoming committee of tugs accompanied the S.S. United States past the New York skyline. U. S. Steel furnished forged steel propulsion shafting which helped establish a new trans-Atlantic speed record. Six of these forged steel shafts were 61 feet long and each weighed 91,500 pounds when it left our mill.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

Last year, on the average, the furnaces of the iron and steel industry used iron ore at the rate of a pile as big as the Empire State Building *every 11 days!*

Listen to . . . The Theatre Guild on the Air, presented every Sunday evening by United States Steel. National Broadcasting Company, coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.



HIDDEN MUSCLES. Concrete runways are subjected to enormous stresses from the great weight of modern airliners, the vibrations of revving engines, the turning and taxiing of heavy planes. When runways are reinforced with American Welded Wire Fabric, they have hidden "muscles" that help to absorb this punishment and assure longer runway life. U. S. Steel makes this steel fabric . . . and also a lot of the cement that goes into landing field runways.

NEW PINS FOR POULTRY. U·S·S Stainless Steel gets in on Thanksgiving dinner these days in the form of better, smoother, more sanitary poultry pins. They are corrosion-resistant, good looking, easy to use.

MANUFACTURED FROM USS TRADE MARK STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

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OIL WELL SUPPLY . . . TENNESSEE COAL & IRON . . . UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS . . . UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . *Divisions of* **UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, PITTSBURGH**
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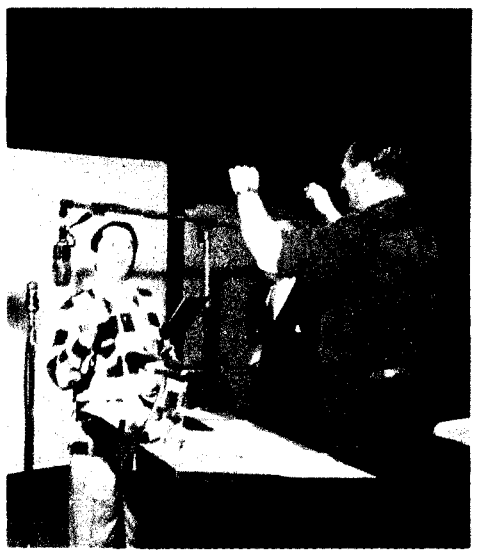

Making record, Como first watches conductor Ayres rehearse orchestra, then gets cue for first "take," or recording of song, winds up with a comic take-off on Ayres's direction

Dressed as formally as he ever likes to be, Como clowns in his office before record date. He plays

Perry Como Cuts

THE recording of a popular song can be bedlam. It involves a vocalist, some 50 musicians and technicians, producers and hangers-on, innumerable conferences, rehearsals, trials, playbacks, cups of coffee and aspirin tablets. Men can, and do, blow up under such conditions. But when mellow-voiced Perry Como cuts a disc, the recording session takes on the atmosphere of a community sing.

Perry himself sets the pace. An immensely casual guy, he carries on through endless "takes"—or trials—and playbacks, as a sort of languorous funnyman. He will slouch at the piano to ramble through a tune in what he calls "strictly chopstick style." Or, kidding conductor Mitchell Ayres, whose music is as closely associated with the Como style as the voice itself, Perry takes the baton and bounces the orchestra through a few haphazard choruses.

But, despite the comedy, Como's musicians know him as a careful worker. After singing a song, he listens to it in playback and makes craftsmanlike suggestions on such matters as balance and tempo. Then he sings again, listens again, makes further changes. He will go over a tune as many times as necessary, until it sounds precisely as he wants it. Throughout the wearisome procedure, his relaxation is so contagious that even the most volatile of his colleagues forgets to sputter.

Como's easy manner is reflected in the final product. On records, his fans hear him not as an unapproachable idol, but as the guy next door singing in the shower. Like Bing Crosby's, he has a voice that makes

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iano and trombone—"but just with my thumbs"

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Having rejected two takes, Como waits for the next one, grins at a sour note as orchestra warms up at RCA Victor recording studio

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ

a Disc

people feel at home. It has made him, at forty, a million-dollar-a-year performer. He sells 4,000,000 records annually. Seven of his songs—the most recent, a number called If—have sold above the million mark.

His naturalness pays off on TV, too. When he switched to television in 1950, after six years on radio, Como established a quick intimacy with his audiences. Today, according to a Nielsen survey, viewers in about 2,500,000 homes watch his three-nights-a-week CBS show. They find him as easy on the eyes as on the ears. At any given moment, some newer, more excitable singer may top him—but for a consistently high popularity rating, casual Como ranks right along with casual Crosby. He can afford to drawl, as he did recently to a friend: "What's to get excited? I need ulcers?" ▲▲▲

At playback time Como finally stops being casual, listens intently for tiniest flaws

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Atlantic Coast Line

Puts 946 cars on Timken® roller bearings to speed freight service, cut operating costs

BY putting 946 freight cars on Timken® tapered roller bearings, in place of the friction bearings commonly used, Atlantic Coast Line becomes the third major railroad to go "Roller Freight" in a big way.

Two other railroads have 1,000 and 800 "Roller Freight" cars in service. Still others have placed smaller numbers of freight cars on roller bearings.

The Timken Company and the railroads together have pioneered this switch to "Roller Freight"—next great step in railroading—just as they pioneered the change to roller bearings on passenger cars and ushered in the streamliner age.

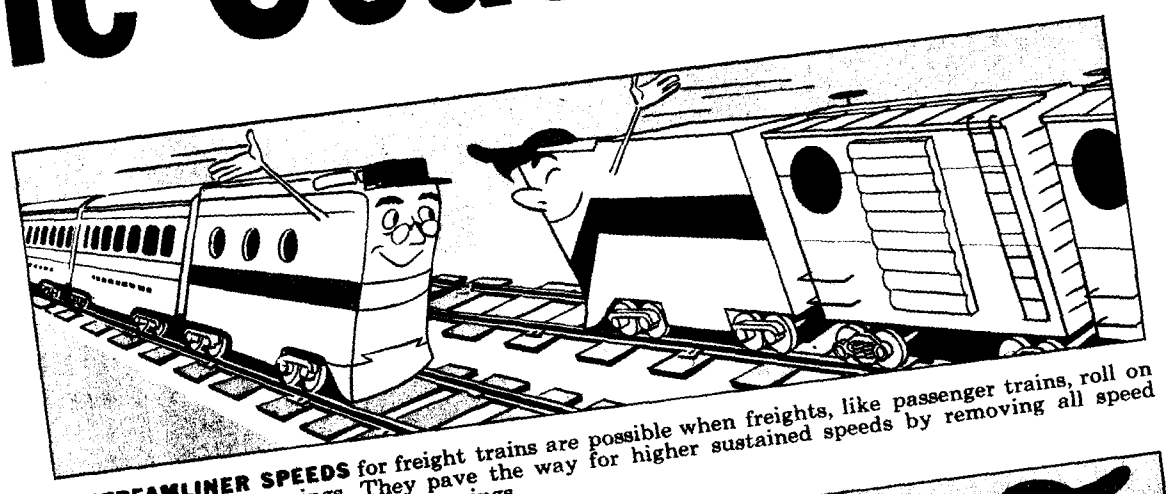
Faster service for ACL shippers

With 946 freight cars on Timken roller bearings, ACL offers a new standard of fast, dependable freight service. It is Coast Line's latest forward-looking step to improve service and cut operating costs as well!

Roller bearings lick "hot box" problem

Timken roller bearings eliminate the "hot box" problem—main cause of freight train delays—cut lubricant costs up to 89%, cut terminal inspection time 90%, reduce damage claims.

When all railroads switch to "Roller Freight" they'll save an estimated $190 million a year, earn 22% on their investment.



1 STREAMLINER SPEEDS for freight trains are possible when freights, like passenger trains, roll on Timken roller bearings. They pave the way for higher sustained speeds by removing all speed restrictions due to overheated bearings.

4 FRAGILE SHIPMENTS get added protection from "Roller Freight" because Timken bearings cut starting resistance 88%, eliminating jars, jolts.

5 ANOTHER ROAD cut running time in half with its 800 "Roller Freight" livestock cars, upped business 30% in two years.

Watch the railroads Go . . . on

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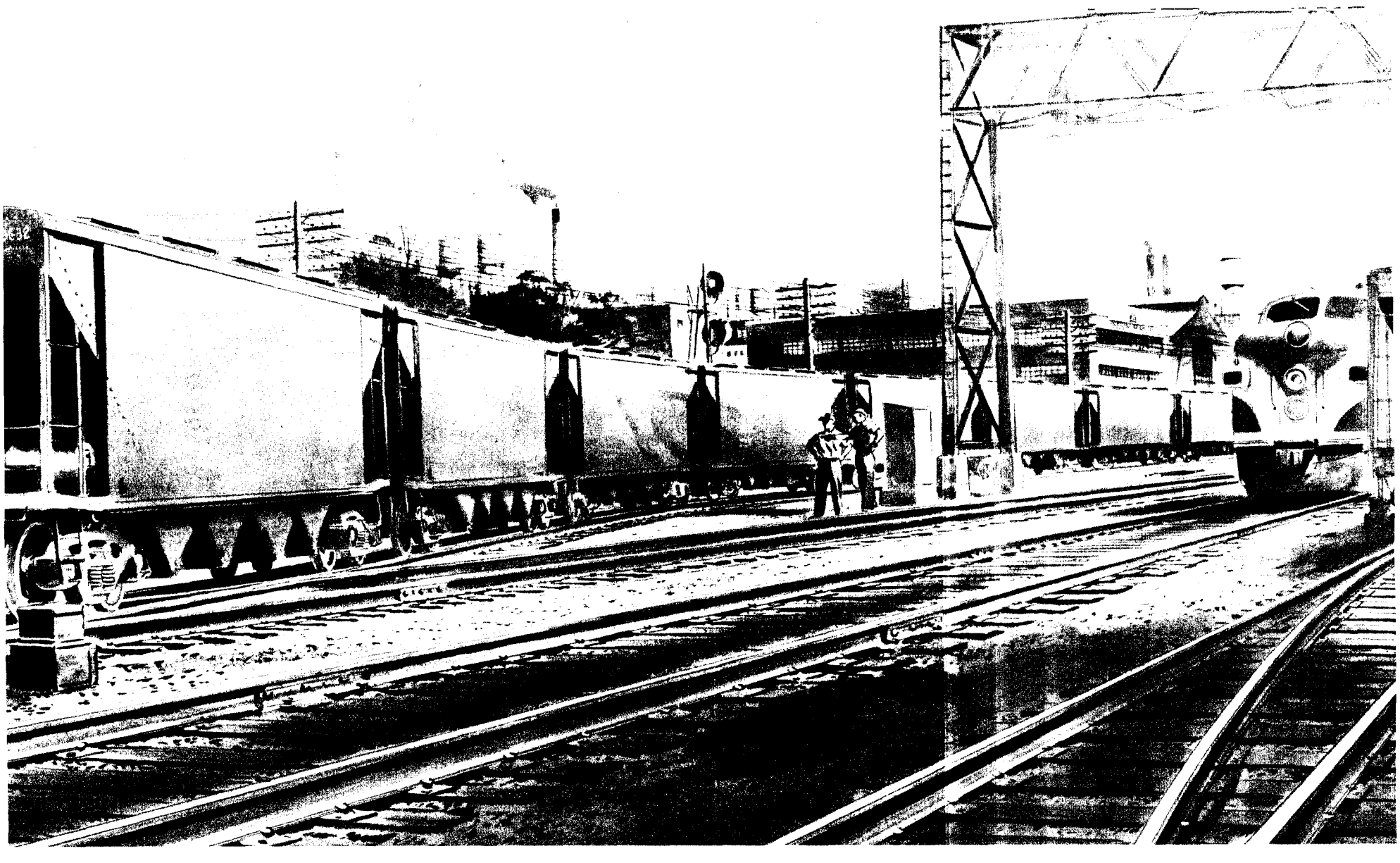
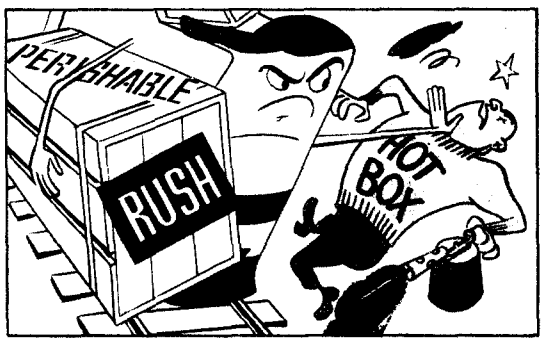
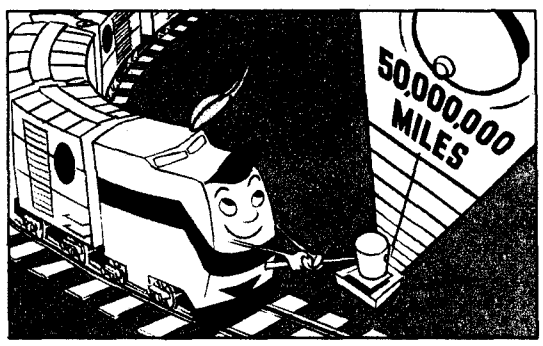


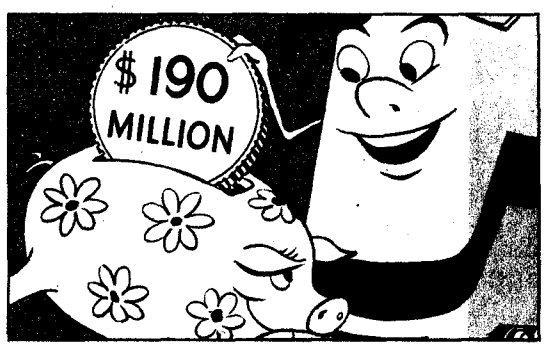
Goes "Roller Freight"!



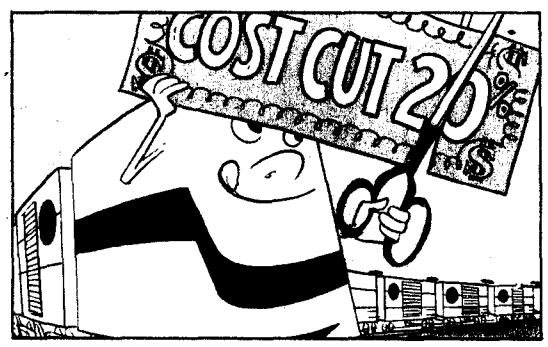
2 ALWAYS WORKING to improve freight service, railroads are turning to "Roller Freight" to lick "hot boxes"—main cause of delays.



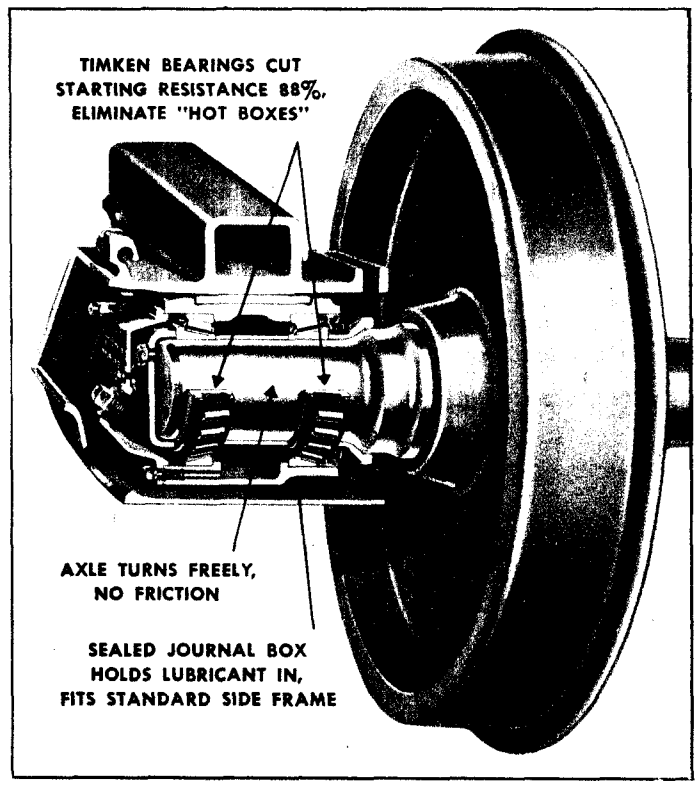
3 ONE RAILROAD that put 1,000 coal hoppers on Timken bearings hasn't had a "hot box" in 50,000,000 car-miles.



6 RAILROADS WILL SAVE a whopping $190 million a year, net a 22% return on their investment when all switch to "Roller Freight".



7 COMPLETE ASSEMBLIES of cartridge journal box and Timken bearings for freight cars cost 20% less than applications of 6 years ago.


TIMKEN BEARINGS CUT STARTING RESISTANCE 88%, ELIMINATE "HOT BOXES"
AXLE TURNS FREELY, NO FRICTION
SEALED JOURNAL BOX HOLDS LUBRICANT IN, FITS STANDARD SIDE FRAME

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BEARING TAKES RADIAL ◐ AND THRUST —◐— LOADS OR ANY COMBINATION ✳

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller Bearings*

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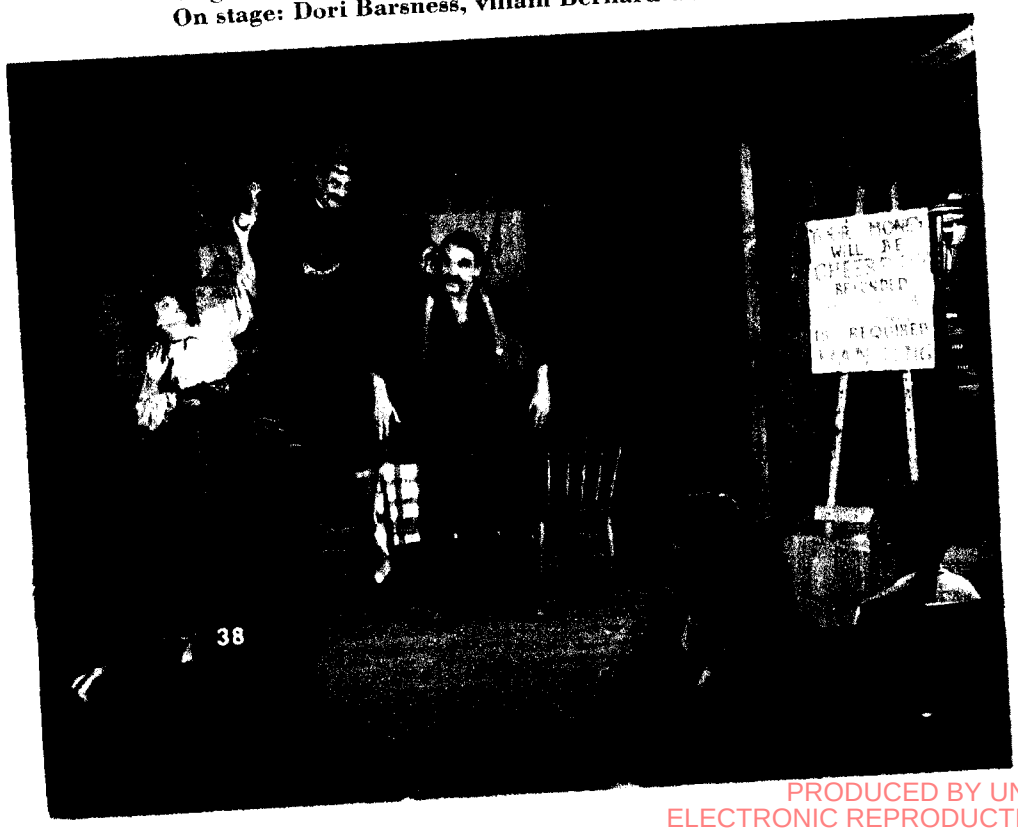
In Virginia City, Mont., a town which revives the historic West, costumed actors of a drama company help to bring history to life

No stuffy museum pieces, city's "exhibits" are real McCoy. Here, in Wells Fargo Cabaret, tourists enjoy a turn-of-the-century performance

Mrs. Charles Bovey (second from left), wife of man who restored past, introduces guests to Judy Midyette, of town's drama group

Zena Hoff fits Mrs. Bovey for an old-time dress in a seamstress shop which re-creates a 19th-century original in the most scrupulous detail

Virginia City Players burlesque an old melodrama in town theater. On stage: Dori Barsness, villain Bernard Tone and Larry Barsness



In Bale of Hay Saloon, town's restorer Charles Bovey (c.) plays faro with long-time resident "Rattlesnake" Lou Romey (l.) and Bill Smith

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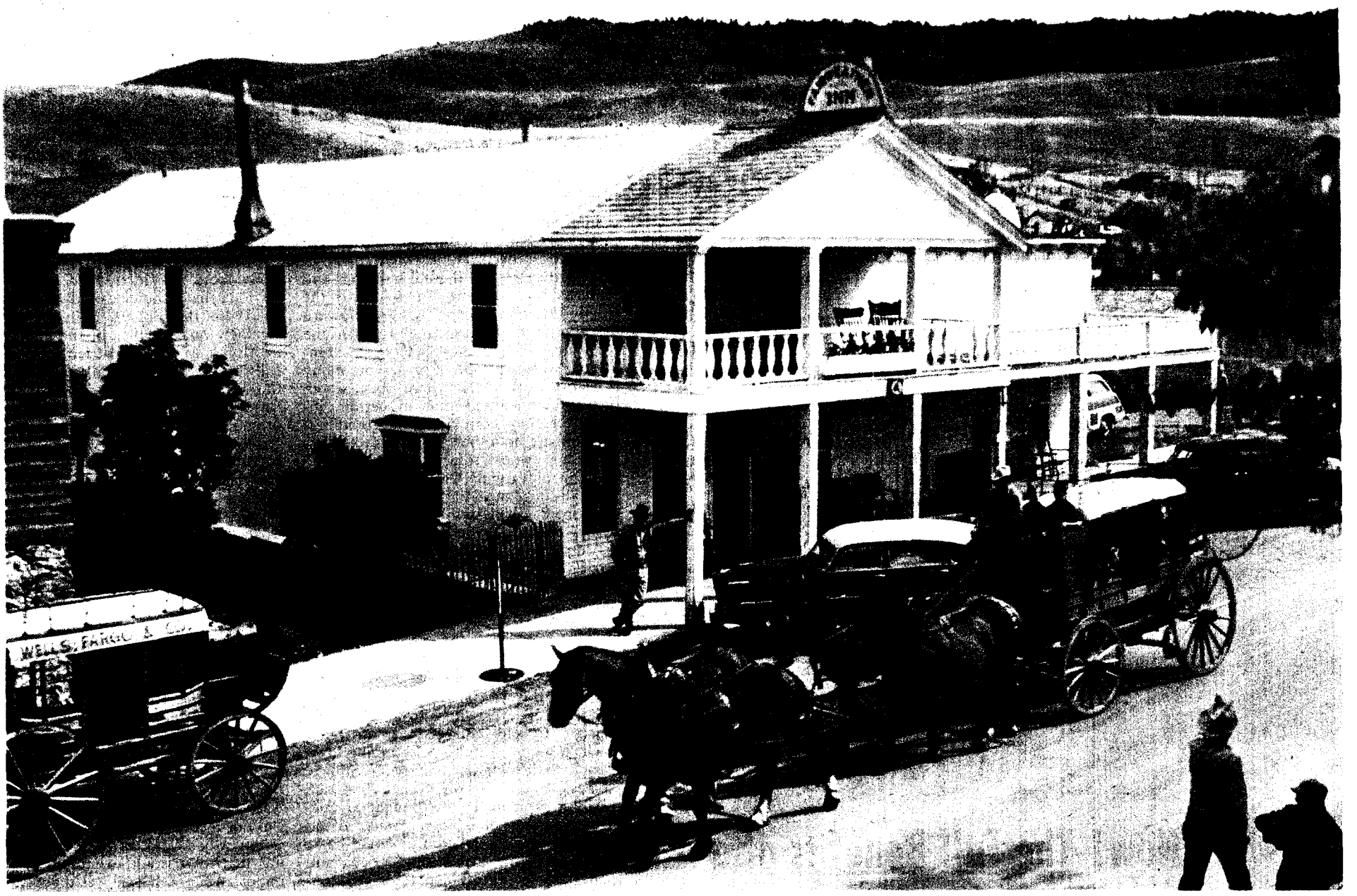

A real old stagecoach pulls into new-old Virginia City, full of kids out for a ride. In background is perfect copy of Montana's first hotel

Williamsburg of the West

By HUNTINGTON SMITH

When Montana's Virginia City was in full bloom 100 years ago it roared with vigor. It died and was almost forgotten until two devoted antique collectors began to bring it back—alive

ABOUT ten years ago, neighbors began to think Charles A. Bovey, of Great Falls, Montana, was going mildly crazy. He went around buying up tumble-down buildings, stagecoaches, barroom nudes, old corsets, feather boas, street pianos and penny-arcade peep shows, refurbishing them, and putting them where people could look at them and wax nostalgic.

Bovey concentrated most of this effort in Virginia City, Montana, a hamlet 'way up in the mountains between Butte and West Yellowstone. Once a roaring gold camp, it was now generally considered a ghost town—to the annoyance of its 300 unghostly inhabitants. One hundred million dollars in gold had been taken out of Virginia City in its day, but Bovey swung his pick into a different kind of pay dirt—a rich vein of public sentiment regarding the past.

Today, former skeptics are wondering if it isn't smart to be crazy, because, thanks to the restoration efforts of Charlie Bovey and his wife Sue, Virginia City has become a sort of wild West Williamsburg, one of the greatest tourist attractions in a tourist state.

Charlie is in his early forties—a man with a stubborn chin and a poet's dreamy eye. Born in Minneapolis of a wealthy milling family, he went out to Great Falls after graduation from prep school to work in a flour mill and learn the business. He didn't last long. He had nothing against flour mills, but two other interests made it hard to concentrate on flour: the first was collecting old cars and stagecoaches; the second was falling in love with Sue Ford, the daughter of a Great Falls banker. Charlie quit the mill, married the girl, and went on collecting ancient vehicles. He made his living ranching.

In 1940, the Boveys heard of an ancient saddlery about to be torn down at old Fort Benton on the Missouri River. Charlie bought not only its entire stock of saddles, harnesses and tools but the building as well, re-erecting it on the North Montana State Fairgrounds at Great Falls. By the next year he had acquired a fire station, bar, barbershop and general store. All these together now make up a permanent exhibit at Great Falls known as Old Town.

In 1942, he and Sue paid their first visit to Virginia City. All Montana knew of the old mining town—the onetime territorial capital where Henry Plummer, the Jekyll-Hyde sheriff-crook and his gang of road agents had been hanged in 1864 in one of the most famous vigilante episodes of the Old West.

Most of Virginia City's buildings had long since been torn down and carted away to be used for corrals, outhouses or just firewood; but the Boveys

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAT COFFEY

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New! COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*) — before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Fights Tooth Decay!

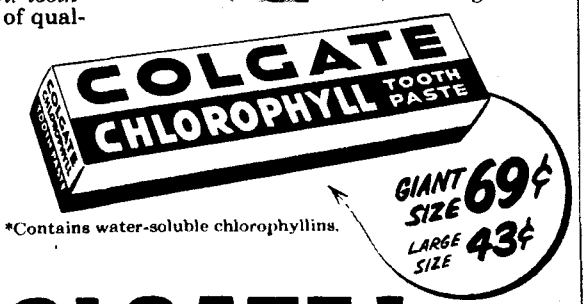
Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!

Checks Common Gum Disorders!

Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

COLGATE'S GUARANTEE:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

Tested And Guaranteed by COLGATE!

The sights are free in Virginia City—

found the lower end of Wallace Street still standing. There were the board sidewalks and false-front log buildings, looking like a dilapidated wild West movie set, the assay office, Wells Fargo office, livery barn, blacksmith shop and remains of the Bale of Hay saloon. Said the Boveys: "We *can't* just let all this crumble away!"

So they bought the old buildings and started a few repairs. In 1944, with the late historian Joseph Kinsey Howard and other enthusiasts, they founded the Historic Landmark Society of Montana, with the hope of preserving many historic structures where they stood. But they learned that in certain instances they couldn't repair buildings belonging to other people; some suspicious owners refused permission.

But in Virginia City they discovered an ally in Zena Hoff, wife of a mining engineer. Zena didn't consider the Boveys crazy. On her evening walks out Alder Gulch, she had often noticed the town's ancient street lamps rusting on the city dump, and had thought: "What a shame!" Now the lamps are once again lighting Virginia City.

Nation-Wide Quest for Relics

The Boveys ransacked the United States for everything from old wallpaper to old corsets, seeking relics which might bring the old mining town back to life. They haunted rummage sales and thrift shops. Their first rich haul was some trunks bought at auction, unopened, from the estate of an old lady who had died near Great Falls. They sent the trunks up to Zena and she started putting a part of the contents—some old portraits and dresses—in a window, "as an experiment, just to see if anybody would notice." People driving through noticed, all right; when they slowed their cars Zena would invite them in to look around. Some, she reports, thought she was trying to sell them something.

"One man said, 'No, thanks, I'm not in a buying mood,' and I said, 'That's just fine, mister, because if you had a thousand dollars you couldn't buy a hairpin.' So he came in."

As more people stopped by, it was obvious that a hotel would be needed. In 1946, the Boveys built the Fairweather Inn, a replica of the first hotel in Montana; they had tried unsuccessfully to save the original from destruction in another ghost town. Sue furnished the place with elegant gadgets of the 1860s. Next they restored the Bale of Hay Saloon. Away back East, in Brooklyn, they found a warehouse crammed with old hurdy-gurdies and street pianos, which they bought and shipped West. In Minneapolis they unearthed a collection of penny-arcade peep shows, some hilariously naughty. All these archaic items were transplanted to the Bale of Hay, where they are now operating merrily at a nickel-a-crank. The nearest the Boveys ever came to advertising was to grind a hurdy-gurdy a couple of times to attract passing cars. People stared, stopped, came in—and spread the word.

Bovey went on flinging money around, selling one perfectly good ranch, then another, to sink everything in his restoration project. After his ranches were gone, his only comment was: "Well, thank Heaven. At least I'm out of the purebred business."

Bovey had faith, as he kept on spending, that folks would eventually see the importance of what he was doing. And they did. About 175,000 people a year now visit Virginia City, to the joy and profit of the year-round inhabitants—who still number only 300.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bovey used to be ranchers but couldn't resist the call of the past. This formal portrait reflects their love of the 1860s

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and natives have as much fun as guests

The old buildings and curios aren't the only attraction. A couple of years ago, Bovey turned an old stone barn into *the* Old Stone Barn, a playhouse, and launched the Virginia City Players, specializing in nineteenth-century melodrama. They have made two winter barnstorming tours of the Northwest, and—because a member of the Montana State University drama staff happened to pass through Virginia City one day—players who belong to the company's dramatic workshop receive credit for their work at the university.

A Director Visits—and Stays

The group's director is another who was "just passing through." In 1948, Charlie Bovey was trying to put together some kind of entertainment for a miners' convention that was to be held in Virginia City; he was running through some Gilbert and Sullivan on a piano when a voice behind him boomed out the tune. Its owner was Larry Barsness, a high-school drama coach from Sweet Home, Oregon, on a trip with his wife, Dori. The Barsnesses became interested in the problem posed by the miners' convention, stayed on, and have never left. In nine days, Dori turned out a skit entitled Clem, the Miner's Daughter, or Lord Help Us!, and a show called the Bale of Hay Varieties was written around it and produced and directed by Larry. The miners loved it.

The Players, the Bale of Hay, the hotel and the restaurant provide the Boveys with most of their income from Virginia City. They charge no admission fees to the restored town or any of its parts except the theater. They are uncommercial almost to the point of being anticommercial: they keep prices modest in the face of a sellout business, and they banned slot machines in their part of the restored town long before the people of Montana voted to outlaw them in the state.

How about the descendants of the men who once mined gold in Alder Gulch? How do they like what's happened to their town?

They like it fine. Things haven't been better in Virginia City since the boom days, and the residents are having more fun than the visitors. Carl Sauerbier is back at work in his father's old blacksmith shop, setting wagon tires on old stagecoaches; Harvey Romey tends bar at the Bale of Hay when he's not doubling as barber, member of the school board or justice of the peace.

Last summer both Boveys received honorary degrees from State University for their "contribution to . . . the quickening of interest in Montana history and tradition." Both still love Virginia City, but they're sometimes a little dismayed to find that they now have a powerful—if playful—bear by the tail. Having started out with an interest in antiques, Charlie and Sue now find themselves involved in the headaches of the restaurant, hotel and saloon businesses. The Bale of Hay, originally planned as a cross between a Gay Nineties gag and a museum piece, occasionally turns up the same problems as any other crowded bar on a Saturday night.

Despite growing crowds, Virginia City is still so personally managed that if you show a real interest in the historic exhibits you are apt to find one of the Boveys themselves showing you around. Now and then their success and growth have them a little worried—but not too much. "If it ever gets so we're dealing with just numbers, it won't be half so much fun," says Charlie. "But right now we're enjoying ourselves."

Bovey's office was once home of the Montana Post, first daily paper published in territory of Montana. Original editor sat here in 1865

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Behind the prisoners rolled Lorena, decorated for the occasion with the battle ensign of the German navy draped across her large, blunt-snouted seventy-five . . .

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Dog Island Mission

Lorena wasn't the best tank in the Army; she may, in fact, have been the worst. Certainly she was fickle—and certainly she stored up a lifetime of glory in one magnificent night

By JACOB HAY

THERE were those among the officers of the 719th Tank Battalion, Medium, undergoing amphibious training at Camp Gordon Johnston, Florida, during World War II, who stoutly maintained that there was something supernatural about Lorena, and the battalion joker had defined her as the only self-propelled millstone in the world. The motor maintenance officer, who should have known, claimed that Lorena was unlike any other Sherman tank ever constructed. She had her bad luck built in, he said.

She was the command tank of the First Platoon, A Company, and when the 719th moved, Lorena should have been first in line. Should have, that is, in theory.

Mostly, her engines caused trouble. But sometimes her turret would jam, and she would trundle in from a tactical problem with her stubby seventy-five pointed aimlessly off to port or starboard, a mad, cross-eyed look about her. Sometimes, inexplicably, she would throw a tread and have to be hauled home, ignominiously, aboard a tank retriever, and at such times the motor maintenance officer would take on a tight, strained air.

All of which does little to explain the dark and bitter sorrow felt by Second Lieutenant Thomas Ransome, who commanded the First Platoon, A Company, when the M.M.O. dropped by his quarters one morning to say that Lorena was to be turned back to Ordnance for replacement.

"Right after tonight's problem," said the M.M.O. cheerfully, "you'll have a nice, shiny new Sherman."

"But—" began Thomas Ransome.

"Old man's orders. My God! Don't sit there and tell me you actually want to hang on to that wreck."

Lieutenant Ransome did want to, though, for Lorena was, with all her quirks, his first tank; and he'd named her for the girl in a song which Great-grandfather Ransome, who'd been Virginia Cavalry in his day, had delighted to croak, and he'd spent his own money to have a commercial artist from Tallahassee paint rippling Confederate battle flags on both sides of her slab-sided hull. The only trouble with her was that the accidents which happened to other tanks months and months apart happened to Lorena in quick succession.

After lunch, in the hot, quiet afternoon, while the rest of the outfit loafed and rested before the all-night problem ahead, Tom Ransome walked to the tank park and eased his long body into Lorena's spotless interior and pottered aimlessly with a handful of cotton waste, because it takes a little time to say good-by to something you've lived with for a year.

That night, the 719th loaded its tanks aboard the dozens of Landing Craft, Mechanized, drawn up in ranks along the beach. The ramps in the bows of the boats were lowered, and up these the tanks trundled heavily—one tank to a boat—much like cars going into roofless garages. Above the rumble of the Diesels in the LCMs, officers and men yelled insults and advice about not shooting

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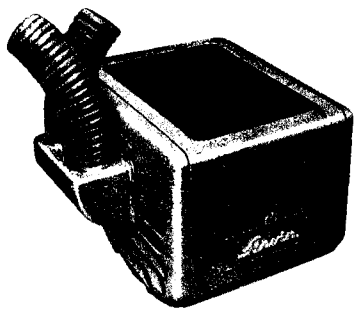

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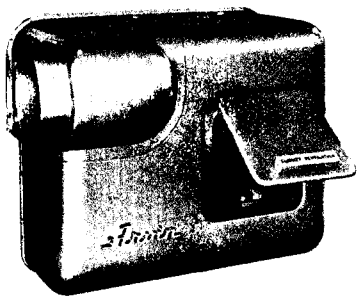

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until you saw the whites of their eyes, because this was the battalion's last big exercise before going overseas and there was live ammunition in the lockers. They would hit the beaches of Dog Island, seven miles offshore, at dawn, and the tanks would roll ashore. Until just before they formed up in assault waves, they were to circle, churning up the black, inhospitable waters of the Gulf under a moonless sky.

Four hours later, from the deck of a wildly bucking command boat, a red rocket soared erratically up into the rain-whipped night. The wind had come up, maliciously and steadily increasing from the north, and the rain had come down, slanting in torrents. The rocket meant that the exercise was canceled: all landing craft would return immediately to the mainland.

TWO more hours, and the 719th's adjutant, shivering miserably in his soaked clothing, reported to the battalion commander that all boats had come ashore—except one. The two men exchanged long looks.

"Is it the boat carrying Ransome's tank?" the CO asked.

The adjutant nodded. "I sure hope Ransome knows how to bail," said the CO, reaching for the field phone hanging on his desk. "Gimme Search and Rescue," he told the operator.

Ten miles offshore, his LCM blown well past Dog Island in the night, half blinded by salt spray and soaked to the skin, Pfc Norman Shapiro wondered whether this might not be a bad dream.

Now, the normal combat crew of a Landing Craft, Mechanized, is five men, but, for training purposes, the 654th Engineer Amphibious Training Regiment had decided one would do, especially as the 654th was short of personnel. So Pfc Shapiro was the captain and the crew of LCM 127. Braced in the pint-size wheel shelter astern, he fought to keep his twenty-five-ton steel box headed into the wind, headed north toward the mainland and against the rising waves that slammed into the LCM's square bows, caromed high up and over the ramp to be caught by the wind, and slapped down onto the dripping hulk of Lorena. And Lorena's crew huddled, drenched, under her portly stern.

Pfc Shapiro had no time to wonder how he'd got lost, but then, he didn't know about the jinx on Lorena.

Then two things happened. As abruptly as it had arisen, the wind died. Minutes later there came a series of hoarse, irritable coughs from the LCM's engine compartment, several protesting wheezes, and, finally, complete silence. LCM 127, out of fuel and dead in the water, rolled soddenly in the gradually diminishing seas, sluggish under her thirty-ton burden.

Shapiro eased himself stiffly out of the wheel shelter and crawled down into the cargo deck to break the bad news to the tank crew. Dawn broke, gray, cold, wet and miserable.

"Don't worry, Lootenant," he told Ransome, "there'll be rescue boats out looking for us. And if this rain ever lets up, maybe airplanes. We'll be home in time for supper." Under his breath, he added, "Maybe."

Corporal Henry Preedy, Lorena's driver, a Vermonter, rubbed a hand over his angular jaw and allowed as how he would be damned. Yessir, damned if he wouldn't be damned.

"Long's we're going to set here, I'm for breakfast. You care for hash or stew, Lootenant?" he inquired genially of Thomas Ransome, who blanched. Preedy nudged Hazen, the assistant driver, awake, and the two men began their ghastly preparations.

"I'm worried about the gun, Lieutenant," said Corporal Stanley Dirk, lately instructor in mechanical drawing at the Jersey City College of Commercial Science, and now Ransome's gunner. "All this salt water is no good for a gun."

Ransome watched Dirk scramble up to Lorena's turret like some oddly shaped, olive-drab mountain goat. Then he hauled himself erect and eased his life belt down from his chest to his waist. There wasn't much to be done, he thought, except sit and wait to be picked up. He winced as he speculated on the crop of wisecracks this latest exploit of Lorena's would produce in the mess. From up forward, where Preedy and Hazen had set up their portable stove, came a whiff of C-ration hash, and Ransome decided that, sick as he'd felt, a little food might do the trick. He edged forward, past Lorena's bulk, and sat down to wait his turn for the stove. He hadn't told any of the crew that their tank was going to be replaced, and this might be as good a time as any.

There was a sudden scuffling aft of combat boots on metal, and Ransome was aware that, for some reason, Dirk was swinging Lorena's seventy-five around to port.

Pfc Norman Shapiro squeezed past the tank's bulk and on his lean, dark face there was an expression of pure astonishment.

"Lootenant," he said, "you wanna take a quick gander off to the left there? Maybe you better, huh?"

From the interior of Lorena's turret came the unmistakable, metallic clangor of a shell slamming into the breech.

Ransome stood up and looked out across the black, still-heaving water, through the rain to a place where the sea foamed and broke across a dark, evil shape knifing its way to the surface. As he watched, the sea began to splash high around some sort of obstruction, then to swirl back against a slim tower rising from the water. Bright against the dark gray paint of the tower was a big, white "U," and Ransome acted by reflex, his muscles snapping to movement like a bowstring when twanging straight.

"U-boat!" he screamed, and leaped for Lorena's turret, but even as his foot hit the tank's tread, Hazen, the assistant driver, was lowering himself into his forward hatch, ready to pass ammunition up to the seventy-five. There were roared curses from Henry Preedy, too, as he struggled into the driver's side of the hull to dismount his submachine gun. Helmetless, half in, half out of the turret, Ransome watched the U-boat surface with a sort of detached fascination.

"Keep them away from the deck gun, for God's sake, Lieutenant," Dirk yelled, his eye glued to the seventy-five's sight, and Ransome came out of his paralysis to claw open the ammunition box of the machine gun mounted on top of Lorena's turret for antiaircraft protection.

HE GRABBED for an ammunition belt, slammed open the gun's cover, slapped the first rounds of .50 caliber across the feeding mechanism, and pulled the bolt back once. Before he could fire, there was a head-shattering roar from the seventy-five. Lorena lurched back on her treads and LCM 127 skidded to starboard like a tipsy matron. Deafened, Ransome pulled the bolt back again and swung his pip-squeak weapon around to bear on the submarine's deck just as a wicked orange flash blossomed at the base of her conning tower and a column of water spurted high into the air.

There was a terribly long pause then, while Dirk waited for another roll of the LCM to bring his gun to bear.

Ka-baam! Another round off, but Dirk had misjudged. A stream of his soft profanity followed the crash of the seventy-five. The LCM's roll to starboard persisted endlessly, but finally the landing craft righted herself.

Two more explosions, and Ransome's

"My husband has nerves of steel. Every morning they go *ping! Ee-oooo-eee! Boing!*"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

view of the U-boat was blotted out as the acrid smoke of the muzzle blasts swept back around him. There was a howl from inside the turret.

Four rounds of 75-millimeter ammunition! What, Ransome wondered, hunched over his machine gun, what earthly good—or damage—could four rounds from Lorena's gun do to a submarine? Weren't there already reports that the Shermans were like sitting ducks before the big German Tiger tanks, that seventy-fives couldn't even dent their armor?

Clearly revealed now, on the narrow deck forward of the conning tower, was the U-boat's gun, a four-incher probably, lean and efficient-looking. Ransome's trigger finger moved gently and his machine gun yammered. A line of flecks skipped, lightninglike, across the water toward the German submarine. *Damn* this scow, Ransome thought. Have to allow for the roll.

Ka-baam! An explosion flared again at the base of the sub's conning tower and a chunk of plating flowered outward. There was smoke wisping up from the tower now, and the German boat seemed to be losing way. She was abreast of LCM 127, but had almost stopped in the water.

TWO figures detached themselves from the shelter of the U-boat's tower and streaked toward the deck gun. Ransome's machine gun burst into an angry chatter, but the figures reached the four-incher and worked furiously over it. A third figure ran forward to the gun, and Ransome's ammunition belt ran out. The four-incher swung calmly, and with maddening precision, toward LCM 127 while Ransome screamed for another box of ammunition, knowing as he did that it was futile and that in another second or two there wouldn't be any reason for screaming, any LCM 127, or any Lorena.

Lorena's seventy-five thundered just once more. Then there was simply a flat piece of deck where the four-incher and the three men had been.

Above the steely roaring in his ears, Ransome heard Dirk's high-pitched, barbaric yell of victory. Hazen was yelling too, blindly but enthusiastically, from his seat deep in Lorena's hull. And so were Corporal Henry Preedy and Pfc Shapiro, manning the rails of the LCM and quite unaware of the odd picture they presented. Preedy had grabbed two sub-machine guns on his wild dive into Lorena's hull, on the theory that while they wouldn't hit anything at long range, the additional noise might be good for morale.

Incredibly, there was a flutter of white cloth from the top of the U-boat's conning tower. It was impossible. Six rounds, and the submarine was surrendering. The thought that it might had never entered Ransome's mind; he'd made no plans to cover any such idiotic eventuality. Getting shot up, yes. Floating for a day or two in life belts—provided anybody was left to float—yes.

"Lieutenant, they give up." Dirk was exulting inside the turret, pounding Ransome's legs. Something close to panic welled up inside the commanding officer, First Platoon, A Company, and he realized that the chill he felt wasn't due to his rain-soaked uniform.

The gap between LCM 127 and the stricken U-boat was closing slowly. It would never do for the landing craft to drift too close to the sub or even to come alongside: five men against the German crew would be powerless. The seventy-five couldn't be depressed far enough to command the U-boat's decks, and if the two vessels did come together, the machine guns could be taken with a rush.

A German—an officer, to judge from his peaked cap and square-rigged uniform jacket—appeared on the conning tower, cupped his hands, and bawled out across the swelling, rain-spotted water:

"Don't shoot, for God's sake, don't shoot! Chlorine! There is chlorine gas below."

Even as he spoke, there was a scuffling beneath and behind him as the U-boat's crew fought their way to the deck and fresh air.

Too worried to be startled that the German officer spoke English, Ransome yelled: "Surrender?" and then promptly felt foolish. "Are you sinking?"

"We surrender. No. We do not sink."

"If nothin' else, that means they ain't about to dive out from under us," observed Corporal Henry Preedy.

The gap between the LCM and the submarine was very narrow now. If one

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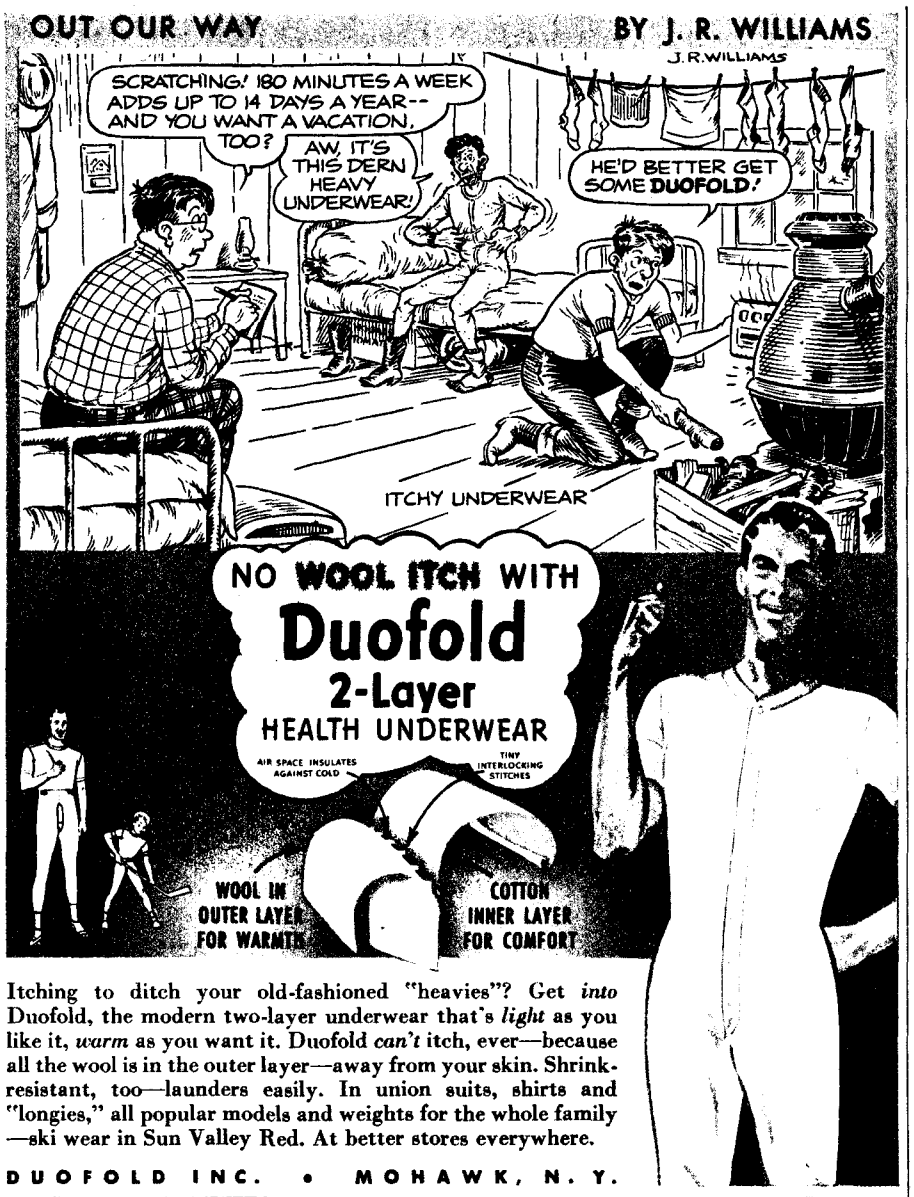
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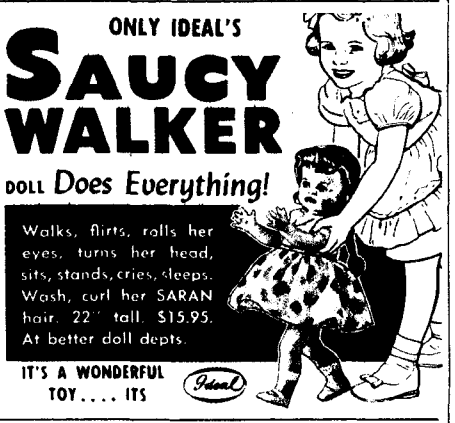
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of those Germans were to heave a hand grenade—

"Captain!" Ransome leaned out of his hatch to yell. "I want you to come aboard this, er—this boat. Now!" He was close enough to the German to see the stunned look on his face.

"Now?" The German officer started to shrug his shoulders, but caught a glimpse of Corporal Preedy, who had thoughtfully rested his sub-machine gun on the LCM's gunwale and was eying the U-boat commander speculatively.

"Swim, damn it! We'll pick you up," Ransome commanded. There was an outside chance that this grabbing the lion by the tail might come off. If only the damn' rain would stop so that a search plane might have a chance to spot them. The situation was absurd. An LCM with dead engines, and a German submarine which Ransome could neither approach, escape, nor abandon.

THERE was a splash from the U-boat's side, and then a head, still impeccably clad in a blue peaked cap with a gleaming visor, bobbed up out of the water and began to move slowly toward LCM 127, spluttering. Like Tom Ransome, *Oberleutnant zur See* Werner Lobach had decided that reasonable arguments do not apply in an unreasonable situation.

They hauled him, sopping, in over the stern and stood him beside the wheel shelter. He was shivering.

"Tell them that if they try to escape, we'll sink them," Ransome ordered, wondering whether the feat were possible. Still, they'd managed to hole the submarine with Lorena's seventy-five. Maybe they could finish the job.

There was a burst of German in a voice which carried authority, even though it vibrated between chattering teeth. An answering hail came back from the U-boat.

"Now tell 'em that if they don't do just like I say, you get shot. Then tell 'em to throw us a rope or something."

There was another burst of German, but this time there was an edgy note in the *Oberleutnant's* voice. Aboard the submarine there was a bustle of activity, and a light line snaked across the gap to fall into the LCM. Minutes later, the two vessels were tied together by a three-inch hawser. Pfc Shapiro, who had been feeling unimportant and neglected, stood by the hawser with Lorena's ax, just in case anybody tried any funny business about diving. Corporal Preedy had taken over the machine gun on Lorena's turret.

"Now tell 'em to get that thing of yours started, heading straight north," Ransome told the German officer. *Oberleutnant zur See* Lobach stared at him. "Impossible," he snapped. Ransome eased his .45 out of its damp leather shoulder holster. It was, of course, quite empty.

"Look, Lieutenant," the German sputtered, "there's chlorine gas below decks in that tub. A man couldn't live a minute if he went down there. You know that."

There was no getting around that one. Ransome felt lonely and hopeless, and he wished somebody would blow reveille so that this nightmare would go away.

"Can't set here all day," said Corporal Henry Preedy, unhelpfully but in the best common-sense tradition of his New England ancestors.

"Did he say chlorine?" came the voice of Corporal Dirk from Lorena's turret.

"I said chlorine," said *Oberleutnant* Lobach.

An arm shot up through the turret hatch, clutching a gas mask in its hand.

Not many minutes later, following some truly skilled work on the part of Pfc Shapiro—whose dexterity with heaving lines had often excited the admiration of the Staten Island Council, Sea Scouts of America—four German seamen were wearing the gas masks intended for Lorena's crew. And Pfc Shapiro, his work in the LCM's bows completed, stepped blithely aft and dodged daintily into his wheel shelter past Lieutenant Ransome and the German lieutenant.

Presently there was a rumpling of the water beneath the U-boat's stern and, very slowly indeed, she began to move, sliding her length alongside LCM 127 until the towing line snapped up out of the water, scattering a shower of drops. The landing craft jerked slightly and then plowed slowly ahead in the sub's wake. There was a hideous screeching noise as Corporal Henry Preedy dropped the LCM's ramp until its top edge was far enough below the muzzle of Lorena's seventy-five to permit Dirk to aim at what he hoped was the U-boat's after-torpedo room. Ransome motioned his captive to walk forward, where he could be seen by the submarine's officers and crew.

"You can lean against the tank," he told the German.

"Thanks."

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks much. My name's Lobach. Until this morning I was second in command of the U-943 up there. Damnedest mess I ever saw."

Ransome gaped.

"Oh, I speak the language," the German said. "Columbia University, Class of '37. The old man was in the export trade. Beer. Sent me over to learn the American side of the business. Great place, America," *Oberleutnant* Lobach continued, chattily.

FROM him, Ransome learned that the U-943 had been having rotten luck. It was her first combat patrol and she hadn't sunk a thing. She'd come up to charge her batteries when Ransome had spotted her. It was thought a perfectly safe move, considering the foul weather and the poor visibility. It was Lorena's first shot which did the damage, somehow holing the sub and exploding in a battery compartment. The second shot had missed, and the next two shots had done no harm. The fifth shot had exploded in the central control compartment, killing the skipper and wrecking the alarm system. The sixth shot had knocked off the deck gun, as Ransome knew.

"By that time we were filling up with chlorine, so we couldn't dive," Lobach went on, "so I thought maybe we could sink you, but your damned gunner fixed that. And I was afraid that if you shot at us much more, we might sink. Also, I knew damned well that if we did sink, you wouldn't have enough room in this thing"—he gazed distastefully at LCM 127's strictly nonnautical lines—"to pick all of us out of the water.

"So I threw in the towel. The hell with it! I doubt very much whether anybody back home will believe that, and frankly, I think you're in for the devil of a time trying to make any of your brass hats believe it either."

An hour later, the rains ceased and a watery sun looked blearily down on a spectacle calculated to make any true Navy man weep for shame.

An hour and a half later there was some loud and thoughtless talk of court-martialing the pilot of an Army Air

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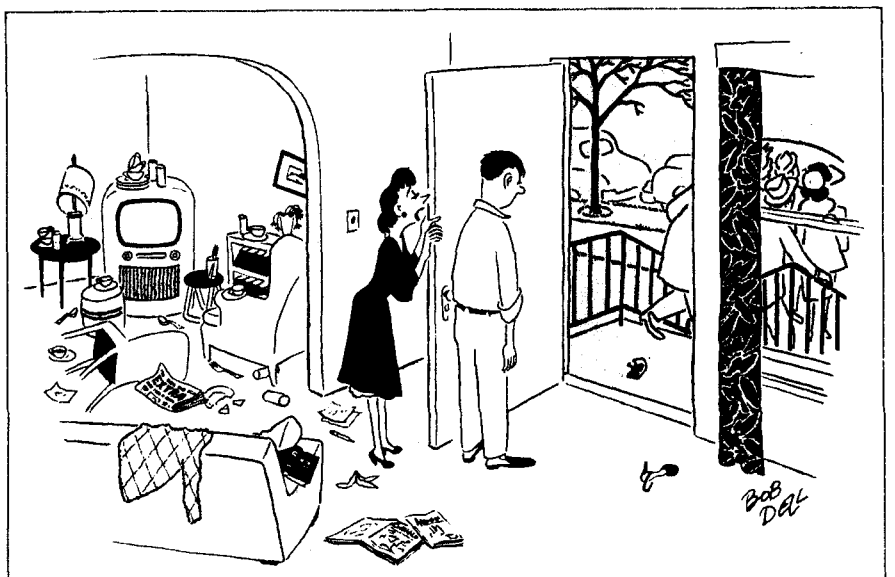

COLLIER'S

"Well, thank goodness, George, somebody finally got elected!"

BOB DELL

Force search plane who had reported, in a voice tinged with hysteria, that he had located that missing LCM from the amphibious training center at Camp Gordon Johnston and that it appeared to be trailing a surfaced submarine which didn't look like any of the recognition photographs of U.S. naval vessels he had ever seen. An Air Force colonel, yelling into a microphone in a base-control building, told the search pilot he was a fathead and probably drunk.

A few minutes later, the search pilot reported a white flag flying from the submarine, and the Air Force colonel, muttering blasphemies, got on the phone to the CO, 719th Tank Battalion, Medium, to inform him that his blasted missing LCM had been spotted moving toward the beach and that it had apparently captured a whale and that if he had his hands on that by-God pilot right now for talking such bloody nonsense . . .

But the 719th's CO had left the phone on his desk and gone away, and shortly thereafter a little column of jeeps, trailed by an ambulance, was racing down the shore road toward Apalachicola.

Weary—wearier than he could recall ever having been in all of his twenty-five years—Second Lieutenant Thomas Ransome watched the Germans cast loose the LCM's towing hawser and felt LCM 127 slow suddenly and rise under him as she drifted heavily up on the sand of the beach. The ramp clanged down, and there was a tremendous roar as Corporal Henry Preedy jolted Lorena's engine to life. Ponderously, she trundled ahead, raised her full-bosomed hull briefly as she paused at the ramp's edge, and then sloshed ashore, her turret traversing swiftly as Dirk kept her gun trained on the U-boat, beached just astern.

By the submarine's bows there was a slight splash as the first crewman jumped into the surf and began making his way toward the beach, and two bigger splashes followed as the anchors were let go.

Thus it was that the residents of Barley's Beach, a tumble-down resort village which long ago had given up its aspirations to be the Miami Beach of northwest Florida, were the first to view the strange procession as it moved up from the sea, past the Swordfish Bar and Grill, and out onto the state road. In column of twos, their hands clasped on top of their heads, came the crew of *Unterseeboot 943*. Behind them marched the officers, still somehow arrogant-looking in their blue uniforms with the gold stripes curiously high on the sleeves, German navy style.

Behind these rolled Lorena, salt-caked and sandy, decorated for the occasion with the battle ensign of the German navy looped and draped across her blunt-snouted seventy-five. Seated on top of the turret rode Thomas Ransome, the first tank officer in the United States Army to capture a submarine. Beside him rode *Oberleutnant zur See* Werner Lobach, the first submariner in the world ever to surrender to a tank, a distinction which made him almost as uneasy as the cool, metallic feel of the muzzle of Corporal Stanley Dirk's submachine gun, nestling against his neck.

Several miles back, a proud but lonely figure sat upon the beach and warmed himself over Lorena's portable stove, which had been left behind. Pfc Norman Shapiro held true to the traditions of the sea and remained with his disabled ship. As he waited, he cooked himself a can of C-ration hash and gazed out across the surf at the menacing outlines of the U-943, and, as he gazed, a great sadness came stealing over him. This, he told himself, nobody would ever believe.

AND oh, when they all got back to camp, what a fuss they made about the whole thing! There was a promotion for Tom Ransome, and an extra stripe for every man in the crew, and the 719th lost Lorena after all, but not for long, because they sent her off to tour the country and help sell War Bonds, and she was back in time to sail for England three months later.

Never after that did the motor maintenance officer threaten to turn Lorena back to Ordnance for a new tank, and they moved heaven and earth to bring her back from Europe when the war was over, for, after all, they'd worked like dogs to keep her running, from Utah Beach to Cherbourg, from Mortain to Paris and the Siegfried line and across the Rhine to Pilsen. To this very day, as a matter of fact, she's still with the 719th Tank Battalion, Medium. The CO of that outfit, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Ransome now, has never disclosed her secret. Nor for that matter has the Battalion Sergeant Major, Stanley Dirk.

Only the two of them, and now you and I, know that Lorena's seventy-five jammed up tighter than a drum after they fired that sixth round out of her. ▲▲▲

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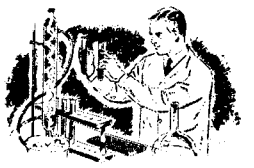

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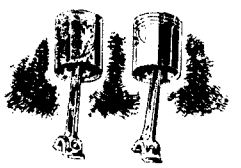

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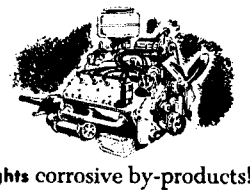

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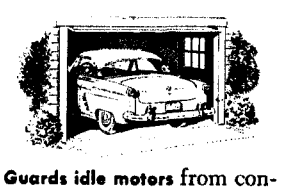

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Bearded piper Evan McCrae leads Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders band in concert in Egypt. The pipe major traditionally wears a beard

Girl piper Marilyn Peterson of Iowa's State University all-girl band tunes up for parade. Band has 65 playing members and 35 substitutes

Battle of the Bagpipes

A group of upstart lassies from America, dressed in Scotland's Highland regalia, dared to play the bagpipes in the bonnie braes. And it was the Scotsmen who were forced to change their tune

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BURKE-BEAUJON AND BILL STAPLETON

Sword-dancing coeds practice before football game. Original custom dates back to days of warring Scottish clans and was performed before battle. Iowans now execute it to put hex on Hawkeyes' gridiron foes

Sword-dancing soldiers perform around traditional crossed claymores on ground. Folklore says that dancer who kicks sword will have bad luck in war. In Egypt, Camerons guarded Tell el-Kebir ordnance depot

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Drum major Mary Lou Mortensen at head of Iowa bagpipe band. Membership in band is a campus honor; about 300 girls tried out for 33 vacancies this fall. George MacDonald (inset), Camerons' drum major, uses ancient mace to give signals to band

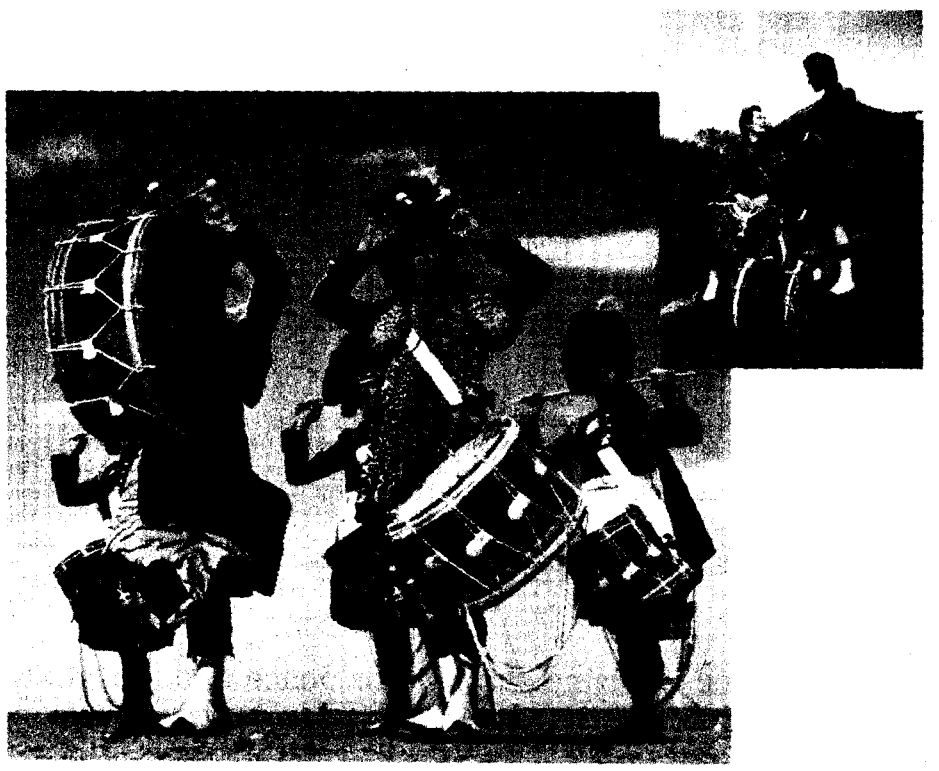
IN AUTUMN, the State University of Iowa campus becomes in many ways an authentic bit of Scotland. The squeal of bagpipes filters into classrooms and the tricky rhythm of Highland drumming is in the air. On any day, plaids and doublets and Glengarries are almost as common in Iowa City as in the streets of Glasgow. There is, however, one major difference: in Scotland, lassies rarely wear the ancient and traditional kilts which are reserved for men. At Iowa, kilts are for ladies only. The honor of dressing in the Highland garb is accorded every year to about 100 girls who earn a place on the university's bagpipe band, the Scottish Highlanders. The band's purpose is to inspire the Hawkeyes to victory on the gridiron.

But though Iowa's all-girl band has become the pride of the university, 60 of the lassies discovered last summer that some Scots feel bagpiping, kilt wearing and sword dancing are male preserves on which girls just shouldn't poach. As part of a combination sight-seeing and good-will tour to Europe, the band offered to play in Aberdeen. A group of civic officials flatly turned them down. One snorted that Aberdeen wanted no part of "half a dozen chorus girls with practically nothing on playing the bagpipes." But a group of businessmen disagreed. They put up $700 to pay the Iowa lady bagpipers' expenses in Aberdeen.

They were a sensation. Scottish skepticism soon turned to amazement, and amazement became enthusiasm. But perhaps their greatest compliment was when a prominent Glaswegian hinted they might even hold their own with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, one of Scotland's finest pipe bands. To compare their techniques, Collier's assigned Bill Stapleton to photograph the Camerons in the Suez Canal Zone and the Burke-Beaujon team to cover the Iowans.

These pictures testify that the lassies look fine alongside the Scots. But the two organizations disagree on one thing: the bagpipe. The girls use a vulcanized-rubber type, the Scots their ancient leather model. "Hoot, mon!" hooted one veteran piper when told about the Iowans. "I dinna think I'd care to play on any inner tube." ▲▲▲

Kilts aflare, Cameron pipers perform to "Lady Madelena of Sinclair," the slow-time portion of sword dance Argyll Broadswords. Girls (inset) execute the same intricate dance



Camerons and Iowa Highlanders alike have developed complex drumbeats. Both bands wear aprons made from animal skins, a practice first adopted to protect uniforms

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2nd Lt.
Joseph C. Rodriguez
U.S. Army
Medal of Honor

SIXTY YARDS TO GO. From atop the hill, near Munye-ri, Korea, the enemy suddenly opened up a withering barrage. The squad was caught; Red mortars began zero-ing for the kill. Lieutenant Rodriguez (then Pfc., with only seven months service) broke loose and dashed up the fire-swept slope, throwing grenades. Disregarding the fire concentrated on him, he wiped out three foxholes and two gun emplacements. Alone, he accounted for 15 enemy dead, led the rout of the enemy, and saved the lives of his squad.

"When you have to take chances to reach an objective, that's O.K.," says Lieutenant Rodriguez. "But when you can find a surer way, so much the better.

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Special Deputy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

And Mal, a tender man, a gentle man, sincerely fond of both Teebows —Jefferson and Loy—hoped that he would not be around when this latest dream of Loy's had run its sad but inevitable course.

Now Mal saw Jefferson Teebow laboring up the path from his hogpen. He was carrying two empty buckets. He looked old and gaunt against the lowering evening sun. Mal had known the old man for many years. He knew him for a strong and righteous man. But he knew him for a violent man. The wells of anger ran deep in Jefferson Teebow. And the man who could best plumb the depths of this anger was his only son Loy.

"Howdy, Jeff," said Mal.

THE old man grunted a greeting. He set the two empty buckets in the yard dirt by the stoop. He glared angrily at Loy. "I'm fixing to set down, boy. Git on up from out of that chair!"

Loy narrowed his eyes at him.

"Git!"

Loy rose slowly from the chair. He sauntered, hips rolling, to the porch railing beyond Mal. Mal noticed that his sideburns grew halfway down his cheeks.

Jefferson Teebow did not sit down immediately. He was almost dancing with rage. "Look at him!" he shouted. "My own child! Laying about the house while his own daddy does all the work!"

Loy drawled, "Take it easy, podner."

"I'll 'podner' you, you mail-order cowboy!" The old man sat down. He breathed deeply.

Mal shifted uncomfortably in his rocker. He was a peaceful man. Domestic conflict of any sort embarrassed him. He thought it unfair of the old man to be as persistently impatient as he was with Loy. He heckled him for a year, for instance, about the time Loy had moved O. D. Bafus' woodpile. O. D. had bet Loy that, as much man as he was, he wasn't man enough to move that woodpile in an afternoon. Loy had been sweet on O. D.'s daughter Bessie at the time.

Bessie was a heavy-thighed girl with a face like a ripened gourd and a hog-calling voice, but in Loy's mind she was half wood nymph and too fragile and precious to touch. He had stripped to the waist so that Bessie could see the play of his muscles, and O. D. had lost his dollar bill, all right. And had saved the two days' wages it would have cost him to have his woodpile moved by ordinary men. Soon after this, Bessie shattered another of Loy's dreams when she was married by lamplight and shotgun to a transient fruit picker with grown children older than she.

"I am a God-fearing man," Jefferson said now. "I live by the Law and the Word. I pay my taxes on time. I am beholden to no man. I do not know what I've done to deserve a fully growed son who goes about the countryside making out like William S. Hart!"

Mal twisted in his chair.

"Spends his time practicing to be quick on the draw," the old man said scornfully. "And watching out for cattle rustlers. Haw! Ought to be looking out for melon rustlers. You know that some scoundrels have made off with a fourth of my crop of melons this year? And that they've been at O. D. Bafus' crop, and Ed Rivers', too? We've tried to get the sheriff's office to do something about it. You think them sapsuckers will stir their lazy stumps?"

"I'm studyin' on gittin' up a band of vigilantes," Loy said.

"Shut *up!*" his father said. "You and them cowboy movies. Mal, you're one of the men we elected to keep law and order in this county. Why don't you do something?"

"You know how I stand with Joe Gates."

"Ain't you up for re-election, Mal?"

The implication was blunt enough. The old man's attitude was that of a large percentage of the voters with whom Mal had spoken. It sickened a man to try and explain away personal failure and to ask for loan of support with empty, hopeful promises as collateral. But politics was a heartbreaking business.

"You know how it is, Jeff," Mal said. "There won't be any real law enforcement in this county as long as Joe Gates is in office. The chances are he'll never be voted out: he's too rich, too powerful, and there are too many people in this county who just don't care enough to vote. But he's getting careless, Jeff. He's had things his own way for too long. Someday soon he or one of his deputies will make a mistake. And when that mistake is made I'll crack this county wide open! I'm asking you for your support, Jeff. And you too, Loy."

"Four years," the old man said. "It's a mighty long time."

Mal supposed this was another reference to his failure. He rose. "Enjoyed my visit," he lied. He walked to his car and drove away.

MAL was a conscientious public servant. Tired as he was, he felt the necessity of checking by his office in the county courthouse. The courthouse, with the exception of the sheriff's office, was deserted. Mal walked by the sheriff's office and labored up the stairs to his own office on the second floor. He collapsed into the chair behind his desk and began checking the contents of his in-basket. The only urgent communication was a request—almost a command —that he get in touch with Joe Gates as soon as he came in. Mal swore softly, crumpled the memo and hurled it at his wastebasket.

His office door swung open, and Joe Gates loomed, huge, red-faced and hearty, before his desk.

Mal grunted.

Joe grinned. "You going to ask me to sit down, Mal?"

Mal was silent.

The sheriff sat down. "Thought I saw you come in, Mal. Thought maybe you wouldn't see my note."

"I saw it."

Joe turned his head toward the half-opened door. "Cecil!" he bellowed. Cecil Whittaker, a thin, tense and ferret-eyed man, appeared almost immediately at the door. "Come on in and close the door, Cecil. Have a seat. You know Cecil, Mal."

"I know him." Mal knew the man. He knew his unsavory record. He had been convicted in courts in other sections of the state on charges ranging from forgery to assault with intent to kill. He had done several stretches at the state penitentiary at Raiford. One more conviction would put him away for a long, long time.

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Mal knew his present occupation: he ran the Idle Hour, a roadhouse eight miles east of town on the north-south highway. The Idle Hour served beer, setups and questionable steaks to the occupants of shadowy booths in its main room. A juke blared incessantly during business hours, and the warped and splintery floor was sprinkled with corn meal to make it suitable for dancing. The air was bad and the service was negligible. In these respects, the Idle Hour was like ten thousand other roadhouses in the deep South.

BUT there was more to the Idle Hour than met the eye. In the back room, cheap whisky could be bought for eight dollars a fifth. In an outbuilding a hundred yards behind the Idle Hour, crap tables were in play every night. Poker and blackjack were available. *Bolita* was thrown every night. Whittaker had been operating in the county ever since Joe Gates had become sheriff. The sheriff's cut on an eight-dollar fifth of whisky was three dollars. His crap, poker and blackjack rake-off was ten per cent of the winnings. His take on the *bolita* operation was five per cent—off the top.

Mal said to him quietly, "What do you want, Joe?"

"They tell me you've been going about the countryside saying some pretty bad things about me, Mal." He grinned at Mal. "That true?"

Mal felt Whittaker's sharp eyes upon him. Of all the men who operated for Gates, Whittaker was probably the most dangerous. There was an evil quality about him that made Mal's skin crawl.

"The truth," Mal said. "You afraid of the truth, Joe?"

The grin was frozen on the sheriff's face now. "Somebody's been lying to you, Mal." He turned to Whittaker. "It's dangerous to go around repeating lies, ain't it, Cecil?"

"Yeah," Whittaker said, "dangerous." He stared at Mal.

"You know I run a good county, Mal," the sheriff continued. "But I won't sit here and say I don't close my eyes to a few things. Sure, I let my people drink some and gamble some. Right here in the county. Keeps 'em out of more serious trouble. My people know I'm looking out for 'em, Mal."

Mal said softly, "You've laid in real estate worth several hundred thousand dollars in the past few years, Joe. Your salary is seventy-five hundred a year. I wonder how well you're looking out for *your* people, as you call them."

To Mal's surprise, Gates laughed. "You're some smarter than I thought you were, Mal. About some things, that is. About other things you're real dumb. There's no real reason, for instance, why we can't all get along like one big happy family down here at the courthouse. To put it real blunt, Mal—there's plenty here for all of us."

Mal was amazed at the man's audacity. He forced the shakiness from his throat and said, "Get out of here."

Gates stood. Whittaker remained seated, his eyes on Mal. The sheriff was no longer grinning.

"You understand, Mal, you've been warned?"

"Get out," Mal repeated.

Gates and Whittaker left his office.

Mal stared at his sweaty palms and breathed deeply. As he relaxed, a strange feeling of elation swept him. By God, he thought, he wasn't whipped yet! Gates had never before threatened him, had never offered to buy him off. The sheriff had always treated him as more or less of a nonentity: a harmless, ineffectual man. It was something, at least, to be regarded as an enemy.

Mal went to his office safe. He fumbled through papers until he came to the sheaf that began: *IN THE CRIMINAL COURT OF RECORD, of the County of Carter and State of Florida, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifty-two. The State of Florida, plaintiff, vs. Joseph M. Gates, defendant: Information for conspiracy to commit an offense against the laws of Florida: Exacting and accepting unauthorized compensation for nonperformance of duty . . .*

He thumbed through the pages that he had, in his frustration, prepared. The skeletal form was complete. And as familiar as Mal was with the sheriff's illegal operations in the county, he could have dictated, with reasonable accuracy, a complete trial. He closed his eyes and he could see, could almost smell, the musty, crowded courtroom. He could hear the ranting of the defense lawyers, could see Joe Gates's arrogance turn into fear as damning fact after fact went into the record.

But first the indictment. And this would come as the result of one of Joe's racketeers appearing before the grand jury—singing loudly, singing clearly, singing to save his skin.

But before that, before anything, must come the arrest. That could be made only by the sheriff's office.

Mal squeezed his thoughts. Where was Joe Gates most vulnerable? What was his weakness? It was, of course—as Mal had told Jeff Teebow an hour earlier — his growing carelessness. Meeting Cecil Whittaker, a known gambler and bootlegger, right here in the people's courthouse, for instance. Trying to make a deal with an elected public servant, right in the man's own office. And he had come out with the deal, without even bothering to check and see if Mal might have had the foresight to try and record the conversation.

And Mal knew that the sheriff—engrossed in his own money-making operations—was paying less and less attention to routine law enforcement in the county. Just for instance, Mal thought, there was the continued disappearance of the Turkey Branch watermelons, the ones Jeff Teebow had told him about earlier. A relatively unimportant illustration of a point, perhaps, but a sheriff who had not grown pretty careless would send a deputy out there to try and help the farmers.

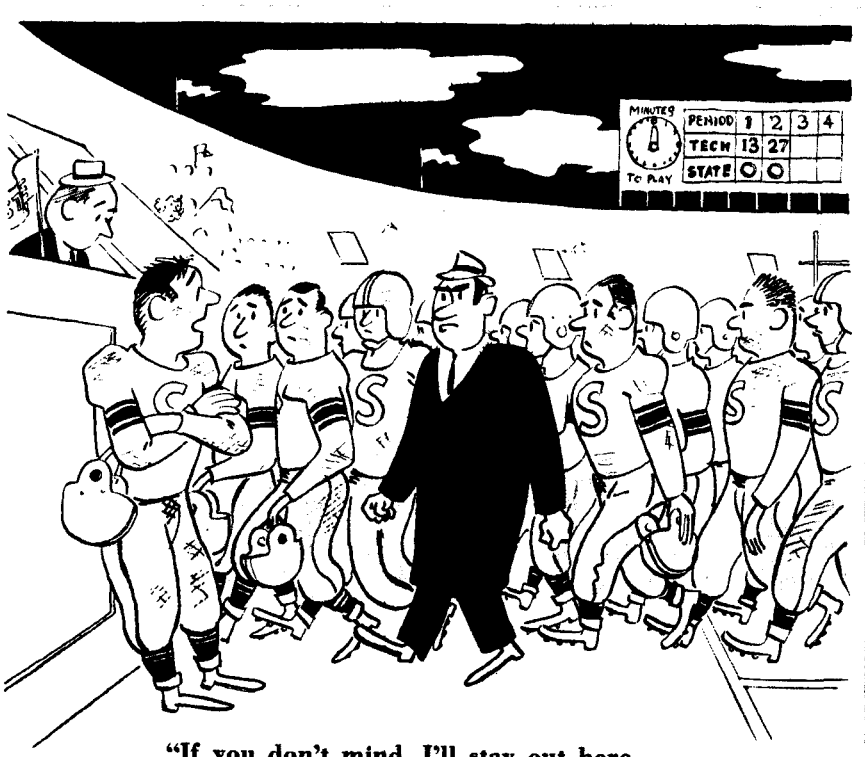
MAL'S thoughts strayed. He remembered Loy Teebow's suggestion that they get up a band of vigilantes to deal with the watermelon rustlers. He grinned. He was thankful, personally, for people like Loy. Could a man be blamed for trying to eject a little melodrama and excitement into an otherwise dull and routine existence? Except for being a little slow, there was nothing wrong with Loy. Only stupid, unimaginative people like the deputies and the courthouse loafers made fun of him because of his dreams. Mal rather envied Loy his capacity for projecting himself into a world of his own making, and he secretly suspected that Jefferson Teebow did, too—and it was for this reason that Jefferson seemed almost constantly out of patience with his son.

Mal tried to bring his thoughts back to the problem of defeating Joe Gates. Whittaker, he thought. If he could somehow put the heat on Cecil Whittaker! Whittaker would be his man, all right, a natural. With his previous convictions, if he were threatened with another certain conviction and a long term at Raiford, he'd be a cinch to talk—talk fast and plenty. But how could he nail Whittaker?

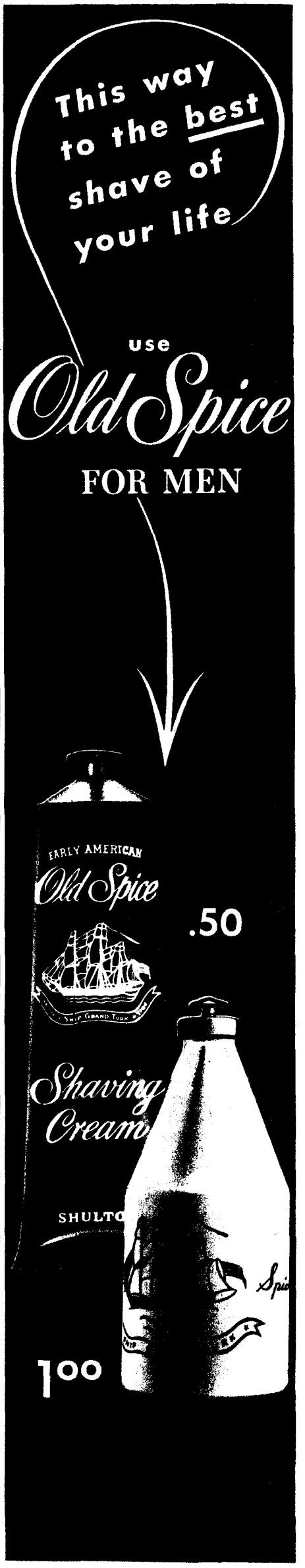
Mal shook his head in irritation. For some reason his thoughts repeatedly became confused with old man Teebow slopping his hogs; with Loy Teebow being kidded by the deputies and the courthouse loafers for not conforming to the dull norm; and with watermelon thieves around Turkey Branch. It was almost as if some idea, half formed, without definition, were floating in the back of his mind, trying to attain form and reality. Trying to make itself—

Mal sat bolt upright. He lighted a cigarette with shaking fingers. A plan, with all its component parts neatly pigeonholed, had come to him! It was a chancy plan. But it was the first plan he'd had in almost four years of floundering frustration. He locked his office and hurried home.

He saw Jefferson Teebow right after breakfast the next day. Jefferson—without asking too many questions



COLLIER'S "If you don't mind, I'll stay out here between halves and listen to the band" LARRY HARRIS



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—agreed to help him. Before noon the old man was in the sheriff's office complaining again to the office deputy about the Turkey Branch watermelon thieves. As Mal had anticipated, the sheriff's office was too busy with more important matters to concern itself with the disappearance of a few watermelons in the poorest, most backward and least populated section of the county. Nothing much less sensational than a murder would interest the sheriff's office in the Turkey Branch section. The old man's complaints were countered by vague promises of an investigation—when the sheriff's office had the time.

The next day Ed Rivers, at Jeff's request, was in the sheriff's office complaining about the disappearance of *his* watermelons. The sheriff's office was becoming annoyed. Mal had not underestimated the nuisance value of the Turkey Branch farmers. When O. D. Bafus showed up at the sheriff's office that afternoon, again at Jeff's request, to complain about *his* missing melons, the deputy ran him out.

The next morning Jeff Teebow was back, this time with Loy. Loy slouched against a wall, thumbs hooked into the heavy Western belt, cowboy hat on the back of his head, brown cigarette dangling from a corner of his mouth.

"About them watermelons—" Jeff began.

The office deputy groaned.

"As a taxpayer of this here county, I demand—"

The deputy interrupted him. "Watermelons! For two days now all I get is watermelons! Listen here, old man, we got more important things—"

"Them watermelons are important to us," Jeff said.

Loy said, "Vigilantes. Now you take a band of vigilantes—"

"Shut *up,* dang you!" the old man shouted at his son.

LOY'S suggestion was the first humorous thing the deputy had heard since this watermelon business had started. He was one of those who enjoyed making fun of Loy. "Now you're talking, Loy. What you folks need is a band of vigilantes. With you heading 'em up!"

"We want a deputy out there," the old man said.

"Our deputies got more important things to do right now, old man."

"All right then. Appoint one of us a special deputy," Jeff said, as Mal had instructed him to say, though he couldn't see the sense of it—especially what he'd been asked to say next. "Deputize the boy, here."

The deputy reckoned he'd have a story to tell the boys at noontime. Loy Teebow a special deputy to guard the Turkey Branch watermelons! He could hear the guffawing, see the thigh-slapping, now! Not only would it make a good story, but it would get these farmers out of his hair. "Now that might be a mighty fine idea," he said. "I can't think of a man in this county I'd rather see on the side of law and order than old Gene Autry Loy Teebow. Wait."

Joe Gates was busy in his private office, too busy to care one way or the other about Turkey Branch farmers, but not too busy to appreciate the broad humor of the situation. "All right," he said. "Long as it's only Loy Teebow. Take care of it."

And so, with mock seriousness and with great dramatic effect, Loy Teebow, a silent, avenging figure, was made a special deputy of Carter County. The office deputy had his story to tell. Joe Gates didn't forget the matter.

By three o'clock that afternoon Mal had obtained affidavits from two citizens, friends of his, deposing that the roadhouse known as the Idle Hour was, in truth, a gambling establishment; and as such was committing an offense against the laws of the state of Florida. On the strength of these affidavits the county judge had entrusted Mal with a warrant to search the Idle Hour.

"You're not forgetting it takes the sheriff or one of his deputies to serve this, are you, Mal?"

Mal had known he could trust the judge. "Don't worry." He had waved the warrant. "Just keep this secret!"

In the meantime Mal had asked Loy Teebow if he would like to help blow the lid off organized crime in Carter County.

The eagerness in Loy's eyes gave way to a dull, hurt look. "You're making fun of me, ain't you, podner?"

A wave of sympathy for him swept Mal. The jokers at the courthouse must have been giving him quite a beating.

COLLIER'S "Mom! We found Tootsy! Mom!" MARTIN GIUFFRE

He found himself wanting his plan to succeed as much for Loy's sake as for his own. He put his hand on Loy's shoulder. Quietly, he said, "I have no reason for making fun of you, son." He outlined his plan to Loy. "You're the one man in this county who can help me. What do you say?"

They shook hands on it.

At midnight Mal, Loy and Mal's two young assistant prosecutors were on their way to the Idle Hour. Mal was armed with an empty brief case. Loy had the search warrant in the breast pocket of his two-toned Western shirt. On his right hip he wore his .38. Mal's two assistants carried guns in their hip pockets. Mal drove and Loy sat beside him, tense, slit-eyed: a man on the verge of fulfilling his destiny as a righter of wrongs, a defender of justice.

Mal parked his car in the shadows a hundred yards from the Idle Hour. The four men made their way cautiously to the outbuilding behind the roadhouse. The windows were shuttered. There was no sound. Mal stood silent at the door for a moment. His knees went rubbery as he realized that finally, after so many years of humiliation, he was fighting back. He breathed deeply and threw open the door. The four men stepped into a blaze of light. Loy had been well rehearsed.

"Nobody move," he shouted. "This is the law!"

Men two-deep at the crap tables stared, openmouthed, at the men by the door. Poker and blackjack players froze, holding their cards, their chips. A houseman in the process of writing winning *bolita* numbers on a blackboard dropped his chalk to the floor with a clatter. Only Cecil Whittaker moved. Whittaker was in his office at the back of the room. The top half of the wall between his office and the gambling room had been torn away. Whittaker had been standing there watching the play. Now he moved backward, quickly to his desk.

Loy called out in dramatic tones culled from the hundreds of similar situations he had seen in quickie Westerns, "You're under arrest, Whittaker!"

"Says who?" Whittaker shouted.

It was Loy's shining moment. He made the most of it. In proud and ringing tones he announced, "Says Loy Teebow. Special deputy of Carter County!"

Mal saw Whittaker half turn and dig at his open desk drawer, and in one quick and dreadful moment he realized that he had underestimated the vicious desperation of the man. Then the report from Loy's quickly drawn .38 rang in his ears as Mal saw and heard Whittaker's gun clang to the floor.

Whittaker fell across the desk then, a red blotch spreading on the left shoulder of his shirt.

Mal and his two assistants rushed to Whittaker's office. Whittaker, painfully but not too badly hurt, was cursing softly. Mal took his gun and called an ambulance. The crowd in the gaming room had ganged the exits after the shooting. No matter, Mal thought. He knew where to find several of the men if he needed witnesses.

The three men rifled Whittaker's desk and his open safe. Pickings were good; better than Mal had expected. *Bolita* tickets. Stacks of ledgers with complete records of all gambling operations and liquor purchases and sales at the Idle Hour. They found no records of Whittaker's transactions with Joe Gates. Mal hadn't expected to. He wouldn't need them. He had Whittaker cold. And Whittaker knew it.

Mal grinned at him. "You're an excellent bookkeeper, Cecil."

Whittaker, whining now, said, "What do you want from me?"

"You know what I want. And I want it all. Everything. Names and dates. Figures, percentages. The works. I want it tonight. And again later for the grand jury."

"What's in it for me?"

The word was acid in Mal's mouth. He hated to say it. But compared to the gain the sacrifice was small.

"Immunity."

"It's a deal," Whittaker said.

The ambulance arrived. Mal sent an assistant along with orders not to let Whittaker out of his sight until Mal himself arrived, later. It occurred to him then that he hadn't seen Loy since the initial excitement.

He found him leaning against his car. He was being very ill.

"I shot him," he groaned.

"It's all right," Mal said. "He's not bad hurt."

Loy sobbed in fear and revulsion. "All that blood!" he said.

Mal said to him gently, "You had it to do, son."

Loy did not speak. Mal turned sadly away.

THE case was open and shut. Whittaker, to save his own skin, spilled everything. After the grand jury had indicted him, Joe Gates was removed from office by the governor of the state. He and half a dozen of his key men were to stand trial within a month—and they didn't have a chance. Mal was no longer worried about his chances for re-election. The only thing that bothered him was the fact that Loy Teebow had not come to town since the shooting at the Idle Hour. Loy was anything but a joke around the courthouse now. Retribution was sweet, and Loy's share of it was waiting for him to claim. The deputies who had poked fun at him were no longer there. But the courthouse loafers were permanent fixtures. And Mal reckoned they'd be asking Loy's advice on everything from crops to national politics, and listening respectfully to his answers.

Mal went to Jefferson's farm to see Loy. Old Jeff was sitting on the front porch, his feet on the railing. Mal hailed him, then joined him on the front porch.

"Where's Loy?" he asked.

"Why, slopping the hogs."

"You mean to say—"

Scornfully, the old man said, "I mean to say that no-account scofer got himself a bait of being a hero. All it taken was a little blood to turn him back into a peace-loving dirt farmer. You know what I think, Mal?"

"No." Mal looked at him closely for the first time since his arrival. He noticed with amazement that the old man's grizzled sideburns grew halfway down his cheeks.

"I think you picked the wrong man for that job!"

The old man's feet slid from the railing. The sharp heels of Loy's two-toned Western boots pitted the worn pine plankings of the porch floor as they struck it. He stood quickly and drew Loy's pearl-handled .38 Special from its holster and blazed away at a paper target on the side of the woodshed fifty yards away.

"Haw!" he said to the imaginary foe who was now crumpling helplessly to the ground. "When you say that, smile, stranger!"

Mal just shook his head and moaned softly. ▲▲▲

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Get Out and Vote!

By GREGORY D'ALESSIO

BOARD of ELECTIONS MEETS HERE
They forgot to register
BARBER SHOP
BOARD of ELECTIONS MEETS HERE
No party affiliations
Armed Forces Unity
"Future President or not —move along!"
His only secret— the ballot
Collier's
The customer's party is his party
"Break it up! No loiterin'!"
His first vote
Guardian of the Honest Ballot
Local politico and wife. They stand in line, too
She's old enough to vote, but do the neighbors have to know?
He has a half hour off to vote
"Oh, dear—did Roger say to vote for Ike or Adlai?"
"That's right, Mr. Cvelich. In America you make your own choice"
His 52d vote
Side issue: Who will be master of Outer Space?

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What's the Tax on Whiskey?

It's OVER HALF the price you pay!

Maybe you think you're paying around $4.27 for a "fifth" of your favorite blended whiskey.*

You're not. You're paying about $1.89 for the merchandise itself, about $2.38 more in Federal, State and local taxes, depending on where you live.

Which means that over half of every dollar you spend for legally distilled spirits goes for taxes!

No other product carries such an excessive tax burden!

Liquor taxes are at their highest level in the nation's history, and today's bootleg problem is more than double that of five years ago.

Last year alone, authorities seized 20,402 illegal stills, with a capacity greater than the actual 1951 *whiskey production* of the entire legal distilling industry! And when those outlaw stills operated at capacity, they cheated Uncle Sam out of $6,435,000 a day in tax revenue.

The legal distilling industry expects its products to be taxed as a major contribution to America's public treasuries, but the present Federal tax of $10.50 a gallon defeats its very purpose. A return to the 1942 rate of $6.00 a gallon would accomplish these things:

YOU WOULD SAVE an average of 89¢ a "fifth" on your purchases of legal whiskey, and even more on a quart. Liquor prices would come down to average-income levels.

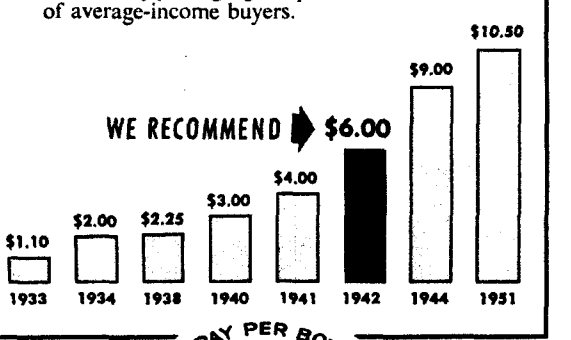
BOOTLEGGING, which thrives on its "no-tax" price advantage, would become less attractive to criminals; the graft and corruption which accompany all highly profitable outlaw activities would be reduced.

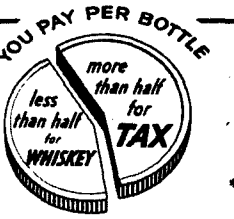
FEDERAL, STATE AND LOCAL TREASURIES would recover some of the millions in tax revenue now being lost. *Actually, these losses are yours.* Everybody must help make them up in other taxes.

Today, over half the price you pay for whiskey is tax . . . and everybody loses but the bootlegger!

Up 854% since Repeal!

The Federal excise tax on distilled spirits has risen from $1.10 a proof gallon in 1933 to $10.50 today. Other taxes add an average of $2.80 more, *making liquor the highest-taxed of all products.* A more realistic Federal tax would increase revenues by pricing legal liquor within the reach of average-income buyers.





*Based on the average national retail price.

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The BLUE COAST

The gay, indolent life of the Riviera was all she knew—the life Paul offered. Though it was Andrew she loved, she was afraid to marry him

By ETHEL EDISON GORDON

HE GOT off the train at Nice, tired, thirsty, dusty, but happy, almost as if he were coming home. But he *was* home, he had to remind himself—home in the sense that France had been his home for the last six years and, except for the war, for some years before that. But it was just not an American's definition: home was the United States.

He glanced around the train shed hopefully for Liss, but he didn't really expect her. He hadn't tried to wire because he'd been told that the telegraph system in Spain was undependable, and, besides, she might still be touring with the Prentices. He kept wishing she'd be home; there'd been no letters from her—just a post card en route—so maybe she was still too annoyed with him to write. The blue coupé wasn't outside the station either; he found a taxi and got in it with his shabby leather valise and his easel and paint kit.

He paused outside the gate where the taxi let him off, staring up at the little arch with the villa's name on it in rusting iron letters: *Villa Rosa.* The one before it had been Villa Cecilia, and the one before, Villa—Azur, wasn't it? And if inflation kept up and the tourists kept coming it would have to be Mme. Rigaud's pension, or moving to a less expensive country. Villa Rosa was the humblest of the lot, a misshapen pink house with a silly turret stuck on for good measure, set in a walled, parched garden which Liss had attacked with her usual Yankee industry, planting her phlox and zinnias as if she were trying to surround herself with the flowers, at least, of Vermont.

It was midafternoon, and cloudless, but with a soft golden haze over the hedges, the oleanders at the gate, the pink villa. He sighed, and didn't try to analyze the sigh, then picked up the valise and started up the crushed-shell driveway, and there under the trees he saw Liss.

She saw him at the same moment, and she dropped her knitting and came running. Then she was in his arms, and

Carey went to the window and looked down. Nora was saying good-by to a dark young man. She carried herself with ease and grace and a faint touch of pride

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

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for a minute they held each other with an almost desperate closeness, out of love and relief.

"When did you get back?" Carey asked.

"Three days ago," Liss said. "Didn't you get my letters?"

"Did you write?"

She flushed. "Of course I wrote. Not right away, not until I got over being mad. Then I wrote regularly. When I began to miss you."

"I missed you, too." He still held her tight, rubbing his cheek on her smooth brown hair.

"But you wouldn't come to Austria with the Prentices."

"Here we go," he said in mock resignation. "And it was so nice for a while, coming home and finding you here. Let's not, Liss."

"All right," she said. "I won't say another word about your letting me go off with the Prentices while you took the money you saved on my expenses and Nora's and went on a junket to Spain. Not another word."

"That's a good wife," he said, grinning. "How's Nora?"

"She's fine. How was Spain?"

"Fine. How was Austria?"

"Fine." They both began to laugh. "Don't we get around, though," she said somewhat ruefully. "Papa in Spain, Mama in Austria, daughter at home in France." She stopped and said soberly, "We must seem so—rootless." And then, "But how was Spain?"

"I did some painting in the country near Toledo. It's desert, but a wonderful color, with neat little dots of olive trees. And Toledo's beautiful, crumbling like pastel chalk. Madrid was nothing—dreary. You should have come with me, Liss."

"Well, I enjoyed myself with the Prentices," she said. "It was like being back home."

THAT was one reason why he hadn't wanted to go with them; it was what he'd wanted to avoid. He didn't always want to be reminded of home. But Liss drank it all in thirstily: the talk of New York, and Vermont summers, and the football games, and who was playing on Broadway. He'd see her face and feel like a heel. He said, "They make me feel like a lazy so-and-so because I quit work at thirty-two. They look at me as if I'd gone native or something." He saw her amused expression and laughed at himself, and he said, "Enough of the Prentices. I'm going inside for a bath and clean clothes. I've been looking forward to that for four days."

She went inside with him, her arm around his waist. On the hall table there was a letter from the States. "Louise?" he asked. Louise was his sister, his only close relative now that his mother was dead. "Everything all right with her?" he asked, picking up the letter.

"A birthday check for me," Liss said. "Everything's all right."

Louise was still at the same job; she felt well and hoped they were well. She sounded lonely. "I wish she'd come and visit," Carey said. They couldn't go and visit her very well; fares would take a big part of their yearly income. Some of the elation of home-coming seeped out of him.

He stared absently into the dim parlor, which was like all the others: thin French carpet and spindly furniture and much gilt. And over the mantel, Liss had hung, as she had in all the other villas, the portrait of her great-grandfather who had been one of the first governors of Vermont; painted primitively, his black eyes and hawk nose and narrowed, stern lips stared down at the fanciful and flower-filled room with uncompromising severity. Carey said, inclining his head toward the governor, "How do I fit with him, Liss? Doesn't your conscience bother you sometimes?"

"You go take your bath," she said, giving him a little push.

HE BATHED and changed; Liss sat on the bed while he put on clean clothes and put his bare feet into moccasins. They both heard the sound the car made on the shell driveway; Carey went to the window and looked down.

"Is it Nora?" Liss asked.

He nodded. Nora was in the front seat beside a dark young man. Her face was turned away so all Carey could see was the smooth sweep of her yellow hair; she carried herself with ease and grace, and with a faint touch of pride—from Liss and the governor, Carey thought. She had the look of a girl who enjoyed life, an effortless, careless, all-possessing lightness. That came from him, no doubt, he thought a little grimly, the light, careless part. He turned away from the window. "That young fellow with black hair—isn't he Paul Varigny?"

"It might be," Liss said. "It usually is."

Something in her voice made him look at her sharply. "What do you mean by that?"

"Just that they usually pair off together. He calls for her and brings her home—things like that."

"I don't like him," Carey said. "That whole Varigny family is going to seed, and none of them does a thing about it. Paul must be twenty-four or twenty-five. He hasn't worked a day in his life."

And then he stopped. Liss was carefully not looking at him. Was she thinking about him? Making comparisons? He had walked out on the engineering business, after ten years of it, when his mother died and left him an income. It wasn't much of an income. They couldn't have lived on it at home, not if they kept up their standard of living; he would have had to keep on working. But abroad, before the war, that income could pay for a comfortable house and a servant and the upkeep of a car, and even cover Nora's expenses at a good school in Switzerland. (That had been a tight squeeze, as it turned out.)

What it meant, more precisely, was that if they were willing to live abroad, they could live practically as well as they lived at home, and Carey could afford to give up a business which had never been more than a routine grind to him, and be free to do any one of a number of things that he'd always thought of doing. Like painting, for instance. It was the kind of break that most men want and never get, and he'd have been a fool not to have taken it. Especially since Liss, after putting up certain objections, had agreed.

And so they'd come to Europe when Nora was only six, and they'd stayed, except for his three-year hitch in the Army; they'd stayed in small places like Menton or here, outside of Nice, where it wasn't too expensive, but just as beautiful as more expensive places, and he had begun to paint, and was improving, and had even managed to sell a picture or two. And life was fine, and no one was hurt by the move.

CAREY looked at her, her white American shirt open at her tanned neck—no French styles or brilliant Côte d'Azur prints for her. "You've been happy here, haven't you, Liss?"

"Of course," she said.

He persisted. "You aren't sorry you agreed to coming here?"

She got off the bed and began fiddling with the things on the bureau before she spoke. "I've been homesick," she said honestly, "not too often, not too badly. I had a choice too, Carey, when you did. I could keep our old life intact, and feel you blaming me and resenting me, until maybe you'd stop loving me. Or I could keep you," she said steadily. "The choice seemed pretty simple, put that way."

He asked, troubledly, "No regrets?"

"I still love you," she said.

He looked away. Nora and Paul were laughing, below in the car. They seemed very contented with each other. "Liss," he said slowly, "would you have any regrets if Nora married a European?"

She lifted her head in surprise. "You ask that as if the idea had just occurred to you."

"It just did," he said. "When I saw them together. Have you thought about it before?"

"Oh, *Carey*," she said, shaking her head at him. "I've thought about it *constantly*."

"I've never even thought about her as old enough for marriage," he said. "She is, I suppose." He thrust his hands into his pockets. "Not that I'd object to her marrying a European—if he were the right sort. But I wouldn't want her married to a fellow like Varigny."

Liss said quietly, "I'd rather she married an American. Our whole conception of marriage is different, more equal, closer, *friendlier*, somehow. I think she'd be happier."

He heard Nora's voice downstairs. "Dad?"

Liss opened the door. "We're coming down, Nora."

NORA was waiting in the living room with Paul; she flung herself at Carey and kissed him enthusiastically. "You're looking marvelous. Did you bring anything back?"

"Should I have?" he said, teasing, and laughed. Paul's hand was outstretched; Carey stopped laughing and took it. "How are you, Paul?" he said politely.

Paul was a beautifully made young man, his features even and handsome, his body pared by swimming and tennis. "How was your holiday?" he said.

Carey resented the word "holiday" from Paul. "I kept pretty busy," he said stiffly. "I brought back four pictures and some sketches." Justifying myself, he thought, just as I would with the Prentices, wanting to say: But I work hard at painting, even if I don't sell. Must it pay off to be considered a legitimate occupation for a man?

"Dad," Nora was staring, and he realized that Paul had asked him a question. "Paul wants to know if you were at the Ritz in Madrid."

He roused himself. "The Ritz? Hell, no," he said. "That's for millionaires and movie stars. I boarded with a Spanish family. Cost me next to nothing."

Liss looked faintly astonished: had he been too belligerent? She said smoothly, "Will you stay for supper, Paul? Maria's making something for Carey that smells wonderful."

"Thank you, no. I have an engagement."

Nora flashed past, seeing Paul to his car. When she came back, her pretty face was set. "Honestly, Dad! Did you have to sound as if we were practically starving?"

He said fretfully, "I think we're pretty careful how we spend money."

"But you did stay at the Ritz."

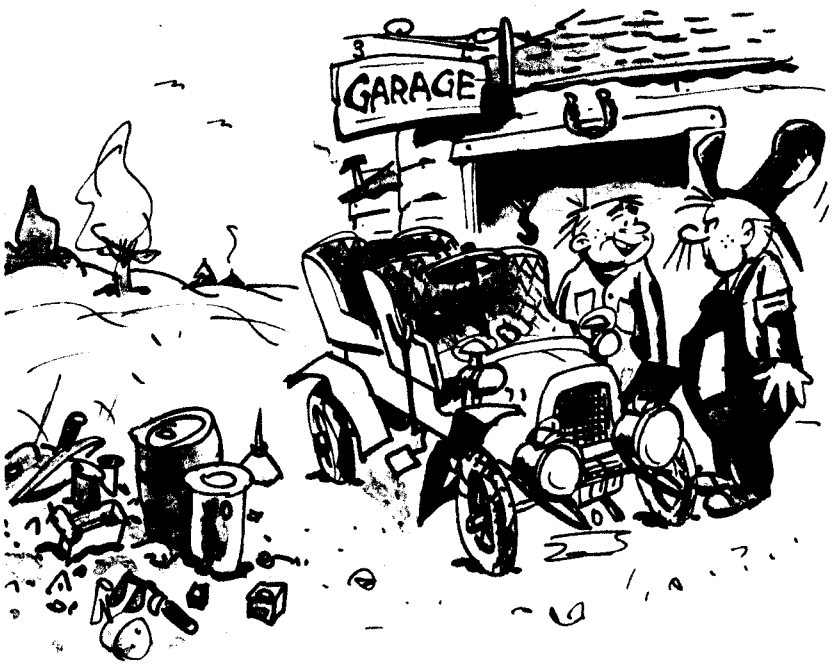
"Just for one night," he said. "Just till I found a room."

"Isn't this silly?" Liss said. "Does it matter, Nora?"

"Yes, it does," Nora said. "Why should Daddy seem to want to knock Paul down?"

"Does it show?" he said, pulling out his valise. He unstrapped the kit and opened the valise to get at the two blouses he had brought for them, the kind of thing they loved—chiffon and handmade lace.

KENNESAW



"How do you know Bessie was in an accident? The car looks like it always did to me"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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Nora stood behind him, ignoring the package. "Yes, it does show," she said. "I think you're unfair to him."

Liss said, "Aren't we making this into something terribly important?" Her voice had the hint of a tremor in it.

"But it *is* important to me," Nora said. "Why should Daddy act as if it weren't necessary to be civil to Paul?"

CAREY stood up, closed the valise carefully and tossed the packages onto the couch. "I didn't mean to be uncivil, and I'm sorry if I was," he said. "I guess it isn't easy to hide what I think of a man like Paul, and all the rest of his decorative crowd."

Liss said, "Carey," warningly. "Nora," she said, "is there anything special about Paul we ought to know?"

Nora said, "You know all about Paul. I'm fond of him. In fact, I have a wonderful time with him and his 'decorative crowd.' "

She looked defiant but very poised. That was one of the advantages Carey had helped to endow her with, one of the advantages that came from living abroad, and from schools in Switzerland, and travel, and meeting the nicest, richest, idlest people of many countries; poise and confidence underlay her lightness and ready enjoyment like a vein of iron. He had the swift impulse to reduce her to her nineteen years, to the status of dependent daughter.

He said deliberately, "I thought you'd be more discriminating."

She flushed, but the poise didn't desert her. "I still don't understand what you mean."

"I don't like Paul."

"That's no answer, Carey," Liss said. "Let me say something, Nora. It has nothing to do with Paul. It's something you should understand, for the future. Nora, we've lived away from the States, but that doesn't mean we wouldn't prefer to live there, if we could manage. Our home is *there,* and all our ties. Nora, someday you might meet a European you could fall in love with, but when that happens, just stop and consider that it would mean breaking completely with home. You'll have to weigh it very carefully, it's so important."

"It wouldn't be so terribly different," Nora said. "What ties do I have now?"

Liss stared. She said urgently, "Oh, *no,* Nora. It would be all the difference in the world."

"I never realized," Carey said, "how hard it's going to be for you, Nora. Not to make a mistake."

Nora smiled suddenly. She came up to him and put her arm through his. "I'm really not thinking of getting married yet. I'm having too much fun. But you *are* something, playing the heavy parent."

Even Liss smiled.

"You know," he said, "it wouldn't matter as much to me as to your mother what Paul was—French or Italian or anything—if he were the kind of man I could respect. Don't you see, Nora, that Paul just doesn't merit respect? Having fun is all right, and I'm for it, but there has to be more, something substantial and lasting, something to give a man a feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction. I don't think Paul would even understand what I'm trying to say. Do I sound stuffy?" he said, aware of Liss's steady glance.

"I guess I don't put it very clearly. Paul's managed so far to have a good time. He might even be shrewd enough to know that a good marriage might set him up more comfortably—" He felt Nora stiffen. "Wait a minute," he pleaded, "I'm not saying that's so, but does he have any ambition that goes beyond dancing or swimming or riding around in that car of his?"

"He probably doesn't," she said, raising her chin. "He doesn't even want to paint, if that's what you mean."

He knew he reddened. He disengaged her arm from his and went out through the open doors onto the lawn. She'd hurt him and she'd shocked him. She wasn't scornful, as the Prentices might have been; she didn't look down on his painting just because it didn't bring any tangible return. She had just made a cruelly reasonable comparison: Paul swims and dances, and you paint; you both live on inherited money, and you both believe in spending your life in whatever way will give you most pleasure. What gives you the right to condemn Paul?

"Carey." Liss had followed him outside. "Don't take what she says so seriously. She can be a very young nineteen."

"She can't see any difference between Paul and me." Liss didn't answer. "Is she right?" he asked.

"*I* know she isn't right," Liss said. "But I'm older, and I know better. I know your father shouldn't have pushed you into the engineering business when it meant nothing to you. And I know you would have stayed with it, for Nora and me, if your mother hadn't left you the money. But you had this marvelous chance to be free, and you snatched it, and it's worked out for you, Carey. What you said to Nora, inside, about doing something that gives you the feeling of accomplishment—I like the way it sounded, Carey. I know you have that, or you wouldn't be happy. But Paul has no resources. When he gets too old for the things he enjoys now, he'll find other diversions, not as safe, or as healthy. I wouldn't want Nora to be his wife then. But she doesn't know that yet, because so many of her friends are like Paul, and they *are* charming, and she *does* have a good time with them."

"Then I've done her a lot of harm," he said. "I've shown her only one side of the coin. I've brought her up in a lopsided world of fun and ease and millionaires and people who want to live like millionaires. It's all distorted."

"That's true," she said quietly.

He stared at her. "We should do something. She'll have to find out about another kind of life, one that could be just as good. Maybe we should send her home to Louise. She's not too old for college. Or she could get a job."

"Carey," she said. "You can't force her to go to college or get a job if she can't see any reason for it. And she won't go home—not without us."

THE evening breeze was stirring from the green Maritime Alps; between the branches of the pines, he could see the Mediterranean. Liss's zinnias were a bright profusion, and even the shabby pink villa looked shadowy and indistinct in the early twilight.

"I wouldn't want to go back," he said. "Drop everything I care for, for a nine-to-five harness."

"I wouldn't want you to give this up either," she said. "Oh, Carey, if only—"

He never heard the rest.

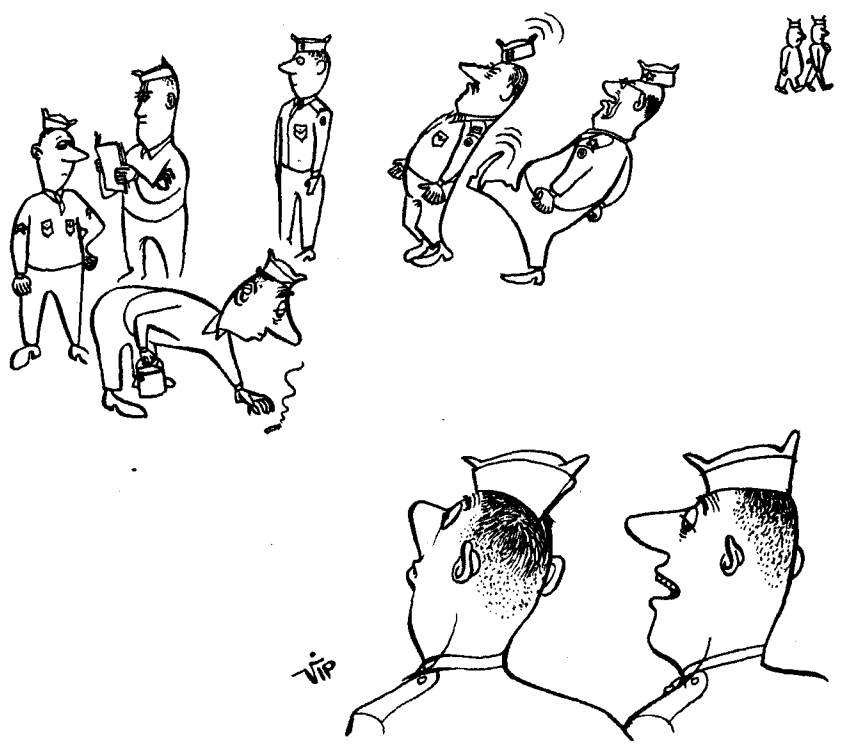
"Mother?" Nora called. "I think they're outside," she was saying to someone in the house. They turned. Nora came out, and there was a man with her, a young man with brown, cropped hair, in a rumpled seersucker suit. Nora said, "This is Andrew Newlands. He knows the Prentices."

He said, "I bumped into them in Paris. They were on their way home. I told them I was coming to the Riviera, and they said to look you up."

They shook hands all around. "Glad you did," Carey said mechanically; of all the times when he least wanted to entertain anyone, let alone a friend of the Prentices! Liss must be in a non-entertaining mood too, after this afternoon, he thought, glancing at her. Her cheeks had an unaccustomed flush.

She said, "You're just in time. I hope

VIP'S WAR



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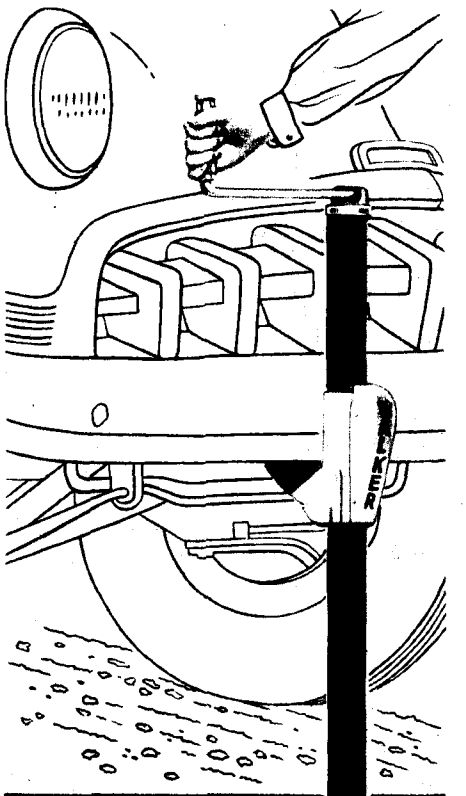

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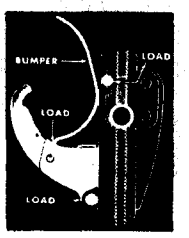

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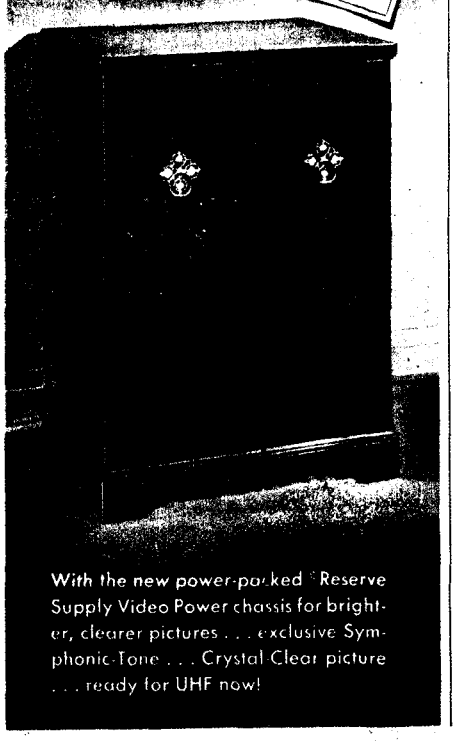

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you haven't eaten. Maria our cook—she's Basque and very good—is fixing something special for Carey's homecoming. You *will* stay for supper?"

"It's very nice of you," he said.

"Newlands," Liss said. "I used to be friendly with a girl named Newlands. That was when we lived in Vermont. Of course you're no relation. I won't even ask."

"But of course she is asking," Nora said. "Are you any relation?" She laughed, and Andrew Newlands stared and then laughed, too.

"Does the supper invitation still stand," he said, "if I admit my family comes from Pennsylvania?"

"I have nothing against other states," Liss said. "Carey's from New York, and I married him." She flushed and looked uncertain. "Carey," she said hastily, "if you hurry, you can fix us a drink before Maria's ready."

IT WAS almost too simple, the way Nora and Drew Newlands were drawn to each other. Carey never stopped wondering about that; if Drew found Nora enchanting, it wasn't too hard to understand, he thought with proper parental pride, but Nora . . . If anything, he thought that Liss's delight at Nora's meeting an eligible American would put her against him. But it didn't.

There was something about Andrew Newlands that was very engaging; even Carey could see that. He wasn't handsome, though his irregular features were strong and not unattractive; he had a nice, rangy length, a touch of shyness that was rather contradictory, and an earnest, quiet purposefulness to his manner that could be appealing, especially to a girl like Nora, who had hardly ever encountered it before. He was part owner of a small chemical business in New Jersey, and he had taken a six-week vacation —the first he'd had time for in five years, he told them—and had decided to stay in Cannes because the beach was better there than in Nice.

However, the next day he moved over to a hotel in Nice, in spite of the beach, so he could get to the Villa Rosa more conveniently. At first, Nora gave him only a part of her time, and frequently Carey and Liss had to keep Drew company until Nora got back. Drew was disappointed and a little hurt, and after a week he decided to go on to Italy as he had originally planned. He actually did leave, but he came back the next day. Nora had been lying on the lawn, somewhat listlessly, Carey was glad to see, when the little rented car Drew drove swept up the driveway. She sprang up when she saw him and ran to the car and kissed him. "It was the first time," she told Liss. "I just wanted to. I was so glad to see him."

Liss told Carey what Nora had said, that evening they had driven up the Grande Corniche toward Monte Carlo. They were parked, looking down at the lights outlining the crescent bays. She rested her head against his arm. "Carey," she said, "I don't know when I've felt such contentment."

He'd had the same feeling, except for a little apprehension, the old, superstitious kind that was that things couldn't turn out that well so easily. "Look," he said, "let's not have her married off so soon. She's only nineteen; there'll be others. I'm just pleased that he's taken her mind off Paul."

"I'm not marrying her off," Liss said. "We've known him less than a month. But," she said rather timidly, "would it be so terrible? Even if she has known him less than a month, I mean."

Everything would be straightened out, and all their fears for her would vanish. If Paul was one side of the coin, Drew was certainly the other: a man doing what he wanted to do, but something solid and absorbing and worth while and, in its own way, creative. She didn't have to marry him right away or, for that matter, ever, but she might be willing to go back to the States because of him, and stay with Louise until she was sure.

"It was funny," Liss was saying, "but as soon as he walked out into our garden with that gruesome haircut and that seersucker suit that Paul wouldn't be caught dead in, I thought—"

"You were certainly nice and quiet when you came home last night"

"Those two men carrying you in were plenty noisy"

COLLIER'S EDWIN LEPPER

Carey grinned. "I knew what you thought. It was written all over you." He eased her off his arm and let out the brake. "We're a fine pair of schemers," he said. "We're everything I'd consider a big joke in any other parents." She laughed. "Damned if I care," he said. "If she loves him, Liss, it'll be more than I deserve."

"You can stop acting as if you've mistreated her," Liss told him. "We've given her a fine start. Maybe we've spoiled her by giving her so much; maybe she isn't to blame, because it's the world we brought her up in that's to blame, this unrealistic play world down here. If she loves him . . ."

So many of their talks ended like that. If she loves him . . . That was the basis of the fear that kept filtering into their contentment. There was never any doubt about Drew: he never tried to conceal the way he felt about Nora, he kidded himself wryly to Liss, and, two days before he was to leave, he even spoke to Carey.

Carey had come in from a day's painting back in the hills. It had been a hot day, and his face felt burned, and he was tired and satisfied, and he dropped contentedly into a chair in the shade under the pines. In a few minutes Drew came out of the house; he held two drinks, the chilled wine-and-Seltzer combination that Liss made on hot days, and he said, "Liss said this would hit the spot."

"Did I ever tell you she was a prize?" Carey said. "Sit down, Drew."

Drew sat down, but uneasily, it seemed, as if there were something on his mind. He said, finally, "I suppose you think I'm a crazy sort of guy."

Carey lifted his head, startled. "Should I? Why?"

"Living the kind of life you've chosen," Drew said, "anyone who enjoys his grindstone must seem pretty crazy."

Carey laughed. "It isn't the grindstone you enjoy; it's your work. That's something different altogether. *That* I can see and envy. Enjoying your work is just as good as retiring at thirty-two. And almost as rare."

"I'm glad you feel that way," Drew said. "Because I'm in love with Nora."

"All right," Carey said. "That much we guessed."

"She's pretty young, but not too young," Drew said, flushing a little. "I wouldn't want to rush her. We haven't known each other very long. I haven't asked her to marry me yet," he said. "I wanted to get your reaction."

"You spoke to Liss?"

"Not this formally," Drew said. "Liss and I get along fine. You're the one I was afraid of."

Carey stood up and pressed his hand down hard on Drew's shoulder. He was filled with a vast happiness. "You ask Nora," he said.

FROM that point on, he and Liss waited. He opened some vintage champagne for Drew's last dinner at the house, and they watched Drew take Nora off for dancing at Monte Carlo afterward. Nora wore a new dress and Liss's furs, but she gave no sign that Drew had spoken to her. If anything, she looked curiously subdued that night. The more Carey thought about the way she looked, the more he found himself frowning. Nora had never seemed so withdrawn before.

Liss said, "Does she seem different to you, Carey? Older? I suppose it's only that she hates to see him leave."

There was no sense in worrying her with his old-ladyish fears. "If she's in love, that's sobering enough," he said. But he felt it was more than that.

Liss was fretting, too. Long after they went to bed, they lay awake and silent, and that was how they heard Drew's car stopping outside. It started off again almost immediately. The three of them were going to drive Drew to the airport and say their good-bys there, but certainly on Nora and Drew's last evening together there should have been a more private kind of good-by between them. Liss said quietly, "Something's wrong."

Nora came up the stairs noiselessly. She went past their room and into her own and carefully closed her door. Whatever had happened, she was going to keep it to herself tonight. Carey got out of bed and lighted himself a cigarette; Liss's knees were drawn up, and her arms folded on top of them. He gave her a cigarette. He couldn't find a word to say to her.

Maria had laid the breakfast table outside as she always did on fine, warm mornings. They were up early because Drew's plane left at eleven; Carey and Liss had finished their coffee and were wondering whether to wake Nora when she joined them. She was heavy-eyed, and again she wore that preoccupied, subdued look. Carey said good morning a shade too heartily.

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They all looked unusually formal in their town clothes. "Good Lord," Carey said at last, "what's gotten into all of us? There's nothing so final about a plane trip back to the States."

Nora didn't look at them. She said, "Drew wants me to marry him." They waited. "I can't," she said.

Liss stood up. "I'll put some more peaches in the bowl," she said, reaching out for the empty dish.

"Don't bother, Mother," Nora said. "I don't want any peaches."

Liss sat down again. "I thought—I was almost sure you—and he—"

NORA looked down into her lap; her face had an expression of graveness Carey had never seen on it before. "But I do," she said. "I do love him."

Liss's stricken eyes met Carey's; he turned away from her to his daughter, who sat very still, her mouth trembling. This was the same girl he'd watched laughing in the car with Paul Varigny; for one instant he had the wild impulse to say to her: Forget about Drew. No man should be that important.

Nora said, "How could I marry him? You, above all people, should understand, Daddy."

It wasn't so hard to understand as he pretended; it was what he'd been afraid of all the time he was trying to believe that Drew was the answer for Nora.

But he continued desperately to pretend. "Why me, of all people?"

"Because it's what you came here to get away from, the kind of life he's offering me. You know it couldn't work out for me. Drew has no idea what our kind of life is. He's on a treadmill, and he enjoys it! Why, it's been five years since he even allowed himself a vacation. Can't you see how deadly dull it would be for me? How could I be happy, no matter how much I loved him? And how long would I stay in love, when I'd be so unhappy?"

"Oh, Nora," Liss said softly.

"No matter what you think of Paul," Nora said, her mouth still trembling, "he could give me more the kind of life I want than Drew."

They'd had no business hoping it would be so easy, that all she had to do was meet someone like Drew, who'd make her see his way and remove her from all danger. Why should they have thought it could work out, except that they wanted it to so desperately, Carey thought. What equipment had they given her for making the correct decision? Poise, and confidence to believe in herself? Yes, and so she had attempted to weigh her love for Drew against her chances of happiness, and had found love wanting. And she'd accepted that. She had no other equipment, no standard, no example to turn to. She said to him: It was the life *you* ran away from. And that was important to her, that, and the fact that she was happy here. She'd never had a chance to know anything else.

Liss was saying thinly, "We'd better get ready, if we're picking up Drew." She went blindly toward the house.

He flung it out doggedly at Nora: "But you do love him."

"If I didn't," she said very low, "would it be so hard?"

He turned away to stare at the wide, empty expanse of sea below, glittering in the morning sun. A single white yacht stood at anchor in the harbor; near the weathered gray piers were clustered the folded sails of the fishing boats that hadn't gone out this morning. More than blue sea and high cliffs and long days under the hot sun, it was ease and time to live and freedom.

Nora sat quietly, looking at nothing.

It wasn't a choice any more. The way was so clearly shown to him that he had only to reveal it to her. For one bad moment, a sharp regret welled up in him and mixed with painful, bitter disappointment. But then it was over; the regret subsided, and there was the resolution left. Because there was no compensation for him here, not now, not any more. If he had to watch his daughter faltering and groping, reaching out for the kind of happiness that would prove no happiness at all, then there was nothing he could achieve here which would be enough for him. Where would be the sense of accomplishment, what feeling of satisfaction could ever be possible? It wasn't even a choice. He turned around.

He said gently, "Do you feel you might be making a mistake?"

She looked up swiftly. "But—I don't know."

"I think I could help you," he said, "if you'll let me, and do what I say." She waited. "We'll go back," he said.

"I don't want you to," she said. "Not for Drew and me."

"Listen to me," he said, speaking rapidly. "You think I did right to come here. Will you trust me when I say it's right for us to go home? You're in love with Drew," he said. "I know you're not giving him a fair chance. You're not giving yourself one, and that's something that matters a great deal to me. Nora, Liss came here with me, not because she wanted to leave the States—because she didn't—but because she loved me. Everything looks very different when you're looking through the eyes of someone you love. It'll look very different to you, through Drew's eyes. I know what you want to say. You have all of this and you don't want to give it up; you've had such a happy time here you think even Drew isn't enough to compensate for losing it."

"I just don't *know*," she said.

"That's a start," he said. "Now you can find out. You'll see what makes him happy and learn to understand why. I'll tell you this, Nora: Many, many more people find happiness his way. I think you could, Nora, because you love him."

HIS eyes had strayed toward the curved bay; hers did too. "I know what you're feeling," he said. "But this isn't the real world. It might be, if you bring something to it. I did, I think," he said, almost to himself, then he went on, "otherwise, even this place can pall and turn out to be very empty. And create the same kind of emptiness in everyone who stays here. I wish you'd believe me," he said.

"I'd like to believe you," she said. "Does that help?"

"That helps a lot," he said.

She looked at him, and her cheeks colored. "I can just see Drew's face. He'll think the whole family is afraid to let him out of their sight."

"He should be flattered," he said.

She even looked better, and that made him feel good. They sat still a moment longer, and then she said, "I'll go and take the car out. It must be really late now."

He watched her begin to run across the grass to the garage, and then he went into the house. Liss was standing at the French doors.

"I listened, Carey," she said.

"I have a hunch it's going to work out all right for her," he said. "I think she wants it to, actually."

"I'm thinking of you, too," she said.

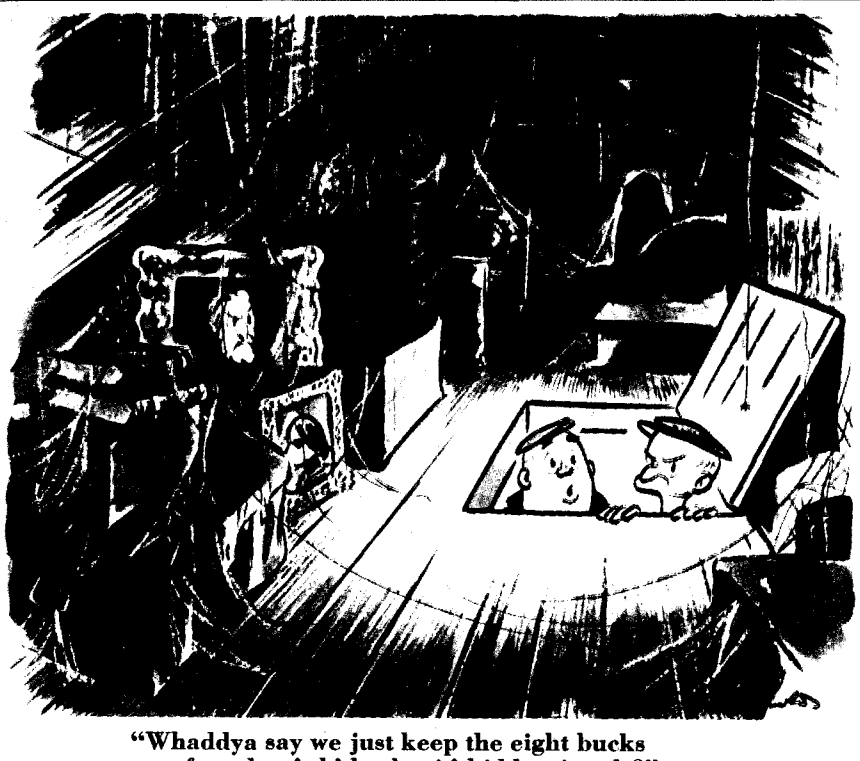
"Well, we've had a good time, haven't we?" he said. "And there may be more good times, if things turn out." He managed a grin, because she was looking at him. "The thing that really worries me now is the fare home."

She said quickly, "I have money for that. I've had it ever since what happened in the war, when we had to scrounge around among our friends for money to get out of Europe, with the banks and the mails what they were. I put fare money aside, for when we might have to go home in a hurry."

He found he could laugh at that. "The governor would be proud of you, Liss."

Nora was blowing the horn. They went out to the car and got into the front seat with her, and started down to get Drew. ▲▲▲

BUTCH



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OPERATION

I was sweating blood and ice water. I sat there crying down the inside of my face—it was my team out there getting the works, losing its timing and punch

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BENCH

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

I was tired of the Boy Flash taking a free ride to glory on my back. I wanted headlines too, so I got an idea—an idea that should have stood in bed

THURSDAY afternoon I made like a carpenter. I helped Nancy Ellis work on her dorm's float for the big Home-coming parade to be held Saturday morning before the game with Tech. There was a holiday mood on the campus; everybody was excited about the game because it would decide the conference championship. I mean everybody was excited but me. I couldn't get with it.

I worked until time for football practice, and then I put down my hammer, and Nancy and I started across the campus. I wasn't limping, but I wished she'd ask about my knee. I liked to feel the whole campus was concerned about my knee, but I knew better, and it hacked me.

"Why are you so moody, farmer?" Nancy asked me.

"I don't know," I said. I knew, all right. I was trying to picture her chopping cotton on a rented farm as Mrs. Pete Duncan, and it wouldn't focus. In June, barring accidents, I would graduate from agriculture school, but without a few acres and some capital, my vast knowledge of scientific farming wouldn't buy me any of the three things I ached to have: Nancy, a farm of my own, and a contract to play professional football. Without the third, I couldn't get the second; and without the second, I'd have to forget about the first. And with the season half gone I seemed to be as far from a pro contract as ever. So I was moody.

"Home-coming," I said. "Be Kind to Old Grads Day. What a lick!"

"Yeah, ain't it nauseating?" Nancy said, laughing. We were outside the west gate of the practice field then, and she said, "Go in there, meathead, and pretend to earn that fabulous salary the athletic department pays you."

That was a laugh. Room and board, and an evening job jerking sodas at the Malt Shop. I stood there looking at her, feeling low. Even if she was willing, in her ignorance, I couldn't see dragging her down to my economic level. So I started thinking again about the idea I'd been nursing along in the back of my mind since I hurt my knee in the State game. It was a crazy idea, but the only one I had at the moment about our future.

She was tall and slender and graceful; she was what I wanted, all right, but it was just too bad about that. I wanted her to do right by herself. Let her marry a guy who could give her things—a guy somebody heard of. Who ever heard of Pete Duncan, the forgotten man?

"I better check in," I said, and I guess I was about to kiss her when we were rudely interrupted by a guy everybody had heard of: the Star of the Team, the Sports Editor's Best Friend.

"Hi, beautiful," he said, and Nancy said, "Hi, Curly!"

His name was Julio McGinnis, known to sports-page readers as the Whiz Kid, the Boy Wonder. Eighteen years old, with curly, blond hair and big, white teeth, and I didn't like him. Me, twenty-one, finally making first string after three years of riding the bench and waiting for All-American Leo Hitch to graduate into the pro racket. And here was Julio, a sophomore, falling into the starting right-half slot because our regular right half got yanked into the Army. But what I really resented about Goldilocks was the way he'd been riding to glory all season on my aching back, and nobody but me and the coach seemed to realize it. Julio didn't, for sure.

"Beauty and the beast," he said, grinning. "Hiya, beast?"

"Get lost," I said. "Go stand in front of a camera, Boy Wonder."

He laughed, but it was a strangled sort of laugh, and his ears got a little red before he loped out of sight.

NANCY said, "That was pretty dirty, Pete." I shrugged it away, and she said quietly, "You don't like him, do you?"

"I'm not crazy about him," I said. "And you, baby?"

"He's a nice guy. I like him. Everybody but you seems to like him."

"And he's pretty, too," I said sourly. "Incidentally, I notice he hangs around you a lot. Isn't he a little young for you, baby?"

Her eyes flashed fire. "Oh, I don't think so. He's eighteen and I'm barely twenty, and what's a year's difference? And now that you mention it, yes, he is handsome."

"Oh, he's a real doll," I said, really hating him. "I guess I'd better go on in and punch the time clock, Ellis."

"Yeah, I guess you better at that, Duncan," she said coldly.

I didn't like to leave it at that, but I went on in and Spud Malone was there, looking worried and nervous, like a coach who hadn't lost a game all season.

"How's the knee, Duncan?" he wanted to know.

I told him. "Lousy," I said. I hadn't planned to say that; I'd in-

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tended to leave it kind of indefinite, but I felt so burned about Julio and everything that I told Spud the knee was lousy.

Spud sighed. "Well, you better just work out a little in a sweat suit again today. I sure hope you can go Saturday, kid."

"Yeah," I said. "Me too, Coach." I had a talent for lying.

I GOT into sweat clothes and went outside. The rest of the squad had finished calisthenics and were moving onto the west practice field to run through assignments. Outside the fence a couple of hundred loyal fans were watching. Week by week, as we'd knocked off the first five teams on our schedule, a couple of them fair outfits, the crowds outside the fence had increased. And week by week they were more and more eager to give most of the credit to Julio McGinnis, splitting the rest among Sam Holland, the quarterback, Jimmy Roe, the other half, the line as a whole, and Spud, who just happened to be the coach.

Me, I was eager to give a little credit to a hard-working old boy named Duncan. Maybe the public hadn't noticed, and if the newspapers spotted it they tried to hush it up, but every Saturday there had been *four* guys in that backfield. I'd been out there bulldozing ends and line-backers every Saturday afternoon.

And most of my blocking was for Julio's benefit. I'll say this for the kid: show him a slice of daylight in the line and he'd squirm through it, and if you got him past the ends and the line-backers, he was hard to stop. But he'd never been steamrollered by a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound line-backer shooting the gap, because it was my job to sidetrack those behemoths, and I was a conscientious worker. Usually, being clobbered doesn't hurt a good boy too much, but sometimes, with young guys like Julio, it knocks them careful. And when a flashy guy starts being careful he stops being flashy. I guess you could say my main job was to keep Julio from getting the winces.

As I jogged around the field I thought about how I was goldbricking. I was supposed to have a bruised shoulder and an injured knee, but the only real injury I had was a mild fracture of the ego. I needed publicity if I wanted to play pro ball; a little publicity could maybe be translated into a down payment on a farm and a registered bull and power tools—and a modern kitchen for Nancy. So I'd hatched up this thing I thought of as Operation Bench. I figured if they didn't notice me when I was out there playing, maybe they'd notice my absence if I spent this next game on the bench with a bad knee.

Well, anyhow, it was a beautiful Thursday in October, with a smell of burning leaves and dead grass in the crisp air, and I was jogging around inside the fence brooding about my no luck. And then a big, expensive-looking guy got out of a shiny car and smoked a cigar and watched me. Me, not the rest of the squad.

"How'sa bum hinge, Duncan?" he wanted to know.

"All right," I told him. I stopped and leaned on the fence.

"We gonna beat the old stuffing out of Tech, Duncan?"

"I guess we'll suit up," I said. "I guess we'll play."

He laughed a big, deep laugh. "I notice the parlay cards got them figured two to five points the best. How about that, fella?"

"I don't know from parlay cards," I said. I pushed away from the fence and watched the signal drill. Babe Nelson was running in my spot. He couldn't block for sour apples. "I'm not interested in point spreads," I told the expensive-looking guy, and I started to jog away from him.

"See you later, Duncan," he said, and I said yeah, because that's what people always say and don't mean. He got in his big car and drove away, and I made another lap around the field.

THEN Spud told me to go in and soak my knee in the whirlpool bath. I did and after a while I got dressed and called it a day. Outside in the hall, Julio was dressed and combing his pretty hair, and we pretended not to see each other, and then I was outside walking across the campus and breathing the chilled air and trying to think straight. It's easier for me not to think than to think straight. I didn't blame Spud for using me to block: he had two light, fragile halfbacks who were fast; it was logical to use my one hundred and ninety pounds to build roads for those speed merchants. But Spud could have told the newshounds: "Say, dig Duncan sometime when you got nothing better to do. He blocks, you know. And he plays on defense, too." But Spud had ethics. He never plugged an individual player.

When I got to the Malt Shop, I got into my clean whites and about three seconds later the big man with the cigar showed up. He wanted to talk to me in private, which in the Malt Shop meant the back booth.

"My name is Truck Andrews," he said when we were sitting in the booth. "I'm a scout for the Chicago Eagles." I'd heard of him for years. Truck Andrews, one of the best fullbacks of all time. And a pro scout. It made me dizzy.

"Duncan," he said, "I'm a pretty direct guy. It's this: I've been sending in good reports on you, and the Eagles want you; they need a good blocking back. I can get you seventy-five hundred, maybe more."

Seventy-five hundred dollars! Zowie! I should have known the pro scouts watched football with a cold and analytical eye. They'd seen me building roads for Julio.

"The leg, now," Truck Andrews said. "Not so good, maybe?"

"Good as new," I told him. "No kidding."

He gave me a dubious look. "Well, let's *say* that. But a bit of a twist, a missed block, a little monkey business in the line—" He let it hang there, but I knew what he meant. "Well," he said, "I'll put it to you straight, kid. Today you're worth at least seventy-five hundred bucks a year to the Eagles. Come Monday, you may not be worth a plugged nickel. We been stuck with football knees before."

I said, "Look, I'm not snowing you. My leg is fine, it's—"

He interrupted. "Now this game Saturday, it'll be rough. I've seen this Tech bunch play. They're good and they're rough—not exactly dirty, understand me, but they know how to play very, very rough. And my pipe line says they're laying for you. Duncan—otherwise I would have waited until the end of the season to contact you. We don't want you hurt, and they plan to hurt you if they can. They know how important you are."

Boy, he sure could talk nice.

"Take scouting," he said, puffing on his stogie. "It's like being an insurance agent. We got to figure the risks, good and bad. Right now you're a good risk, but if you play Saturday we can't take a chance on you, you'd become a bad risk. Maybe it wouldn't show, but we're afraid you'd aggravate that knee. So if you play Saturday, the Eagles won't be interested in you any more."

I didn't follow him so good. "Make it simple," I said.

"I've been instructed by the front office to put it like this: If you play Saturday, no contract. If you don't play—well, we ink you a nice contract, a thousand-dollar bonus."

What was he, a mind reader? He was offering me a lot of dough for doing what I'd been halfway planning to do anyhow, to use Operation Bench and show everybody—including Julio—how important I was to the team.

"What about after the Tech game?" I said. "Do I keep playing?"

Truck Andrews nodded. "Why not? Another week and your knee should be all healed up, shouldn't it? Besides, it's Tech's 'Get Duncan' angle we're afraid of. You won't play another team like Tech this year."

That made sense. Didn't it? That was logical. Wasn't it?

"I don't want you to make a snap decision. Think it over. I'll call you here around noon tomorrow," he said, getting out of the booth. "Use your head; you got your whole future to think of."

"Yeah," I said, "I know." And Nancy's future, I thought.

We shook hands, and he left, and I watched him go and thought how fast he'd let himself get out of shape. He didn't look like a fullback any more; he was fat and soft. When I came around the end of the fountain I looked up and saw Nancy sitting on one of the stools, with McGinnis beside her. He was staring at me. He had a funny look on his face. I didn't care what it meant. I was just annoyed to see him and Nancy together. I had something pretty important and personal to tell her. I couldn't tell her about not playing Saturday; she wouldn't understand that part. But I could tell her the future was beginning to look right for us.

"Who was your fat friend?" Julio asked me.

"Nobody you'd know," I told him.

"Don't bet on it," he said shortly, and turned to Nancy. "I'll walk you home if you're ready to go," he said, standing up.

Nancy looked from him to me, uncertainly. What did she want me to say? She knew how I felt. About everything. I should make up Nancy's mind for her?

"Go ahead, baby," I said. "It'll make you socially, being seen with Goldilocks."

Julio bristled up, resenting it, and Nancy got off the stool and took his arm. She looked at me. "Okay, Duncan," she said. And they went out.

WE HAD a rush of trade, and I worked automatically. All right, I thought. I acted like a heel. I'll tell her so when she comes back. Only she didn't come back. And later, about nine thirty, when I called her dorm to apologize, she wasn't in. She had gone to a movie, a girl told me. Who with? I asked. Some handsome blond, the girl said. I thanked her and hung up.

The rest of the evening I thought about all the things I could do with eighty-five hundred rocks—down payment on a farm, fix up the house, put in an all-electric kitchen. Just before quitting time I decided not to have an all-electric kitchen, because Nancy hadn't come back to the Malt Shop. Maybe she wanted a football player who got his name in the paper. Maybe she didn't want to be a farmer's wife.

I walked across the campus to my dorm, thinking that I could buy all that other stuff and still have enough left to buy a good pickup truck. When I got to the dorm I couldn't stand it any longer—I wanted to know. So I called Nancy, and this time she was in.

"You didn't come back to the Malt Shop," I said.

"That's right," she said. "We went to a movie."

"How was it?"

"So-so. I've seen worse."

"You're sore at me, huh?" I said.

She hesitated. "Not exactly sore, Pete. Given to thought, let's call it. Comes a time when a girl ought to give things some thought."

"Yeah," I said. "Anything come of it yet?"

"Not yet. It takes time, Pete."

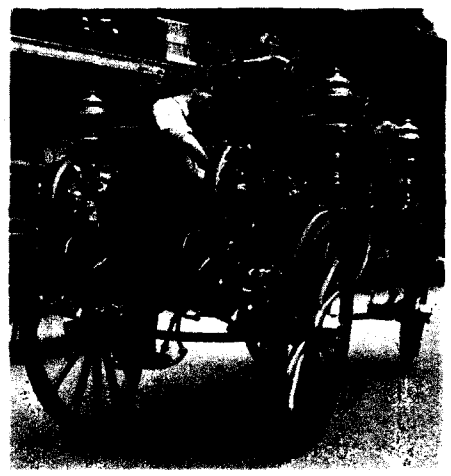
"Well," I said, scared of it, "what's—what's the problem?"

She hesitated again, longer this time. "Well, I'm trying to figure out whether I've been mistaken about some things or not. Us, I mean."

It's a triangle, I thought, with a big heavy sagging feeling in my chest. She goes for the Boy Wonder.

"Well," I said, feeling sick, "let me know when you get it all straightened

Next Week



Coronation Preview

With the coronation of Elizabeth II still seven months away, $140 seats are already scarce, impoverished peeresses are hoping to substitute rabbit fur for traditional ermine collars, and an elderly pensioner is challenging a duke's claim to act as the queen's Chief Butler. A full report on England's colorful preparations for the historic ceremony appears next week

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out in your mind, baby. Call me collect," I added.

"I will, Pete. Good night."

I said good night and hung up. I went to bed. I didn't sleep much. I lay awake most of the night aching about Nancy, not even thinking about Truck Andrews and his proposition, so that in the morning I still hadn't decided yes or no about it.

AFTER breakfast I read the morning paper in the dining room. And Mr. Murph Crumes, the sports editor, helped me make up my mind. Murph said that Tech outhorsed us in the line. They were two and three deep, while we just had one good line and four or five dependable substitutes. We didn't play two-platoon football. Most of us worked both offense and defense, with a sub giving us a breather now and then. I played defensive right half and Jimmy Roe was the safety. And a guy named Jones played defensive left half and filled in offensively for either right or left half. Sam Holland and Julio were offensive specialists, I guess.

Well, this guy Crumes, he said we were outpowered in the line, so if we stood any chance at all it was up to the Terrific Triumvirate of Roe, Holland and McGinnis. He said if Julio got off four or five of his thrilling cross-country jaunts *and* if Roe continued to be a dangerous runner and zeroed his punts into the coffin corner *and* if Holland kept calling a heady game and passing like a howitzer, then maybe we had the ghost of a chance. But personally, Murph Crumes said, he'd have to go along with Tech, hoping that Roe, Holland and McGinnis would make him look like a poor prophet. And then in the last paragraph: "If his knee comes around in time, Duncan will start at fullback. If not, it will be Babe Nelson, a very promising sophomore with speed and uncommon power."

Yes, sir, they had to have a fullback, just so there'd be eleven men on the team. I threw the paper down, disgusted. Let Roe try getting off one of his booming kicks without Duncan protecting him. The same for Holland and his cool passing—let him try eating the ball a few times when those big tackles crashed through on him. And Julio—ah, yes, Julio! I had a mental picture of him getting smeared a few times by that big, tough center who backed the line for Tech. Smith, his name was, and he was rated the best line-backer in the conference.

I went to class and didn't hear a word, and I didn't see Nancy anywhere after class, and I sat unhearing through another class, and when it was noon I went to the Malt Shop and waited for the phone to ring. When it rang and I heard Truck Andrews' voice, I told him I was his boy. I told him I didn't think I'd be able to play Saturday. He said swell, swell, and hung up, and since I was right there with a phone handy, I decided to call Nancy. Maybe she had finished thinking, maybe she'd got the right answer, and I could tell her about the Eagles wanting me to sign a contract—but she wasn't around.

I had an afternoon class, but I cut it and went to a movie. In the movie the guy got the girl. After the movie I went over to the stadium and when I got there I was limping a little. I told Spud my knee felt lousy. He had the trainer look it over, but of course the trainer couldn't figure it out. All he could do, he said, was tape it up and keep his fingers crossed. Spud said go on over to the dorm and lie down, get off the bad leg. I didn't jerk sodas on Fridays, so I went on out of the dressing rooms, limping to make it look good, and outside was Julio McGinnis. When he saw me limping he gave me a nasty grin, a kind of sneer. I had an intense desire to bust him in the teeth.

FRIDAY night I slept—off and on. Then it was Saturday morning, and Saturday mornings are all alike in the fall. You try to act calm when all the time you're churning around inside, nervous and tense and excited and scared. I found out it doesn't matter whether you're going to play or not, you still feel that way. I ate the big

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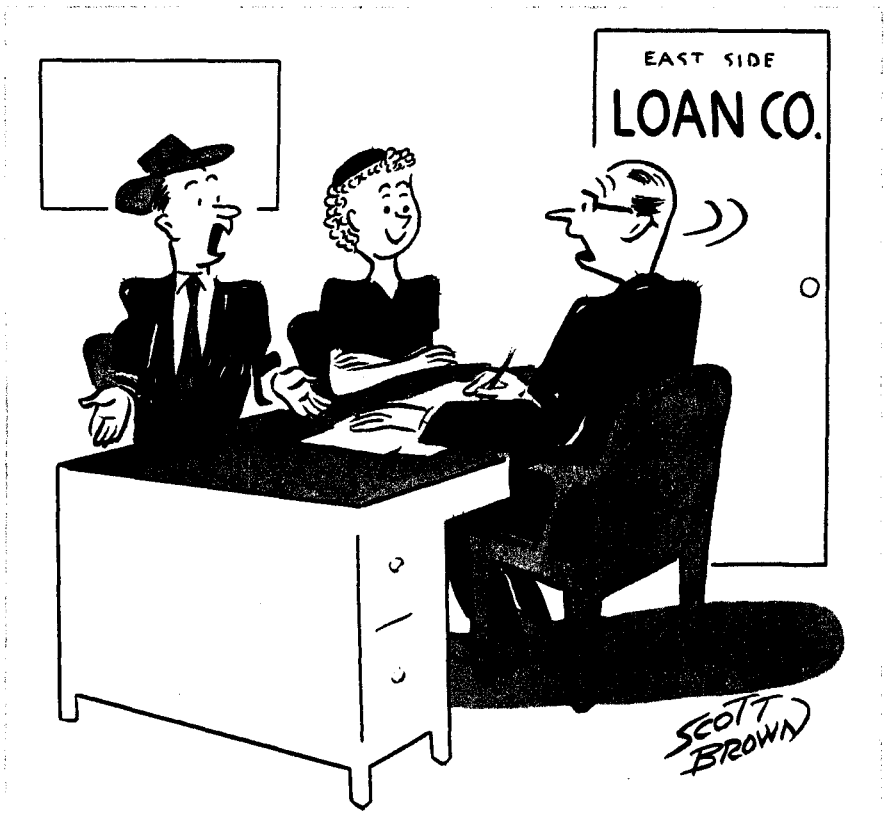

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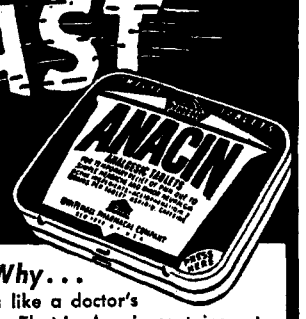

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ten-o'clock lunch with the rest of the squad, and then I tried to read a book, and after that I looked at farm equipment in a catalogue. But I felt lousy, and it wasn't just because it looked like Nancy had got tired of our old romance. When it came time to go to the stadium, I knew I couldn't sit up in the stands like an ordinary spectator. I told Spud I wanted to suit up and sit on the bench, and he said it didn't matter. He was drawn as tight as a fiddle string.

It was a cool, sunny day, a beautiful day, and I never saw such a crowd, or heard so much noise. There was an undercurrent of excitement, and all of a sudden I realized what I was going to miss. Two undefeated teams were meeting to decide the conference championship and I was on vacation—with pay.

After the warmup period, we went back to the dressing room and Spud read off the starting line-up—we were to receive—and when he said Babe Nelson at fullback, I could feel the guys looking at me. Spud talked for a while; I don't know what he said. I felt like crying. I wanted to play, but I wanted even worse to play pro ball. When Spud finished and the guys began talking it up, I had a bad stinging behind my eyes. To hell with eighty-five hundred dollars, I thought. And then I saw Julio giving me that contemptuous stare, and it wasn't just the money at all. I wanted him to get clobbered. So I looked at Babe Nelson and I thought: Good luck, kid. Maybe this is your big break. Maybe you can impress the public. I never could, but maybe you can.

WELL, the game started. Tech kicked off and Roe ran it out to the eighteen. Then on the first play, just as Julio reached the hole, it was suddenly stoppered by this big guy Smith, and Julio lost a yard. On the next play Babe Nelson picked up five up the middle. But then Julio got clobbered again. Tech was using a five-three defense, with Smith the middle line-backer. And that guy was psychic. He'd figure the play and then he'd shoot the gap, and this time he met Julio low and hard, and Julio lost two yards. So Roe kicked out of danger, and it was Tech's ball on their own twenty-six.

When Julio came off the field, his nose was bleeding a little, and I thought: Yeah, now we start getting careful, Goldilocks.

On the first play, Tech's big fullback got sixteen right up the middle, and Jones, our left halfback, got knocked out. They brought him off the field, and Spud put Julio in at safety and switched Roe to the left-half spot. And on the next play the Tech quarterback faded and cut loose with the longest pass I ever saw, and Julio was suckered out of position. An end got behind him and under the ball, and Tech had a big six-point lead. They kicked the extra point.

Tech kicked off and Roe ran it out to the thirty. And then, after Julio got clobbered again, Holland tried a pass, got rushed, and threw badly instead of eating the ball for a loss. The wobbling pass was intercepted and the guy went all the way down the east side line for another Tech touchdown. Tech missed the extra point, and with just six minutes gone in the first quarter, we were behind thirteen to nothing. I was sweating blood and ice water all over the bench, one second wanting to play, the next second seeing eighty-five hundred dollars down the drain.

What did it, finally, was Julio. He kept getting clobbered, and I kept waiting for him to start flinching. And he never did. He kept trying. And every time he got smeared by that big linebacker, Smith, or by an end Babe hadn't got out of the play, the kid would jump up and hustle into the huddle. And next time he'd try harder than ever. Sam tried passes, and a couple times he had to eat the ball, and he tried Roe on wide stuff that didn't go anywhere, and then he'd give the ball to Julio again, and Julio would try like crazy. And I sat there crying down the inside of my face because it was my team out there getting the works, losing its timing and its punch.

Then, with seconds left in that first quarter, Julio went off tackle again and the line made him a hole, and he hit it from one side just as Smith hit it from the other side, and you could hear the impact in the next county. My stomach turned over as Julio went down under Smith. But it was Julio who got up first. And then he did a thing that fixed me good. So what if he was cocky, this was separate from everything else. When he got up, he reached down and helped Smith up, and then gave the big guy a condescending slap on the rump and trotted toward our huddle. A lump rose into my throat and I couldn't see the field any more. I knew what I had to do; I had to go out there and take care of Smith, I had to go build a road for Julio.

I kissed eighty-five hundred dollars good-by and started banging Spud's ear about the whole deal. I had to tell him all of it, because otherwise he wouldn't think my knee was well enough for me to play. And when I told him about Truck Andrews he blew his top.

"That damned, redheaded—" Spud roared. "I'll have him barred from organized sports for the rest of his life."

"He ain't redheaded," I said. "He's black-headed."

"What?" Spud hollered. "You big chump! You moron. Get out there and play football!"

When I ran into the huddle and sent Babe to the bench, Holland grinned, and Julio wiped blood off his face and stared at me with astonishment. I had to make a production out of it. I said: "Call one off tackle. I want to meet this guy Smith."

So I met the guy Smith, and for the rest of a long afternoon I met him often, and sometimes I took care of him and sometimes he took care of me. That first time, he thought I was carrying the ball and tackled me, and Julio shot through behind me and got himself thirty-seven yards. And that's how it was. If I didn't get my man, we didn't go much of anywhere. But if I got him, Roe and Julio traveled. At the half the score was them twenty, us fourteen, Julio scoring once on a forty-five-yard jaunt, and Holland once from the four on a keeper.

THE Tech coach must have made big medicine in the dressing room between halves, because when they came back on the field and took our second-half kickoff, they didn't stop grinding out yards until they had another TD and the score was twenty-seven to fourteen. After that it was seesaw, with us showing the strain and their line outplaying us and causing us to fumble and foul up.

And so we came into the fourth quarter still trailing by thirteen big points, and I guess everybody in the stands had it about written off as a Tech victory.

We got the ball on our twenty-one with six minutes to go, finally, and I guess by then even most of our own guys figured we couldn't whip the clock. They began slacking off a little—but not Julio, and not Holland. And not me, either. In the huddle Holland said: "Give us working room." And he called me to take the ball over tackle, and a screwy thing happened. That big Tech tackle reared up in front of me and that should have been that, only he must have figured I was trying to block him and that Julio had the ball. He grabbed my head and yanked me right on past him, almost ditching me. The line-backer, who had started laying back instead of shooting the gap, figured it smart, too. I hadn't been carrying except on third downs in Tech country, and he couldn't see the ball I was holding in my gut with my right arm—so he side-stepped me and went in there to get whoever had the baggage. By the time they saw their mistake, I was digging for the pay dirt. I got all the way down to their twenty before the safety bumped me out of bounds. In the huddle Julio grinned at me. "Nice faking, Dunk," he said.

Well, Holland had been saving a pet play for right about here. It started like the option around our left end, with Sam scouting down the line ready to cut and

COLLIER'S "I'm terribly worried about Edgar—
He lives so *completely* in the present" JOHN RUGE

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run or shovel back to Julio, according to whether the end came in or stayed outside. This time I faked a block to make the end come in, and Sam shoveled to Julio, and Julio made as if to go wide with it, but he was fading back a little, too. And then he cut loose with a long, wobbly left-handed pass that never would have bought us anything if they'd even halfway expected it. Roe stopped and came back a couple of steps to sack it up, and then he was over for six big points. We got the extra point and the score was them twenty-seven, us twenty-one—with a little over five minutes left in the game.

Tech didn't want us ever to get the ball again, and when we kicked to them they stayed on the ground and started grinding out yards, going for the slow first downs and getting them. They were down to our twenty-one with a third down and two to go when the clock said a minute and a half left. It looked like we'd had it. But sometimes you get a break, and we got one.

The Tech quarterback called a pass. Nobody would pass on third down with only two yards to go. It's foolish, so foolish it should've worked, and nearly did. Except that Kazak, our right end, figuring a run play, went ripping into the Tech backfield. When the quarterback fired the ball, with their lanky old end already behind Julio and open, Kazak gave a desperation leap and ticked the ball with his finger tips, just enough to deflect it. I was going back fast, trying to cover that end. Julio yelled at me and I looked over my shoulder and saw the ball coming right at me. I fielded it on our five-yard line and cut upfield without breaking stride, and there was pay dirt. But it was ninety-five long yards away with a lot of space between.

I stood looking at her. She was all that I wanted, but it was just too bad about that

OUR guys started blocking like crazy and I kept churning the turf. All at once there wasn't a soul between me and the goal line except the disgruntled quarterback whose strategy had backfired on him. I was pretty pooped, and I could hear hoofbeats behind me. I wondered who would get me, the quarterback or the guy behind me. And then, twenty feet from the quarterback, something whizzed past me and drove into his gut and cut him down, and as I went around the collision I saw that it was Julio.

I finally got shoestringed on Tech's sixteen, and three plays later we were still on the sixteen and with only thirty-one seconds to go. Sam called the trick pass play with Julio throwing left-handed, a call I didn't like much. And this time it didn't work. Julio kept fading, but they had Roe covered. I faded, too, brush-blocking would-be tacklers away from Julio, but at the rate we were going we'd wind up around the fifty when the clock ran out on us. And then suddenly Julio crossed that invisible line between whiz kid and seasoned player.

"Let's run it, Pete," he yelled, and he side-stepped a guard and pivoted and cut for the far side line at the forty. I cut with him, staying inside his swing. At the twenty a couple of Tech men came in fast, shoulder to shoulder. That was careless football; I cut them both down and rolled over in time to see Julio and the big guy, Smith, converging somewhere down around the ten-yard line. They came together and I closed my eyes because I knew Julio was stopped.

When I heard the mad yelling from the crowd I opened my eyes, and Smith was on the turf—and Julio was dancing up and down in the end zone. Later I found out he had given the big guy an elbow in the teeth and cut at the moment of collision, but in the newsreels it looked like Julio just ran over the man.

Time was all gone off the clock now, and the stadium was hushed as we lined up for the extra-point try, and then the crowd went wild. We took the game, twenty-eight to twenty-seven. After that it got crazy, real crazy. The stands emptied onto the field, and it must have taken us ten minutes to get to the dressing rooms. It wasn't much better there, with the squad yelling and banging lockers and crying and singing. I don't recall much. I was crying some myself. It's all pretty vague. I remember one thing. Murph Crumes, the editor, was there and he yelled above the noise to Julio: "How do you know where to go on those long runs, McGinnis?"

Julio hooked an arm around my neck and yelled back: "Man, I just follow old Pete. He knows all the short cuts."

It was a nice thing for him to say, but not necessarily true. He did all right without me on that last one. He'd be okay, that Julio. Next year, when I was gone, he'd do all right. I got undressed and took a shower, and when the dressing room had quieted down, I put on my street clothes and went outside. Spud was grinning all over the place and introducing Julio to a big, tough-looking man with red hair. Spud saw me and called me over.

"Want you to meet a friend of mine, Duncan," he said. "Fellow named Truck Andrews."

I got it, all right. It didn't take me but a minute to figure it out. This was the real Andrews, and so who could that other guy have been? I stuttered and stammered, and Spud told me Truck knew all about the phony deal I'd chumped into, and then Truck Andrews wanted me to describe his impersonator. When I did, he shook his head and said he didn't seem to know anybody who fitted the description—which is when Julio bought into the conversation.

"The guy Dunk was talking to in the Malt Shop?" he asked. "He's fairly well known where I come from. Guy name of Bart Higgins, a kind of gambler."

I FELT like crawling in a hole. Me doing business with a gambler, fixing to throw a game without knowing it. And all the time Julio had known about it, or guessed it, anyhow. No wonder he'd sneered at me. Man, if I hadn't got that attack of team spirit I never could have faced anybody again. I stood there looking at the ground, hearing Spud and Truck Andrews discussing how they would go to the city and look up Mr. Bart Higgins, and presently Truck was speaking to me.

"You must want to play pro ball pretty bad," he said, and I just nodded miserably, and he said, "Well, keep playing like you did today and you're in." He laughed. "After all, you don't have to be smart to play pro ball, kid. Luckily for you."

"Yeah," I said, and they left, and I was looking at Julio, beginning to see why Nancy had gone icy on me. "Does Nancy know about this?" I asked.

"Hell, no!" Julio said indignantly. "I'm no rat. Look, Dunk, don't go ignorant about me. I've got a girl back home. But that don't mean I can't be friends with your girl, does it?"

"My ex-girl," I said glumly. "She gave me the freeze, I guess."

"Yeah, you better get squared away with her," Julio said. "She's low, man. She don't know what's with you lately. She says you've been acting funny." He slapped me on the shoulder. "Take my advice, man. Go straighten things out with her."

I had to grin, then. Eighteen years old and giving me advice.

"Thank you, Dorothy Dix," I said, and I took his advice. I headed for Nancy's dorm, but she wasn't there; and after a while I went to the Malt Shop, and she was there, alone in the back booth. I moved in on her, and I told her everything, all of it, because I didn't know what else to do. And she sat there and listened gravely, her eyes never leaving my homely old face, and after a while she reached across the table and got my hand and held it. And when I finished, she was smiling at me, and her eyes were a little damp.

"All for me, wasn't it, baby?" she said. "You did it for Nancy."

"Why else?" I said. "For you. For us. I sure goofed it."

She was holding my hand in both of hers. "Gee, what a dope you are," she said. "What a lame-brain."

"Guilty," I said. "I'm nowhere."

"You need somebody to keep an eye on you," she said. "You're a little hard-of-thinking."

"I know it," I said. "How come you're always so right, baby?"

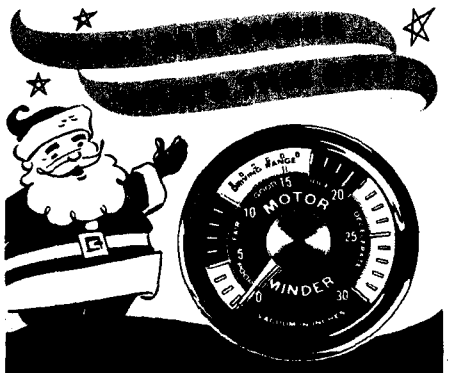
She got up and leaned over the table and kissed me on the nose and sat down again. "Okay, hand it over, farmer," she said.

"Hand over what?" I said.

"The application blank," she said. "I'd like to apply for the job."

"Hell, you don't need no references," I said. "You're hired."

And after that, who needed to do any talking? ▲▲▲



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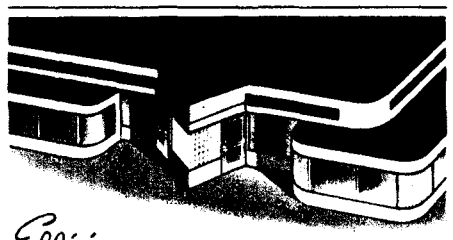

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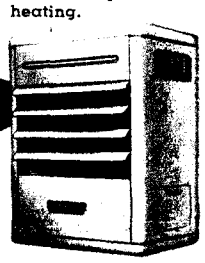

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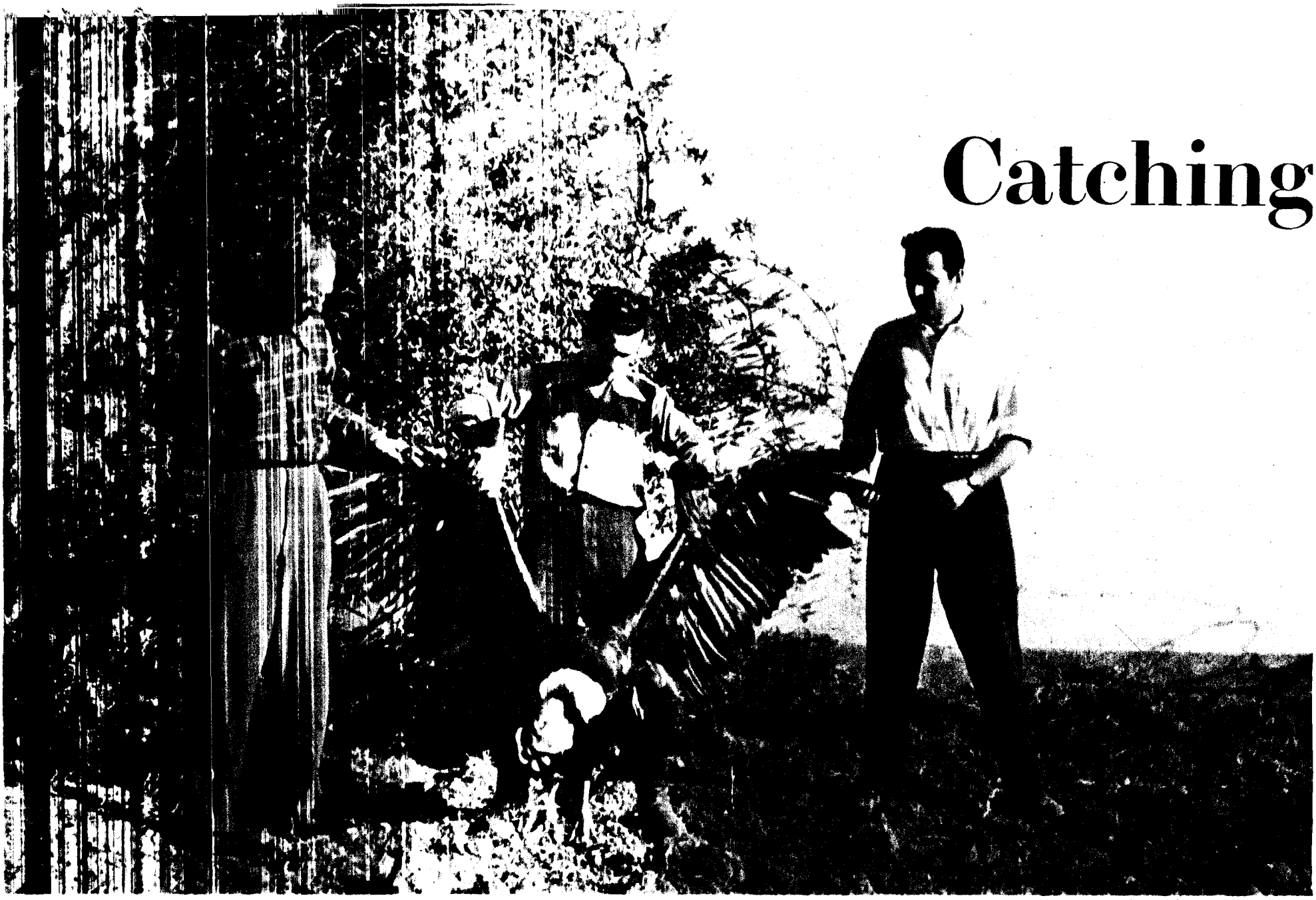

The prize—forty pounds of fighting South American condor held by its three captors (l. to r.), the author, Carlos Prentice and Dick Weldy

Here's how to do it: climb three miles into the towering Andes, dig a pit, then lie in it for days with a butchered burro over your head. When a condor gets close enough—reach up and grab!

Prentice descends into gravelike trap. Dead burro attracts condors, man seizes bird's feet

A CONDOR, according to the dictionaries, is a large South American vulture. In my personal book, the definition is true, but grossly inadequate. I think of the condor as 40 pounds or more of fighting fury capable of tearing into enemy humans with vicious sweeps of its beak. I know, because I've battled the powerful birds myself. In fact, I was a member of a small expedition into the Peruvian Andes which succeeded in catching three condors barehanded.

It was while sitting in a hotel dining room in Lima, Peru, that I first heard of the thrills and hazards which go with hunting condors barehanded. I had spent the better part of a year in South American jungle areas pursuing my regular business-hobby of investigating reports of buried treasure, and I was relaxing over cocktails with Dick Weldy, an airline executive, and Carlos Prentice, a Peruvian of British ancestry.

"If you really want something different to write about," said Prentice, who frequently hunts wild animals and birds for zoos, "you ought to try tangling with condors my way three miles up in the Andes. It's dangerous and eerie and sometimes distasteful. There can be long hours of fruitless, monotonous waiting. But once you sight a condor and try to grab it with your hands, you'll realize that it is like no other hunting in the world.

"I have a hacienda in the mountains about 300 miles north of here that's an excellent base of operations. If you gentlemen would like to meet condors firsthand, we can leave at dawn."

Weldy and I accepted the challenge and the opportunity. The next morning the three of us were

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Condors Barehanded

By KEN KRIPPENE

heading north on along the shore road. After arriving at Trujillo, which is about 225 miles south of the Ecuadorian border, we turned eastward. Then we crawled in low gear higher and higher into the mountains toward the hacienda, set on an elevation of 11,000 feet. During the tortuous ascent to the Prentice home, we forded one river 13 times as it turned and twisted its way down to the floor of the valley from its snow-capped source. Some of the curves in the mountain road were so sharp that at times we had to cut in, and then back up, before we could drive forward and finally complete a turn.

We arrived at the hacienda late at night. Carlos took me aside and pointed to one gigantic black peak silhouetted far in the distance.

"That is where the condors nest," he said. "In three days' time, we shall be there."

Safer to Ride on Burros Than in Cars

Nine men went on the hunt. In addition to Prentice, Weldy and myself, there were a photographer, a Peruvian aid of Prentice' and four Indian workers. From the hacienda onward, it was impossible to use a car. Our personal vehicles were the ridiculous-looking but amazingly durable little burros; our supply cars, heavily laden pack mules.

We loaded the mules with a two weeks' supply of food—mostly canned goods—and plenty of extra-warm clothing and blankets to protect us against the cold Andean nights. On the trip we shot a deer which provided final insurance against any food problems. But I was to find that even my heavy fur-lined jacket didn't give complete protection from the biting mountain winds.

Before leaving the estate on the last and most dangerous leg of our journey to the condor altitudes, *Señor* Maximo Prentice, an uncle of Carlos, gave us some sobering advice. "Leave it to Carlos to lead you to those vicious birds," the old man said in heavily accented English. "That young man has a way with those devils. But I must warn you to be careful—and not only because of the condors. Up high in the mountain you will find life different, more difficult. Your heart will be working under a tremendous strain. Always try to walk slowly. Never run under any circumstances."

Like many mountains in the high Andes, the peak we were headed for is still unnamed and, to a great extent, unexplored. After leaving the Prentice hacienda, we first had to descend into the valley. By dawn of the next day, we were at the foothills of the mountain. A few hours later the real climb began.

Yard by yard, the narrow mountain trail became increasingly perilous. It zigzagged back and forth across the bald face of the rocky cliff. We knew that a wrong step would mean a plunge to almost certain death into the valley now thousands of feet below.

A pack mule proved to be the only victim. It brushed against a cactus plant growing alongside the trail, when we were at an altitude of 14,000 feet. The sharp jab of the needles caused the heavily laden beast to lose its footing on a slippery ledge and it tumbled off the side. Looking downward, I could see the doomed mule turning over and over, scattering blankets, canned food, dishes and pans from its pack. I was so unnerved that my knees became weak and my feet slipped out of the stirrups. Fortunately, my burro mistook my quaking for a sign to go ahead. As I closed my eyes and prayed, we safely passed over the same stretch

Captured condor required 97 minutes to subdue

The author and Weldy, with one of the Indian workers at base camp, scan the skies for sight of condor. Hunters waited five days for the first condor

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of rock that proved fatal to the pack animal.

Carlos sent one of the Indians back into the valley to retrieve the valuable lost supplies. When he caught up with us three days later, he had only four cans of corned beef, a frying pan and two blankets. Everything else had been destroyed or was missing.

View of a Condor in Flight

It took us two and one half harrowing days to reach the cliff where Carlos wanted to build the trap that would help us catch the birds. Just a few hours before we arrived we spotted our first condor. It sailed majestically over our heads and, sighting us, made a lazy circle—apparently to give us a second look. As it passed over our heads we could see the bird's piercing eyes, the white ruffle around its neck and the enormous spread of its coal-black and white wings. And we could hear the strange, eerie winglike sound that followed in its wake.

An ugly, almost grotesque-looking bird on the ground, the condor is a beautiful creature in the air. As our bird finished its inspection, it suddenly headed upward and in a matter of seconds was just a faint black speck against the sky. Carlos calculated that it was flying at over 26,000 feet—roughly five miles high—as it passed from sight.

Our ledge was at an altitude of 17,000 feet. It measured about 200 yards long by 30 yards wide. From it we were surrounded by views which I'll never forget. Far below, we could see the river which runs along the floor of the valley. A surging, wild mass of water just a few days before when we were beside it, it now appeared a slender, silver thread.

Above us, and not too far above, were the snow-capped peaks of the mighty Andes. Our own mountain glistened white in the fading afternoon sunshine. Its crest, now clearly visible, rose to a sharp needle point. High up, near the summit, I could see several dark spots which Carlos said were the caves which housed the giant condors. Here they made their nests, reared their young and looked out over the high world in which they were supreme. We set out to disturb their serenity.

The kind of trap that Carlos uses to assist in catching condors looks like an American cemetery plot—six feet long, three feet wide and six feet deep. A steel stake is sunk into the center of the pit to serve as an anchor if and when a bird is caught.

The covering is the most important feature of the trap because the condors are so keen-eyed they can spot irregularities in the terrain from miles away. Carlos favors putting heavy pieces of wood over the top of the opening and then covering them with thick layers of yellow mountain grass to blend with the surrounding area.

Weldy and I pitched in to help the Peruvians dig the pit. Our efforts, however, came to a quick and sudden end. Exertion at these altitudes was impossible for us—we weren't used to the rarefied air.

My knees buckled and my breath came in frenzied gasps. Remembering Carlos' uncle's warnings, I felt for a moment as if I were going to collapse.

I recovered only to get another shock.

I had forgotten that condors, because they are vultures, are most attracted to dead bait. To my sorrow, Carlos picked out a little burro to be the bait for this hunt. He shot the burro, and the Indians placed it at the edge of the trap. The next step was to pile rows of cactus around the animal except on the side nearest the pit.

Strategy in Use of Trap

Since condors are unable to fly from a standing position except in a strong breeze and can only take off by heading rapidly into the wind like an airplane, the strategy now was perfectly clear. Two or three of us would be down in the pit peering upward out of little peepholes cut in the grass. The condors, attracted by the bait, would land and start eating. The sharp, needle-pointed cacti would keep the birds from eating except when they were standing directly on the trap. Our job would be to reach up between the logs, grab a bird's legs and tie at least one to the steel stake. This done, we could leave the pit and go about trussing up the condor for the journey down the mountain. It sounded simple. It wasn't.

That night we moved our camp some distance away to avoid leaving a hint of civilization around the trap. Prentice pointed out that condors start flying about ten in the morning and return home in midafternoon. Consequently, we were always to have at least two men in the pit from nine o'clock to three.

The next morning we entered the trap and began the long vigil. At first we were tense with expectation. Then the hours began to drag. The dead burro began to throw off a horrible odor. It didn't help much to hear Carlos say that the smell of decaying flesh would help attract the birds. I felt a little ill in the narrow confines of the hole. And not as much as one skinny eagle came down to sample our banquet table. Finally, at three o'clock, we climbed wearily out of our temporary grave and tramped back to the camp. It had been a day of despair and frustration. Our sleeping quarters were in an old Inca graveyard that was filled with bones and pieces of decayed clothing. My chills that night were caused by more than the weather.

The next three days were a nightmare of continuous horror. The warm daylight sun brought out the full stench of the rotting burro. The awful smell permeated our clothes and, even when we were out of the pit, seemed to flavor our food. Our morale sank even more as we spied dozens of condors high in the air—and not one on the ground near our sacrificial burro.

On the morning of the fifth day our luck finally changed. Although we saw nothing, we suddenly heard the peculiar moaning sound that follows in a condor's wake. A bird, flying low, had passed overhead. Would it return? Then the three of us concealed in the pit heard a welcome thump as the condor took its first step on our trap. There was a second step and a third. Then we heard the savage rending of flesh. The giant bird was eating.

Carlos peered through the grass-covered roof and signaled finally that the bird was directly over his head. Weldy and I saw his right hand rise slowly. It passed between the logs and disappeared into the dead grass. Suddenly Carlos lunged. "I've got him," he cried, "I've got him!"

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n, stench—and, always, danger

The condor, seeking to free itself, gave a mighty surge that pulled his captor halfway out of the trap. Although we were almost numb with excitement, Weldy and I managed to pull Carlos back into the hole and help him secure the struggling bird's leg with the noose which had been ready and waiting for the past five days. We tied the end of it to the steel post and temporarily, at least, had ourselves a condor.

Then we climbed out of the pit to see our captive. We found ourselves facing a fearsome adversary. The condor, its brown eyes glaring, studied us without fear. Its beak was open, ready to bite if any one of us came near enough. Its tremendous wings were outstretched. And from its throat came a menacing hissing sound.

Carlos ran over to a nearby tree and grabbed a sack to throw over the wildly threshing bird's head. But the thought proved a good deal easier than the deed. He couldn't get close enough. Even when Weldy and I tried to help out by distracting the bird from the side lines, Prentice still found it impossible to slip the mask over its head. The bird tried to fight all of us at once. And in one fearful lunge it came close enough to rip one of Weldy's pant legs from knee to ankle.

It took one hour and thirty-seven minutes for the giant condor finally to tire and stop fighting. The sack went over its head and was tied securely around its neck. Our prize was a beauty. It weighed 40 pounds and had a measured wingspread of more than 10 feet.

In the course of the next 24 hours, before starting our downward journey, we managed to bag two more condors after vicious battles—both birds turned out to be smaller than the first—and we lost one that we actually had our hands on. Back in civilization, Carlos gave the largest condor to the zoo in Lima. And he filled standing orders for the other two. One went to Mexico, and the other to Germany. The two brought a total of $750.

The next time you visit a zoo take a good look at the caged condors and think of the fantastically high altitudes over which they once reigned. It's quite a thrill to meet the giant bird in its native Andes. I learned the exciting way that catching condors bare-handed can't be classified as just another sport. It's more like an adventure into the impossible. ▲▲▲

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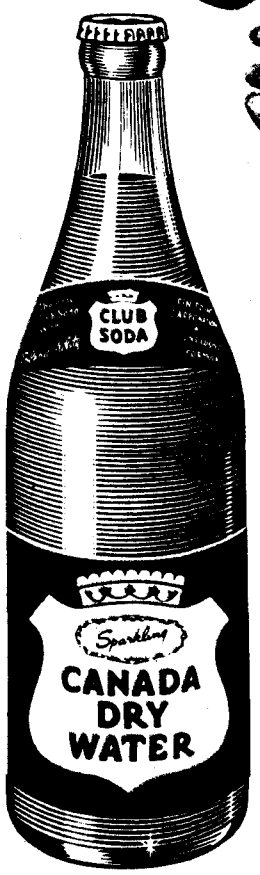

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HARRY DEVLIN

Remember Those Knobs, Boys

WELL, IT'S ABOUT OVER. The candidates have discussed the campaign issues and their personal finances. The voters have observed the financial breast-baring and presumably have made up their minds. Now there's nothing to do except wait for the polls to open. Well, not exactly *nothing* to do, because there are still plenty of things we want to talk about on this page.

So this might be a good time to say something about a Congressional investigation that has interested us, off and on, since it started last June. The investigating committee is concerned with "immorality" on television, and it is headed by Representative Oren Harris of Arkansas. The reason we put "immorality" in quotes is because Mr. Harris says that the most serious complaints he has received have been against cigarette and beer commercials.

He reports that some of the viewers charge that actors "blow smoke right out of the television screen." (Probably get ashes on the living-room rug, too.) Others find it abhorrent that TV commercials show people drinking beer and smacking their lips. (To that we can only suggest that lip-smacking isn't the least aesthetic reaction to a swallow of lager.)

Anyway, it's Congressman Harris' conclusion that such commercials represent "something people do not want coming into their homes, and it seems to me as though someone had better assume some responsibility for this sort of thing."

We agree entirely with the gentleman from Arkansas. Someone *should* assume some responsibility. But that someone is not a subcommittee of the United States House of Representatives.

Radio was not very old before it developed some programs that certain listeners found obnoxious. It was not much older before three means of relief were discovered. The first involved the slight physical exertion of arising from one's chair, approaching the radio set, and manipulating one of two knobs with the thumb and forefinger of one hand. It was possible, by this slight exertion, either to choose another program or to shut off the set completely.

If this relief was not sufficient it was possible, at the cost of a little more exertion, to write a letter of protest to the sponsor of the offending program, or the station that broadcast it, or both. And if the listener's dander was still up, he could always avail himself of the satisfaction of forgetting to buy the sponsor's product.

These three escape hatches are just as accessible and open to TV lookers as they are to radio listeners. The free choice of thousands on thousands of listeners, their freely expressed gripes and cheers, are what make radio and TV. They are as responsible for such year-after-year entertainment as the Metropolitan Opera, Toscanini, Invitation to Learning, Meet the Press, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony and other wholesome programs ranging from baseball and football games to church services, as they are responsible for some entertainment and commercials that certain people find objectionable. They are also responsible for the self-regulation of the broadcast and television industries, which is certainly the sanest and safest form of censorship.

So it makes this department somewhat ill when a bunch of busybodies besiege Washington with demands that their tastes, distastes and idiosyncrasies be translated into regulation and legislation. It seems silly to waste your money and ours, and the time and effort of busy congressmen, to investigate and act upon a situation which can always be corrected by switching to another channel.

Answer to Some Letters

THE LAST WE HEARD, five-year-old Jacqueline Johnson, of Minneapolis, was planning to start school, and Judith Schmidt, eleven, of Cleveland, was feeling fine. Before their recent operations, Judith was a semi-invalid and Jacqueline was described by her doctor as being "near death."

Both girls were born with unnatural openings in their hearts. These conditions were repaired by a new type of operation which may prove to be a revolutionary step in the delicate field of cardiac surgery. In each case the patient's body temperature was lowered to a point where blood circulation stopped and the operation could be performed with much less difficulty and danger than by former methods.

Many of our readers may have seen newspaper accounts of these cases. In that event we beg their pardon for being repetitive. But the real purpose of this editorial is to call attention to a point which they might have missed: these operations had been performed experimentally and successfully on dogs before they were attempted on a human patient. And we want to call this point to the particular attention of the hundreds of antivivisectionists who have written to us in the last few weeks.

Their letters were prompted by an article by Bill Davidson called Antivivisectionists—Are They Finished?, which appeared in our August 16th issue. Since then, Mr. Davidson and Collier's editorial department have been deluged with mail. We have been called barbarians, sadists and dozens of other unpretty names. We have been called tools of the medical profession. We have been informed that experiments on animals have done nothing to advance the science of medicine, and that they are only excuses for practicing vicious cruelties.

We don't believe these things. We do believe that many antivivisectionists are well-meaning, but that their regard for animals has somehow caused them to close their minds to reason and to evidence which refutes their extravagant charges.

Now, in the light of the cases we have cited here, we would ask them whether they really believe that it is kinder to experiment on human beings than on animals. We would also ask them if they can seriously continue their efforts to outlaw experiments on animals in the knowledge that the two little girls mentioned here, and many others like them, would almost certainly be doomed to suffering and untimely death if the antivivisectionists' efforts had been successful.

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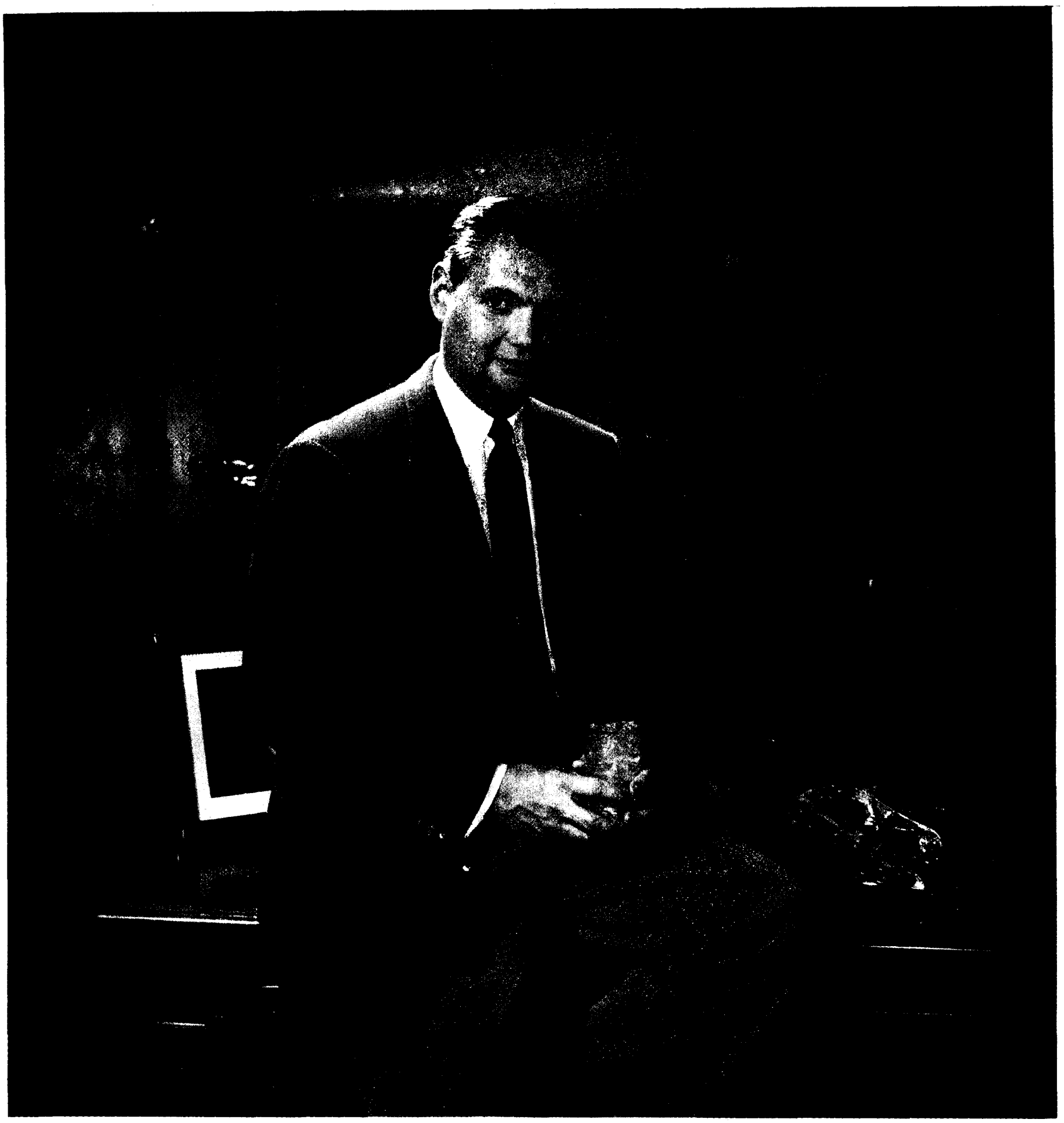

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